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THE NEW YORKER

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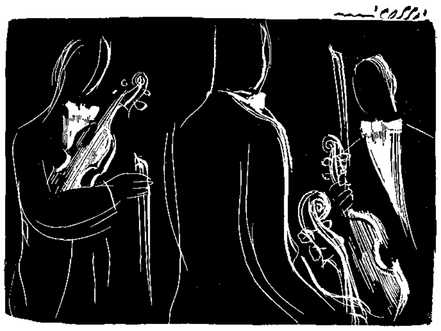
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Delicate Balance—A rich suburban family living empty, loveless lives is suddenly saddled with a couple of neighbors who are too scared (of something nameless) to stay in their own house and want to take up permanent residence with the family. This makes for a moral dilemma: Shall the family let them stay or put them out? Edward Albee's play is uneven, but it is fortunate in having the likes of Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy in its cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dinner at Eight—A fairly lavish production of the Kaufman-Ferber drama dealing with the depressed days of the early thirties. The play has become a bit weary with the passage of time. The large cast includes Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Darren McGavin, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How's the World Treating You?—Broad farce in the music-hall style featuring a couple of knockabout comedians named Patricia Routledge and Peter Bayliss. The play, written by Roger Milner, is a giddy affair and not very coherent, but there may be some vaudeville buffs who will love it. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Investigation—Excerpts from the court records of the trial of some of the personnel of the Auschwitz concentration camp. As prepared by Peter Weiss, the dossier is documentary rather than dramatic, but it is an interesting theatrical entity. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—There isn't much that is amusing in this play by Frank Marcus, which has to do with Lesbianism and soap-operatic activities at the B.B.C., but Beryl Reid is convincing as a profane and muscular old party. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—A play by Brian Friel, laden with rue and laughter, that describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino in a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:15.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **CACTUS FLOWER:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** A comedy in which Sam Levene appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)... **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin head up the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WAIT UNTIL DARK:** A thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman in a ten-week engagement of Irving Berlin's musical. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.)

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The Apple Tree—All about Eve and a couple of other females in the triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Barbara Harris is splendid as the most conspicuous performer on view, and Alan Alda lends her a deft hand in the doings. Mike Nichols directed the entertainment, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick did the book, music, and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mame—This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and the orphaned nephew she is attempting to rear has a fine cast headed by Angela Lansbury, a frequently comic book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and solid music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorted strange instruments, and relaxing now and then with familiar folk songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Fritzi Scheff. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SWEET CHARITY:** Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Don't Drink the Water—A comedy by Woody Allen, with Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, and Kay Medford. Directed by Stanley Prager. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 16. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 17. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

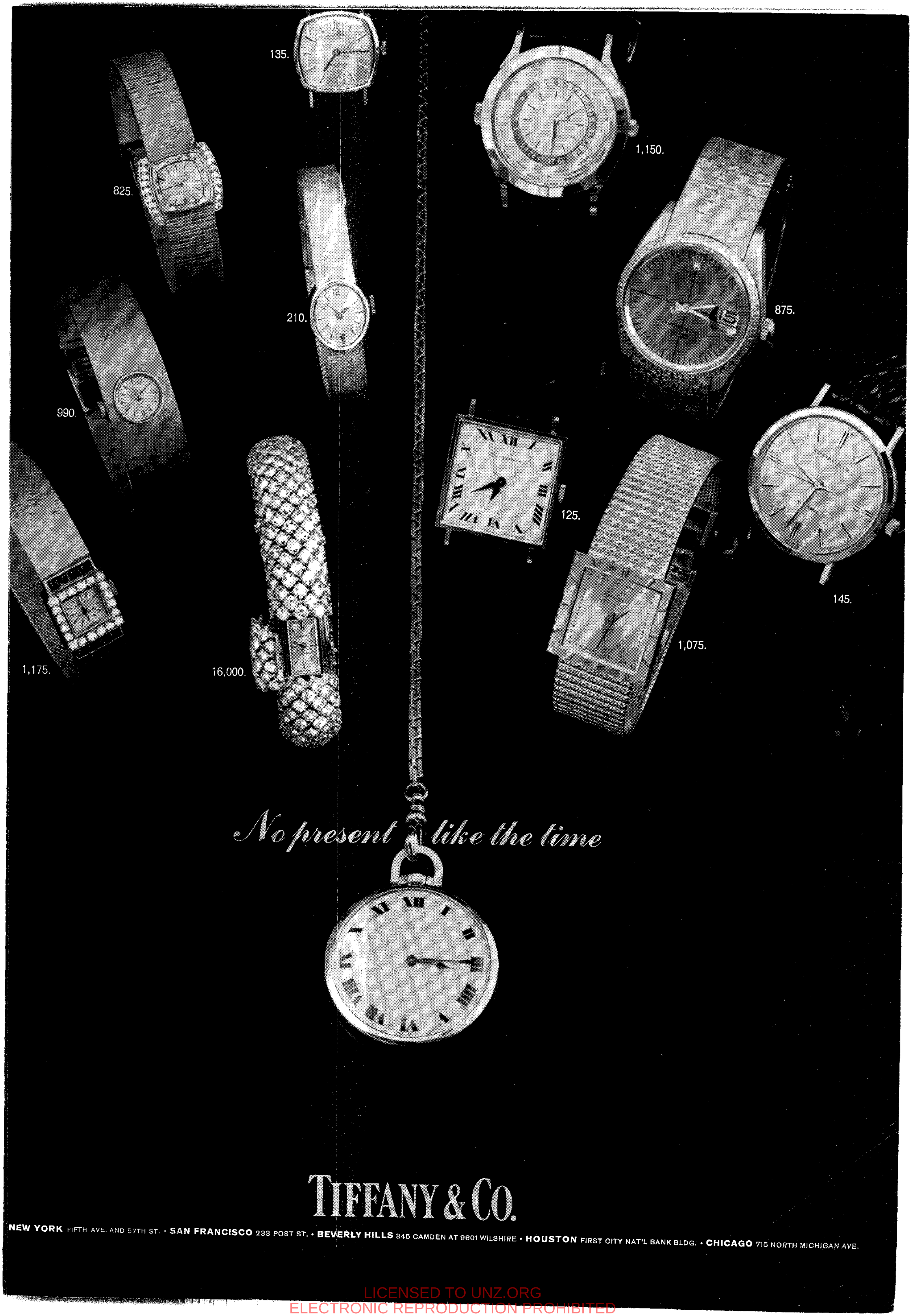
OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**CITY CENTER DRAMA COMPANY:** Final performances of Maxwell Anderson's **ELIZABETH THE QUEEN**, with Judith Anderson, Donald Davis, William Roerick, and Anne Meacham. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 10-11, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 12-13, at 2:30 and 8:30.... **D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY:** The opening performances of a four-week engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan that will run through Sunday, Dec. 11. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8, and Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8, and Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30: **THE MIKADO**.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:30 and 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Michael O'Sullivan, Robert Symonds, Nancy Marchand, Aline MacMahon, George Voskovec, and Philip Bosco in Ben Jonson's comedy **THE ALCHEMIST**. The first in this season's series of

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 38, November 12, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of DON PASQUALE, in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Autumn's Here!—A musical adaptation, by Norman Dean, of Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Butter and Egg Man—A merry revival, suitably cast and suitably directed by Burt Shevelove, of George S. Kaufman's forty-year-old comedy about show business. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Eh?—This piece of nonsense by a British playwright named Henry Livings is, strictly speaking, a revue sketch expanded to two acts, but since its ingredients are funny characters, funny lines, funny business, and funny actors under Alan Arkin's nimble direction, there is no cause for complaint. The setting is the boiler room of a factory. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door. Chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Javelin—William Marshall and Muni Seroff in a play written by Owen Rachleff and directed by Amnon Kabatchnik. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical based on Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book, and together they wrote the lyrics. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Three Hand Reel—The Irish Players in three plays adapted by Paul Avila Mayer from stories of Frank O'Connor. With Helena Carroll and John Cullum. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

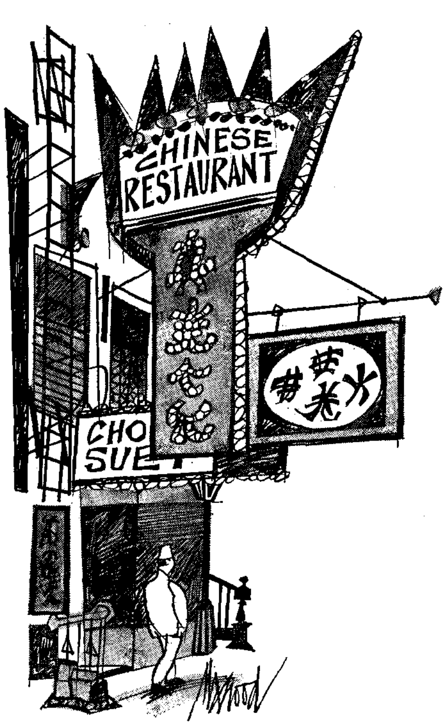
Viet Rock—A play (with incidental music) by Megan Terry. Opens Thursday, Nov. 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Whitman Portrait—Paul Shyre's dramatization of selected works by Walt Whitman, including letters, poems ("Leaves of Grass" and others), conversations, and anecdotes. With Alexander Scourby, Carolyn Coates, Wayne Maxwell, and Alan Mixon. Mr. Shyre is also the director. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 5—Tuesday evening, Nov. 15: "Serenade," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Monumentum *pro Gesualdo*," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 16: "The Four Temperaments," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 17: "Jeux," "The Cage," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 18: "Prodigal Son," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Liebeslieder Walzer." ... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 19: "Firebird" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 19: "Serenade," "Dim Lustre," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15.)



Les Ballets Africains—A limited engagement by a troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. Preview Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 16. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. CI 6-0390. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert Bécaud on Broadway—A solo show of French and English songs. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 19.)

Apparition Theatre of Prague—A company of seventeen, appearing here for the first time, in a program of pantomime and ballet. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 16. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. CI 5-4289. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Let's Sing Yiddish—A Yiddish musical adapted from Jewish folklore by Ben Bonus and Wolf Yunin, and directed by Mina Bern. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Wayne Newton, now old enough to stay out after dark, is staying out in the Royal Box at dinner and supper, for both of which he sings. Next to him stands Jackie Kahane, whose life in Montreal must (if his entertaining autobiography is true) be a riot. The orchestra of Lee Evans floats along on a silver-lined cloud of its own making. Closed Sundays and Monday, Nov. 14.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—It takes all kinds of people to make a *boîte de nuit*, and here they are, making it, New York style. The small squadron run by Horace Diaz produces dance tunes from nine to two during the week and from nine to three on Saturdays. No music Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Nothing disturbs the leisurely contemplation of dinner and supper but the gentle ministrations of the Cuban musicians led by George Anaya. They are on hand between seven and one on weekdays, between eight and two on Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The name's the same, the pet zebras and the pet palm trees are the same, but new customers keep trying out for the cast, which still, though, contains some of the original troupers. The two dance bands are on duty from eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of those good little Ben Cutler bands chortles at frequent intervals in the Café Pierre without ever taking a night off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Matt Monro, who owns a nice, light, easy tenor, has the floor of the Persian Room at dinner and supper. He's as British as four-and-twenty-blackbird pye, including a couple of Blackpool music-hall jests that always

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made Mother look the other way. The rest of the cheerful evening is in the hands of Burt Farber's orchestra and Mark Monte's band. On Monday, Nov. 14, Paula Wayne and her arias will do a one-night stand in place of Mr. Monro. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and (except on Sundays) Viennese music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine.... ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one every night but Sunday. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up above the timberline, behind windowpanes from which the world's largest smog can be viewed with impunity, a great occasion goes on—Bob Crosby and the Bob Cats (turning time backward in its flight). Among the Cats are such eminences as Bob Haggart, Yank Lawson, and Matty Matlock. The clamor runs from seven until one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Two professors with tenure at Temps Perdu University are in residence—Ella Fitzgerald and Earl Hines. She sings in the great old way, he plays piano in the great old way, and his band fills in the background. Her recitals occur at nine-fifteen and twelve-fifteen. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Prime of life is what the Maisonette is enjoying. George Cort's four-wheel-drive band and Quintero's opulent Latins carouse without cease except when Carol Bruce, of the Broadway musicals, sings her songs. She is a dinner-and-supper event. On Monday, Nov. 14, she will be replaced by Milva (that's all), a new Roman soprano. Closed Sundays.... ¶ La Boite, a more subdued refectory, drifts placidly through its dinner and supper menu with Jani Sarkozi's fiddle as the housewarmer. He ticks and tocks from six to two. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The marmalade that is served in the Empire Room at dinner and supper comes from the clarinet of Benny Goodman, and its accompaniment comes from such men as Hank Jones, Morey Feld, and Doc Cheatham. In between, there is extensive activity (this for dancing) by Charles Turecamo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, there is Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano, which happens from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays; just across the threshold, a trio plays for dancing from nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays.

Note—**Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A perfect solution of the traffic problem, for any number can dance on the city's largest mall, where the participants are always on their best behavior. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Sundays begin at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. The dining is no more than snack. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The crossroads general store of Louis Golson Hawkins, whose stage and pianoforte name is Goldie. Talk, big and small, and music from the fingers of Mr. H. and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, provide continuous motion; the climax is their vigorous double piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **La Galerie,** 798 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. (752-0520): Secret swingers, non-secret swingers, the Syosset set, the Sausalito set. Moth-and-flame piano is contributed by Ralph Strain, who helped invent this sort of environment. He is there from nine on, except Sundays.... **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another crew works out.... **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): There's a noticeable amount of jump in this oasis of Second Avenue rectitude when Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, airs lyrics for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in world capitals. The jazz of Marian McPartland's threesome makes a good counterpoint. They are all absent Sundays.... **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays.... **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time.... **Janssen's,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): Fanciers of Aldo Bruschi's *basso profundo/robusto* will find it operating (in conjunction with his piano, his woodwinds, his concertina, his sidemen, and a brace of young singers) from Wednesday through Saturday every week, commencing around half past eight. There is dancing those nights, too, in this medieval stronghold.... **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Chicken fortissimo, veal viva voce are served up by the energetically operatic staff until late at night. Closed Mondays.... **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The only piano throw in use here is Rita Dimitri, who perches herself on the instrument at dinner on week nights and at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays to do her soubrette chansons, which are couched in several lively languages. There is dance music, too, beginning at eight. Closed Sundays.... **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): It has been a long time away from its natal niche in Budapest, but its music and its folkways have not changed at all. Béla Babai's band plays for musing and dancing; the gallant tenor of Tibor Rakossy augments the ambience. Closed Mondays.

Note—The discothèque, that flamboyant lotus blossom, is best represented by these establishments: **Arthur,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Not everyone can take the vows requisite for entrance into the lamasery, where (to the urging of mechanical sonic boom) the dancers, of varying degrees of fame, make the rites of what should now be autumn look exactly like the rites of spring. A human element, the troupe called the Wild Ones, also makes music, or does it? Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays.... **Il Mio,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Basically an after-the-theatre theatre very much in the round. The principal of the school is Tanya Everett, earlier in the evening of "Fiddler on the Roof," and the fun is trying to follow her lead when she takes the floor. The music is entirely non- (or in-) human; the clothes are young and foolish, which is par in this trade. Bring your own supper. Closed Sundays.... **Downtown,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both living people (the Other Ones) and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion whose guests are mostly angelic Mods and Rockers. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent.... **Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Beneath the sidewalk café of the same name lies an airy underworld whose Orpheus is a young man with two turntables. His Eurydices are mostly lovely young things turned out in the height of the new simplistic fashion. Nourishment from the café; gentle music from nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night.... **L'Interdit,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, not too audible machine-knit music, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sunday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano is in action from six to one. Sundays, Allan Haig, Mr. Walter's new lieutenant, is keeper of the keys.... **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin within the portcullis of this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays.... **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays.... **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything Spanish, from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays.... **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The residents of the walled garden love to sing about marriage Italian-style in the mood and manner of Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al., et tu, Brutus. In addition, on Tuesdays, after the theatre, Philip Huston's platform manner turns him momentarily into Shakespeare, Kipling, and a few more mythical characters, and Thursday through Saturday every week there are modest interludes of dance music by the trio of Leonard Metcalf, who is the operatic impresario the rest of the week. Closed Mondays.... **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of conversation. These dulcet citizens are armed with mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays.... **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave. at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): They don't make town houses like this anymore. In the bar of the museum piece, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays.... **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner.... **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo's guitar, which roams the elaborate bar-restaurant, comes alive at nine-thirty, and stays very much alive until one. He remains home Mondays and Wednesdays.... **Essex House,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner's well-considered piano occupies the noble Casino-on-the-Park from six-thirty until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays.... **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place, and serendipity is the mood of George Feyer's piano. The music goes on from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays.... **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgathered for conversational dining while self-propelled musicians—the knowing Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of violin-

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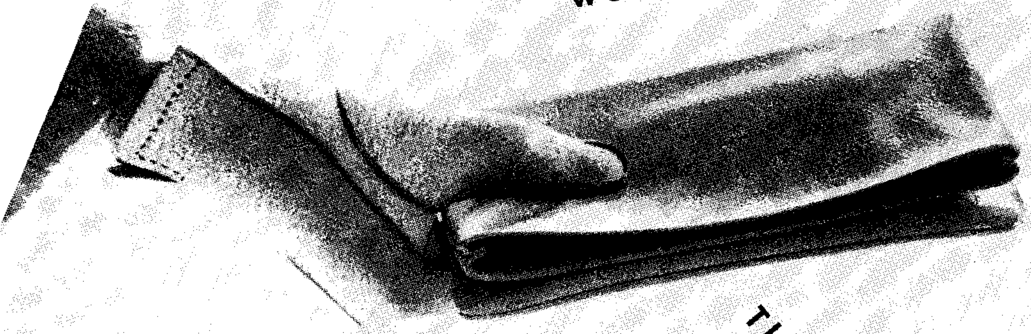

This one plays for the other sixteen

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ists—play on, play on. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy's piano communes quietly with itself in a corner of this portion of the Westbury Hotel. The musings occur from nine until one. No musings Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent whose name and number is UN 1-9494): The trappings lead one to suspect that he is in a private car on the Orient Express, but the view from the windows, all of them upstairs ones, is Little Old New York. So is the six-to-one piano. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Tiger, tiger, burning bright, answering to the name of Peggy Lee and singing in a way that tries and tempts men's souls. On Thursday, Nov. 17, Miss Lee is to be succeeded by Jerry Vale, that well-nourished young troubadour. Perennially on hand: the Copa ballerinas, each one a choreographer in her own right, and Bill Selby, the sort of song-and-prance man this town has long been looking for. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which has the air of being next door to Caesars Palace, there is onstage whooping and hollering from ten until dawn by the crew labelled the Personalities and other nocturnal beings. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): When Mamie Van Doren, fine figure of an hourglass, is not learning to speak her lines, the young ladies of the revue known as "Ooh la la Paree" (and a rich and varied treasure trove they are) have the floor and the time of their hoyden lives. Among them is Susan Clemm, born to adorn many a calendar. There are no nights off. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Nirvana and Lethe for the young at heart and the young in fact, all dressed up in their token post-Carnabies and all worked up by musicians who exist solely on Mexican jumping beans. There is no one to say them nay until three in the morning, and they begin at eight (even at three on Sundays). No kitchen privileges. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Confusion is the reigning monarch, but during the evening you may catch Los Vegas and their high-style, hi-fi parody of our country music, as well as Buddy Rich's vehement band and the chanting of Dusty Springfield, a British damsel. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

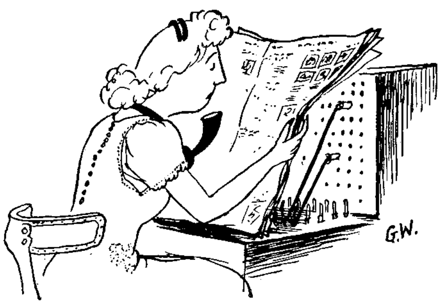
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Nancy Dussault, wiliest and wittiest of the season's sopranos, departs the *dolce vita* of Julius Monk's *echt* drawing room on Saturday, Nov. 12; she will be replaced, on Monday, Nov. 14, by another of Mr. Monk's larks, Jeanne Arnold, and by the Swingin' Six, a fairly special crew of zing-singers. Remaining on duty: Mr. Monk, as *conférencier*, and Cambridge University's Tony Hendra and Nick Ullett, spokesmen with pockets full of wry. The background is double and dashing piano by Robert Colston and Otis Clements. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The silver inlays in the gloriously high-pitched trumpets of Los Chavales de España glow in the dark as their marching and singing band swings downfield—folk art that, though Spanish, needs no communication skills to project itself to any of us. Luisita Sevilla, who also prances, is the only girl in the family. Dinner and supper is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados' guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Mixed Doubles," another of the bandbox revues that are this establishment's staple crop, takes after its parents and even its grandparents, yet a number of original biological sports appear in its libretto, and that's just fine. Judy Graubart is a neat bit of wide-eyed wistfulness; Robert Rovin and Larry Moss are the best of her helpmeets. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers is putting herself through a four-year course in self-analysis. The rough-and-ready results are in evidence twice a night during the week, thrice Fridays and Saturdays, but not before nine-thirty at the earliest. Note: On Saturday, Nov. 12, Milt Kamen's mocking heaven-help-a-guy-like-me jests will substitute for Miss Rivers. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Change-your-partners is the cry of the moderator here; to wit—on Thursday, Nov. 10, the quartet of the nobleman of Nature named Coleman Hawkins, plus the soprano of Pat Lundy; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, the big, buoyant Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band, plus the soprano of Carol Sloane; Sunday, Nov. 13, the Hawkins-Lundy combination, starting at four-thirty in the afternoon and laying off only for dinner; Monday, Nov. 14, the Lewis-Jones crew and Miss Sloane; etc., etc. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Short rations at the moment. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, Gloria Lynne's tempestuous arias and Jimmy Smith's threesome, in which an organ is involved; Monday, Nov. 14, Symphony Sid's Latin jazz musicians have the place to themselves. But on Tuesday, Nov. 15, a full house: The Modern Jazz Quartet, no less, and Carmen McRae's vibrant ululations. They'll be around for a while. . . . ¶ Up above, on the ground floor, Teddy Wilson's those-were-the-days piano leads a triad into action late every night but Monday. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Dorothy Donegan, whose piano is of the leap-and-bound school, has a loud-pedal trio in service a good part of the time. Discothèque music still occurs, but it is no longer top banana. The menu affords more than just banana. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Chris Connor is putting those driving finishes on her cantatas; Richey Kamuca and Michael Abennie are airing a new foursome. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Betty Carter is already carolling long before Christmas; George Coleman, John Hicks, Leo Morris, and Roland Wilson make the music for her. On Tuesday, Nov. 15, there will be a change of crew. Mondays are allotted to other players. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): All joys and no tribulations in the period-piece music that happens here for both feet and ears. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Buck Clayton, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Dave McKenna and Bob Wilber. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten, Billy Taylor's threesome makes music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is his starting time. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Siss, boom, bah, repeated ad infinitum. Washboard, tuba, banjo, and such fill in the chinks in the young customers' clamor. Music from nine until two or three all week, plus, on Sundays, matinées by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society—four-thirty until nine. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is currently the Turrentine-Scott trio. On Tuesday, Nov. 15, Yusef Lateef's quartet and its odd curlicues will inherit the job. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other outfit occupies the stand. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, often helped on by the stentorian chest tones of Ruth Crews, and so do movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule, except on Sunday, when the row begins at four.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JEAN ARP—Small works in a variety of mediums; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Weintraub, 1193 Lexington Ave., at 81st St.)

MANUEL AYASO—Haunts of the mind seen in drawings and bronze reliefs by a young Spanish-American artist; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St.)

DARBY BANNARD—Paintings; through Thursday, Nov. 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Monotypes; through Nov. 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY BOTKIN—Collage paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-98)—A thoroughgoing retrospective of paintings and drawings by a painter who loved the sea and sky; through Nov. 26. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL BURLIN—Abstract watercolors; through Nov. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY COHEN—Painting constructions in a carnival of colors; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St.)

ARTHUR B. DAVIES—A retrospective of etchings and lithographs; through Nov. 26. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

JIM DINE—Drawings, sculptures, and paintings; through Nov. 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

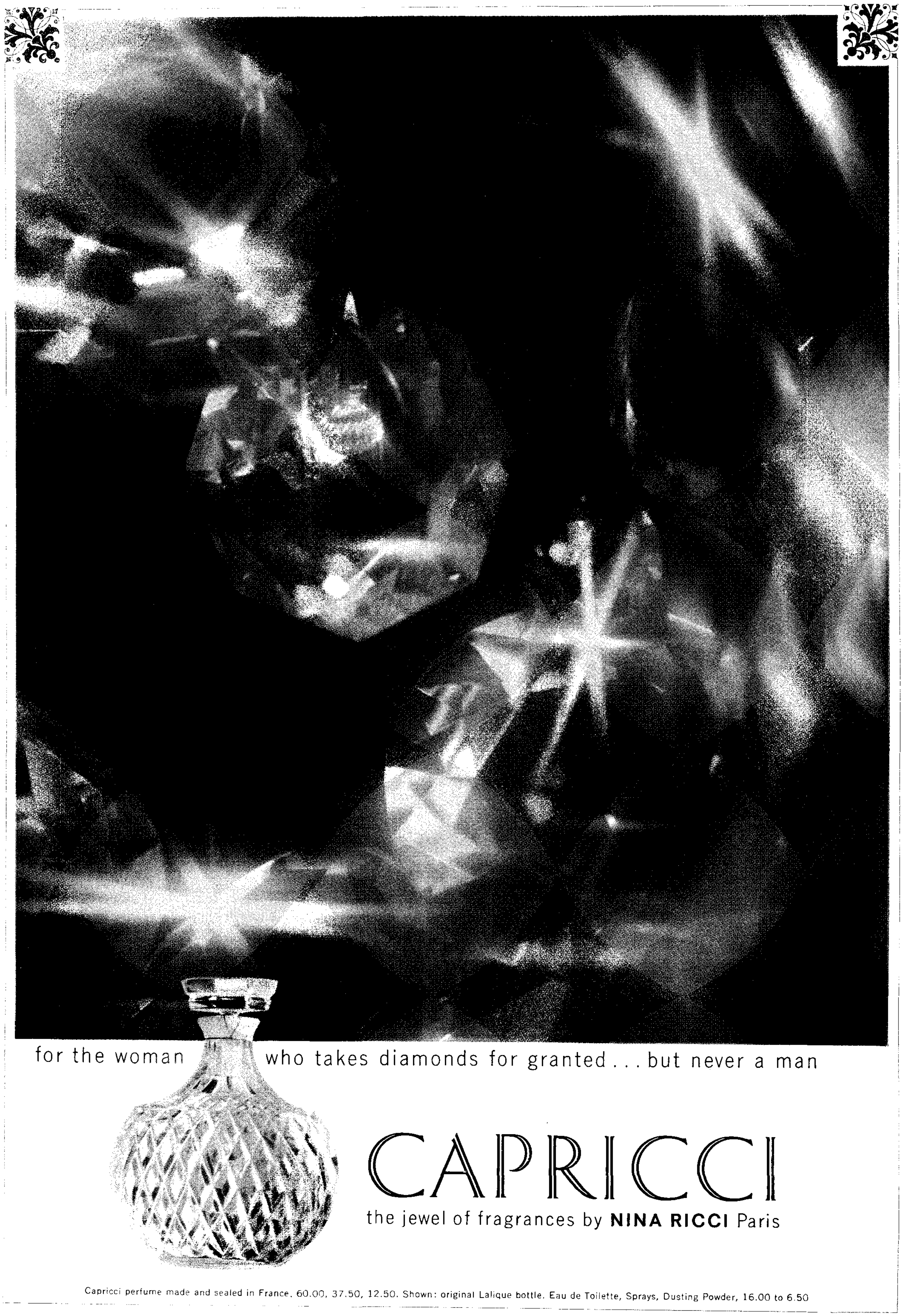
STEPHEN ETNIER—Paintings of Maine with an air of timelessness; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRI FANTIN-LATOUR (1836-1904)—A benefit exhibition of paintings of bouquets of perfectly posed flowers; through Dec. 3. (Acquavella, 119 E. 57th St.)

PAUL FEELEY—Paintings and sculptures; through Nov. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Paintings (1909-55), including some fanciful Klee-like watercolors; through Dec. 10. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Seascapes, still-lifes, and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

views through windows—all done with a bold, colorful assurance; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Milton Goldring—Abstractions; through Nov. 25. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Peter Hayward—Street scenes of New York and seascapes of Hawaii; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Robert Huot—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Paul Jenkins—"Phenonema" paintings: swimming colors as they might appear under a microscope; through Nov. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rockwell Kent—Landscapes, seascapes, and portraits; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oskar Kokoschka—A benefit retrospective of oils and watercolors by an artist now eighty; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Lear (1812-88)—Landscapes by the English nonsense poet; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Mon Levinson—Constructions; through Dec. 1. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Lozano—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 30. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcia Marcus—Figure paintings; through Dec. 3. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Subtle variations of patterned line on pale canvases; through Friday, Nov. 18. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—A benefit loan exhibition of sculpturesque, nut-brown nudes, with gouaches and drawings of the same subject; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Armando Morales—Abstractions; through Dec. 3. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reuben Nakian—Five monumental sculptures, as well as drawings and small bronzes; through Nov. 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Brian O'Doherty—Boxes in various combinations of glass, plastic, wood, and mirror; through Dec. 3. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Paintings, all done in the sixties, in a show arranged in celebration of the artist's eighty-fifth birthday; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rudy Pozzatti—Prints and drawings; through Nov. 26. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice Prendergast—A loan exhibition of paintings (1892-1920), mostly of the dappled, busy outdoors; through Nov. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Siegfried Reinhardt—Symbolic paintings; through Dec. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Howard Rogovin—Paintings. First one-man show in New York; through Nov. 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Savage—Paintings and life-size drawings of partially blurred figures; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Tobias Schneebaum—The desert is the theme here; through Dec. 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Sisley (1838-99)—A benefit retrospective of paintings by the French Impressionist; through Dec. 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Jack Squire—Abstract sculptures; through Nov. 26. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Stella—Watercolors, drawings, and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Racelle Strick—Abstract paintings, three drawings, and one lone box; through Nov. 26. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Toney—Semi-abstract paintings in which figures and faces emerge from a setting of hot or cool colors; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Joyce Treiman—Sculptures and paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Treasures of El Dorado—A bright array of Colombia's pre-Hispanic gold art—small figures and animals, pendants, nose ornaments, and other objects; through Dec. 30. (Colombian Center, 140 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Sculptors Guild—Their annual presentation, containing items by sixty-seven members (including Herbert Kallem, Priscilla Pattison, and Bruno Lucchesi) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 20. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

African Art—Masks, statues, and utensils in wood, bronze, and ivory from European collections; through Nov. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: A forty-first-anniversary exhibition of paintings and drawings by Stuart Davis, William Zorach, Morris Broderson, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: A painting apiece by Alfred Leslie, Hans Hofmann, Kenneth Noland, Ad Reinhardt, and Morris Louis; through Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Flower paintings by such artists as Roy Moyer, Jason Schoener, and William Palmer; through Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The fifty-third annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Nov. 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Audrey Skaling, Andre Racz, and Kurt Seligmann are three of the artists participating in the gallery's tenth anniversary exhibition; through Dec. 10. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—"Hommage to Silence or Metaphysica," comprising paintings and sculptures (dating from 1913) by, among others, de Chirico, Morandi, and Morris Louis; through Nov. 26. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **BIANCHINI**, 50 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings by Pissarro, Toulouse-Lautrec, Sisley, and the like; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Fifteenth- to twentieth-century drawings by (for instance) Palma Giovane, Ingres, Gainsborough, and Tchelitchew; through Nov. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Impressionist paintings by Renoir, Degas, and Monet (to name a few); through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Closed Mondays.)

Israelis; Group Show—Paintings by Avigdor Arikha, David Lan-Bar, and Yeheskiel Streichman; through Nov. 26. (Sheskin, 119 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

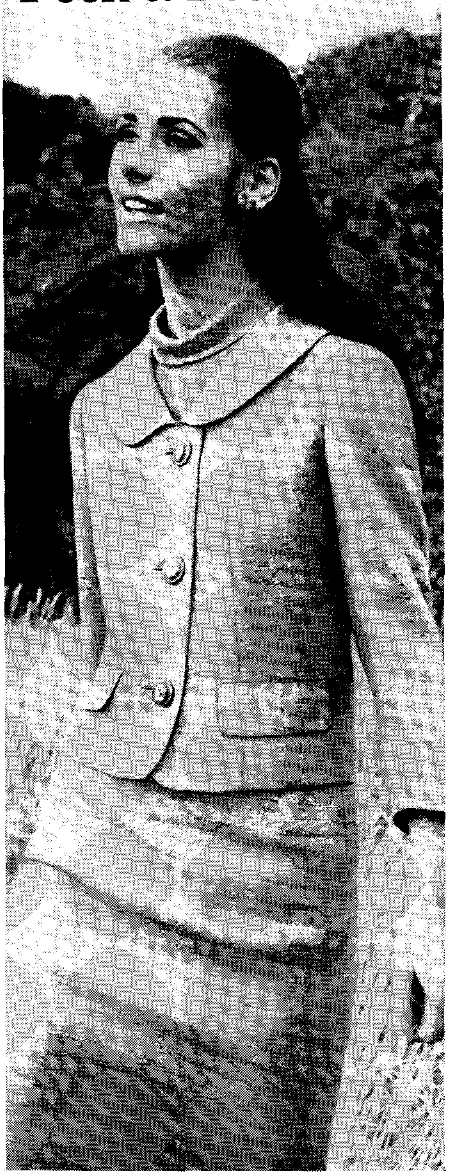
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi, which are part of the same exhibit. . . . ¶ Three fifteenth-century Flemish tapestries depicting the story of Helen of Troy, on loan from the Norton Simon Foundation. . . . ¶ Guercino, Salvator Rosa, and the Tiepolos are some of the artists represented in a showing of Italian drawings from the collection of Princeton University; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Portrait sculptures (of Paul Robeson, Haile Selassie, and others) by Jacob Epstein; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and assemblages by contemporary Japanese artists; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth

There is a certain kind of woman to whom a sense of fashion is as valuable as a sense of humor. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



An exquisite suit in the richness of Indian silk. The skirt is slim; the self overblouse has a smart turtleneck that fits perfectly under the low, rounded collar jacket.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave., at 89th St.—"Jean Dubuffet, 1962-66," an exhibition of oils, drawings, gouaches, collages, and sculptures; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Systemic paintings—by such systemists as Ellsworth Kelly and Al Held—the most immaculate and exact of them Robert Ryman's "Allied," which is one solid white canvas; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Veterans' Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art of the United States: 1670-1966," the inaugural show at this new Cyclopean structure, reveals a great stock of paintings and sculptures that fills four floors and the sunken garden; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, noon to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen watercolors by Cézanne, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Jan. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition of bronzes of India's gods and goddesses, created for three religious sects (Jains, Buddhists, and Hindus); through Dec. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," composed of sculptures, textiles, ceramics, and bronze works; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Veterans' Day, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, along with a selection of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to mention a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish artistic and social history from 1870 to 1924; through Sunday, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Howard Kanovitz of families, New Yorkers, and partygoers, for the most part, caught, it seems, in the eye of a camera; through Sunday, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, painted stainless-steel industrial sculptures by Kosso Eloul; through Dec. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Early Flemish drawings and manuscripts; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Old and New Testaments and other sixth- to sixteenth-century illuminated manuscripts; through Nov. 26. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masks and Sculptures from the collection of Gustave and Franyo Schindler," made up of examples from Africa, New Guinea, prehistoric Turkey, and the Greek Cycladic Islands; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirtieth annual of the American Abstract Artists, consisting of paintings and sculptures by about eighty members and guests, including Ibram Lassaw, Will Insley, and Richard Anuszkiewicz; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Antony and Cleopatra," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Mary Ellen Pracht, Justino Díaz, Jess Thomas, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8: "La Traviata," with Virginia Zeani, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 14, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Faust," with Teresa Stratas, Marcia Baldwin, Gianni Raimondi, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Antony and Cleopatra," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Mary Ellen Pracht, Justino Díaz, Jess Thomas, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Aïda," with Gabriella Tucci, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 8: "La Traviata," with Virginia Zeani, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Ticho Parly, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines.

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Jeannine Crader, Joan Summers, Nolan Van Way, Placido Domingo, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Veronica Tyler, Donna Jeffrey, LaVergne Monette, Joan Summers, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and David Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, Placido Domingo, Seymour Schwartzman, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, William Dupree, Herbert Beattie, Noel Jan Tyl, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 13, at 1:15: "La Bohème," with LaVergne Monette, Eileen Schauler, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, Jack Bittner, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 13, at 7:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Maureen Forrester, Beverly Wolff, Norman Treigle, Spiro Malas, and Dominic Cossa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Metropolitan Opera National Company—Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30: "La Traviata." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Carmen." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—A Bach-Beethoven program on Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 11, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 14, at 7:30 (all with Saramae Endich, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Yi-kwei Sze, bass; and the Collegiate Chorale); and a varied program on Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 21, at 7:30 (all with Emil Gilels, piano).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Jean Martinon conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30, with Wilhelm Kempff, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; no soloists.)

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—Izler Solomon conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting, with Hilde Somer, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, and Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30, both with E. G. Marshall, narrator. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:30, with Mr. Leinsdorf as harpsichord soloist, Richard Burgin as guest conductor and violin soloist, and Eden and Tamir, pianos; and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano, and Claude Frank, piano.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman

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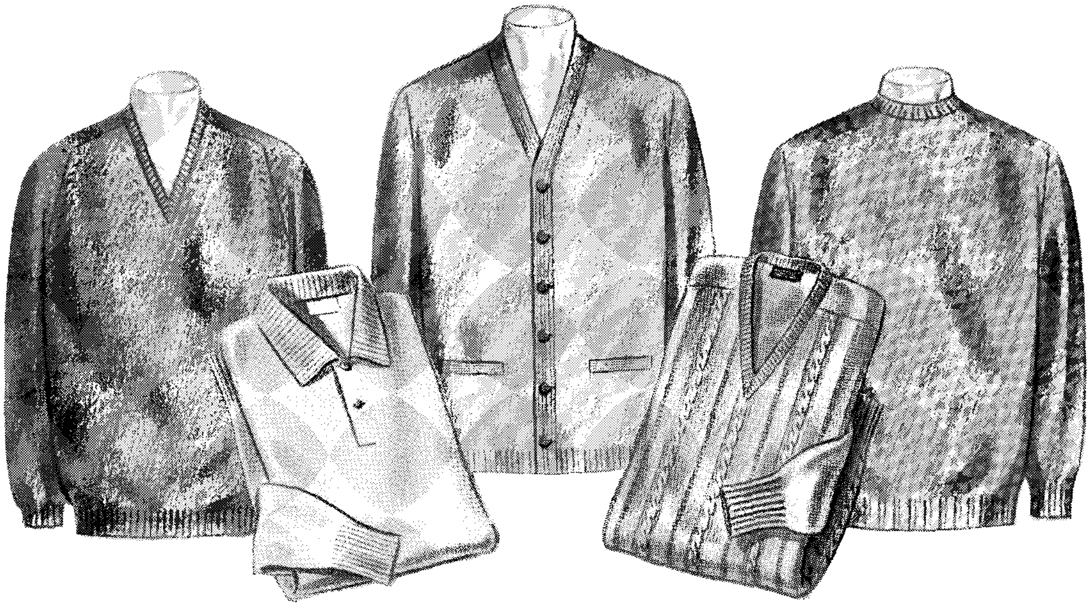

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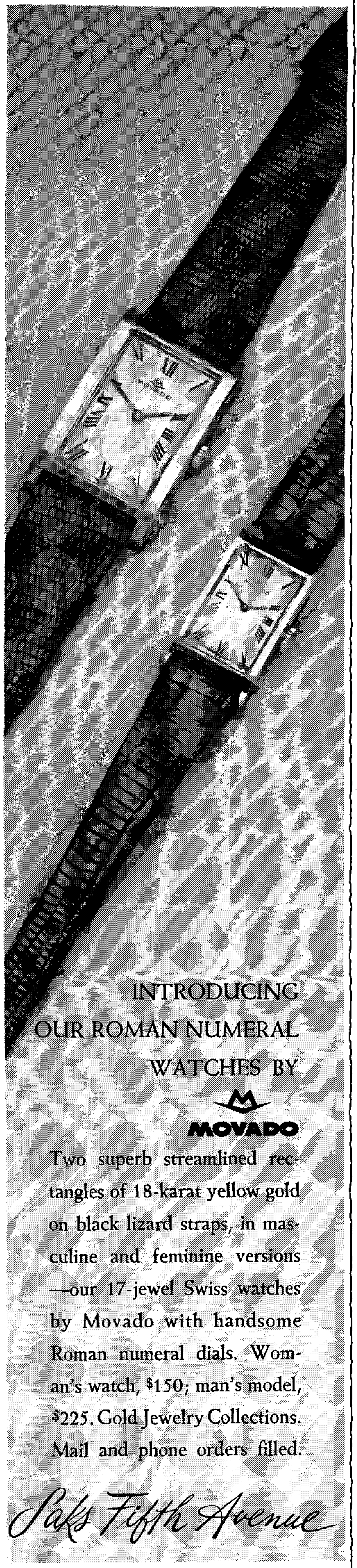
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 12-13, at 8:30, with Pierre Fournier, cello; and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30, an all-Bach program, with Helen Boatwright, soprano. All seats for the three concerts have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Handel Festival—Hans Stadlmair conducting the Munich Chamber Orchestra in four concerti grossi. The second in a series of three programs. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

American Opera Society—Henry Lewis directing a performance of Donizetti's "Anna Bolena" in concert form, with Elena Suliotis and Marilyn Horne, sopranos; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Placido Domingo, tenor; and Carlo Cava, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, 632 W. 156th St. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Mozart Orchestra of New York—With Paul Olefsky, cello; Walter Hautzig, piano; and George Zukerman, bassoon. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing an all-Vivaldi program, with Eileen Laurence, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Stafford Wing, tenor; William Fleck and Gerd Nienstedt, bass-baritones; and Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. The first in a series of three programs of Italian baroque music. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Boys Town Choir—Msgr. Francis P. Schmitt directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Melos Ensemble—Chamber music by this group from London. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30, with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; no soloists. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30, with Julian Bream, guitarist and lutanist, and Gervase de Peyer, clarinet.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Beaux-Arts String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

Arthur Grumiaux and Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Violin and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano, in the second in a series of three all-Chopin recitals. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

Jan Gorbaty—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 5:15, a varied program; and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 5:15, an all-Chopin program.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—The third in a series of nine concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano concertos, with the Mozart Chamber Orchestra conducted by Stephen Simon. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them David Amram and Norman Curtis, performed by the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble; Barbara Meister, piano; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 5:30.)

Irina Arkhipova—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:30.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Manitas de Plata—Flamenco guitarist, with José Reyes, singer to the guitar, in the last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at midnight.)

Note—The New York Chamber Soloists will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 14, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—The Swingle Singers of Paris. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 12: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 15: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19: Knicks vs. Chicago. (Games begin at 8:30.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 12: Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1:45. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 19: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ St. John's vs. N.Y.U., at Flushing, at 2.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 13, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 12.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 10. The Vosburgh Handicap, Friday, Nov. 11; the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 12; and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 12. The Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Washington, D.C. International, Friday, Nov. 11 (for this day only, post time will be 12:20).

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: "Madame Butterfly," Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday, Nov. 19, at 11. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.) . . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Opening children's concerts of the season, Thomas Scherman conducting a program of dance music that will include Tchaikovsky's "The Sleeping Beauty," with the Larry Berthelson Puppets. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 11 and 3.)

Stage Shows—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "The Gingerbread Boy," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.

(Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Guffawhaw." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Adventures of Pinocchio." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Veterans' Day at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop–Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Night the Stars Fell." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Veterans' Day, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Veterans' Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Veterans' Day from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Saturday, Nov. 12: Yevgeny Yevtushenko reading from his own works, in Russian, accompanied by English translations.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 13: Garson Kanin and Dennis King reading from Mr. Kanin's new book, "Remembering Mr. Maugham."... ¶ Monday, Nov. 14: Melville Cane and Louis Untermeyer reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Evenings at 8:30.)

FLOWER SHOWS—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 20.)... ¶ The Thanksgiving Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Nov. 16, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 10, at 10:30: Rare books and manuscripts, from the Bridwell Library of Southern Methodist University.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at 1:45: Meissen, Worcester, Sevres, and other porcelains; from several collectors.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, at 1:45: French furniture and decorations, Chinese carvings, and antique watches; the property of Mme. Rosette Reine and others.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 1:45, and Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 10:30 and 1:45: Prints by Old Masters and nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including works by van Gogh, Picasso, Dürer, and Rembrandt; from various owners.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and drawings by such artists as Milton Avery, Arthur B. Davies, and Andrew Wyeth; from the estate of William A. Earls and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 12.

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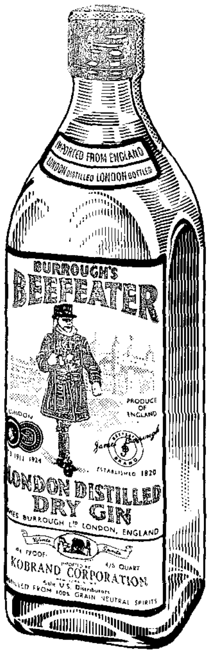

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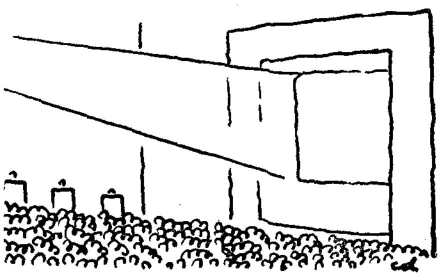
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston and with Mr. Huston playing Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Chushingura—Honor lost and recaptured amidst buckets of blood in old Japan. With Toshiro Mifune. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Crazy Quilt—A disillusioned young man meets and marries a girl who lives off daydreams. The consequences are sometimes comic and sometimes sad. Written and directed by John Korty, and starring Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Nov. 14.)

Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round—An intricate, sumptuously photographed melodrama about a successful bank robbery. Starring James Coburn, and written and directed by Bernard Girard. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Nov. 16.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Fantastic Voyage—A science-fiction tale about a band of brave souls who journey into the interior of the human brain. With Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 11-13.)

The Fortune Cookie—Billy Wilder's bitter comedy about a shyster lawyer who would sue himself if there was a crooked buck in it. With Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Nov. 16.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A successful replica of the bawdy Broadway musical. With Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, Buster Keaton, and hundreds of pretty girls. Directed by Richard Lester. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling acting their talented heads off in a wry English comedy. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Group—Mary McCarthy's celebrated novel about some members of the Vassar Class of '33 has been conscientiously brought to the screen, but it lacks Miss McCarthy's bite. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Candice Bergen, James Broderick, James Congdon, Larry Hagman, and Hal Holbrook. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 15.)

Hawaii—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With lots of pretty scenery and Julie Andrews and Max von Sydow. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Loves of a Blonde—A Czechoslovakian comedy about how hard it is to be young and in love. Directed by Milos Forman. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Seconds—A terrifying science-fiction thriller, directed by John Frankenheimer and starring Rock Hudson and Salome Jens. Look the other way when things get too scary. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting Nov. 16.)

The Shameless Old Lady—An acting triumph by the octogenarian Sylvie, and a directorial triumph by a young Frenchman named René Allio. In French. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Nov. 16.)

The Wrong Box—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 15.)

REVIVALS

America America (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 14-15.)

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 11-14.)

Cartouche (1964)—A takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Nov. 16.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 11-14.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu portrays the priest. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 14.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 15.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 15.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Nov. 16.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in an interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 11-14. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 15.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. In Polish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 16.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 10.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 15.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Nov. 13.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 10.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 11-14.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Nov. 16.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 16.)

Shane (1953)—How the evil cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Nov. 14-15.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—Slapstick in the Mack Sennett manner, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 14-15.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 10.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this movie about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. In Italian. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Nov. 16.)

Three Little Words (1950)—A musical biography setting forth the life stories of songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. With Fred Astaire, Vera Ellen, and Red Skelton. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Nov. 15.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 10.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 10.)

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Through Nov. 11: "White Oaks" (1921), with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Nov. 12-13: "The Testing Block" (1920), with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Nov. 14-15: "Wild Bill Hickok" (1923), with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Nov. 16: "Catherine the Great" (1934), with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.). . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—The last two programs in a series of Laurel and Hardy films entitled "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Nov. 10: "The Finishing Touch" (1927), "Blotto" (1930), and "Tit for Tat" (1935). . . . Nov. 11-12: "Putting Pants on Philip" (1926), "Laurel and Hardy Murder Case" (1930), and "Music Box" (1932). . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 15: "Great Moments," sequences from David L. Wolper documentaries. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Veterans' Day at 2 and 4.). . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Nov. 15: **THE FORTUNE COOKIE.**
From Nov. 16: "The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Is Paris Burning?" (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Penelope," Natalie Wood.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard. (On Monday evening, Nov. 14, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Cleveland Williams fight.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 15: **THE WRONG BOX.**
Through Nov. 16: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 15: **THE GROUP**; and "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Nov. 15: **THE FORTUNE COOKIE.**
From Nov. 16: "The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Nov. 15: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French).
From Nov. 16: "What's Up Tiger Lily?," Tatsuya Mihashi.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Nov. 15: **THE FORTUNE COOKIE.**
From Nov. 16: "The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi. (After 7:30 on Monday, Nov. 14, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Cleveland Williams fight. Reserved seats only.)

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GEORGY GIRL.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through the afternoon of Nov. 13: "Hotel Paradiso," Alec Guinness, Gina Lollobrigida.
From Nov. 13 at 8: "Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"10:30 P.M. Summer," Melina Mercouri, Peter Finch.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Nov. 10: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT,** revival; and "Auntie Mame," revival, Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker.
Nov. 11-13: **FANTASTIC VOYAGE.**
Nov. 14-15: **AMERICA AMERICA,** revival; and **SOME LIKE IT HOT,** revival.
From Nov. 16: **ONE-EYED JACKS,** revival; and "King Rat," revival, George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 15: "How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.
From Nov. 16: **GIGI,** revival.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Cul-de-Sac," Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 15: **LA DOLCE VITA,** revival.
From Nov. 16: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals), revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 15: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.
From Nov. 16: **THE FORTUNE COOKIE.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 15: "An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh; and "Terror in the City," Lee Grant. (After 7:30 on Monday, Nov. 14, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Cleveland Williams fight.)
From Nov. 16: **SECONDS**; and "The Girl-Getters," Oliver Reed.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 15: **DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND.**
From Nov. 16: "Alvarez Kelly," William Holden, Richard Widmark.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 10: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French), revival; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
Nov. 11-14: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** and **THE IDIOT** (both in French and both revivals).
From Nov. 15: "On the Bowery" and "Come Back, Africa" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films).

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Nov. 13: **ONE-EYED JACKS,** revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON,** revival.
Nov. 14-15: **SHANE,** revival; and "Red River," revival, Montgomery Clift, John Wayne.
From Nov. 16: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian), revival; and **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 15: "How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole; and "Masters of the Congo Jungle," revival, a documentary film narrated by Orson Welles and William Warfield.
From Nov. 16: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 15: "The Killing," revival, Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray; and "Killer's Kiss," revival, Frank Silvera.
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 14: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (both in French and both revivals).
From Nov. 15: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through the afternoon of Nov. 14: "The Fighting Prince of Donegal," Peter McEnery; and "Destination Inner Space," Scott Brady.
Nov. 14 at 7:30: "Destination Inner Space," Scott Brady; plus the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Cleveland Williams fight.
Nov. 15: **THREE LITTLE WORDS,** revival; and "Words and Music," revival, June Allyson, Judy Garland.
From Nov. 16: **DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND**; and "A Study in Terror," John Neville, Donald Houston.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 14: **THE CRAZY QUILT.**
From Nov. 15: "90 Degrees in the Shade," Anne Heywood, James Booth.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
CHUSHINGURA (in Japanese).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev, and the Royal Ballet. (Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 16: "Anna Christie," revival, Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford; and "At the Circus," revival, the Marx Brothers.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 15: **DR. STRANGELOVE,** revival; and "The Guns of Navarone," revival, Gregory Peck, David Niven.
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 10: **A TASTE OF HONEY,** revival; and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER,** revival.
Nov. 11-14: **NOTHING BUT A MAN,** revival; and **THE BALCONY,** revival.
From Nov. 15: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and **M** (in German), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 15: **THE WRONG BOX.**
From Nov. 16: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French).

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HAM
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A FISH
TOMATO
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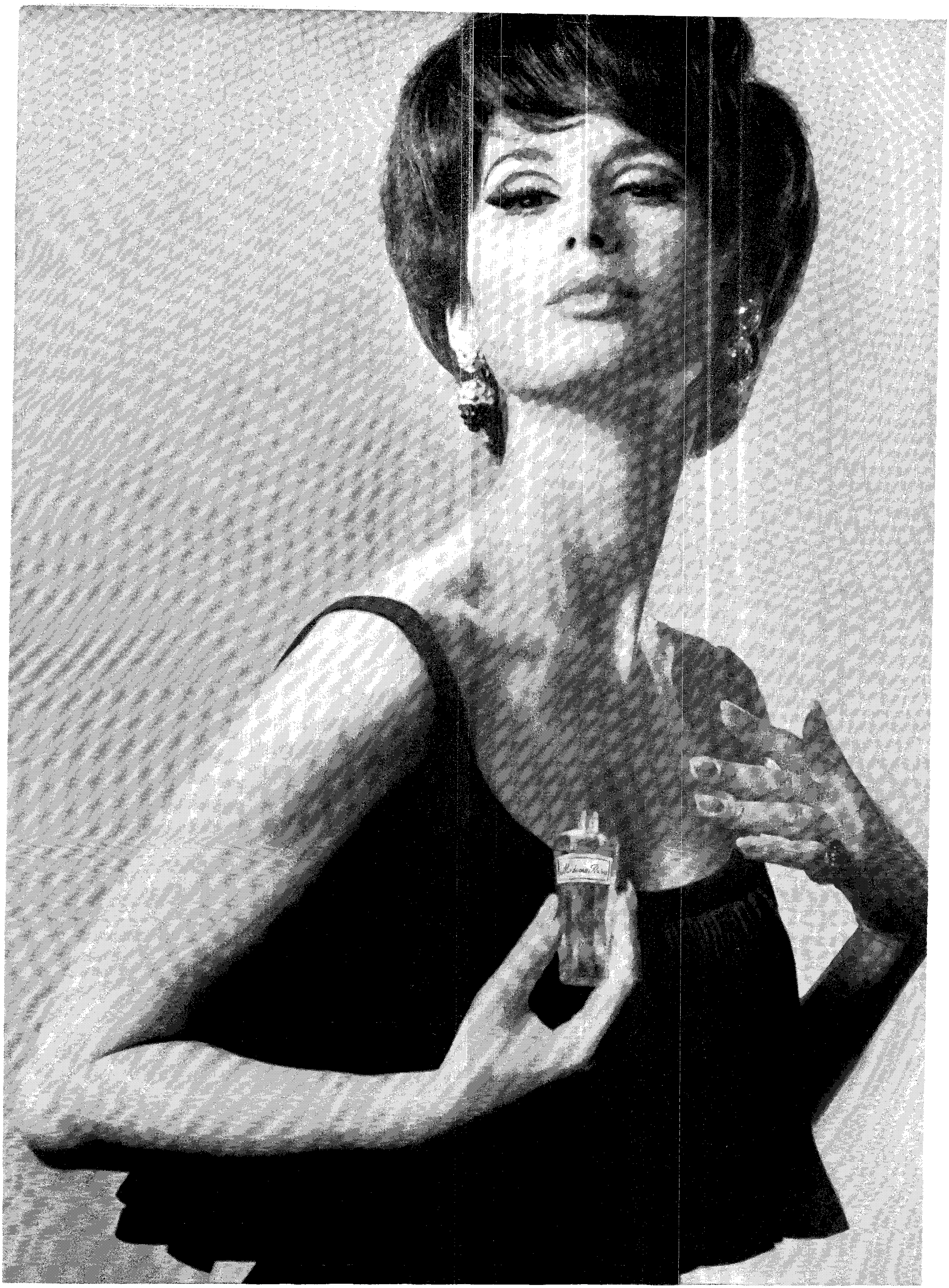

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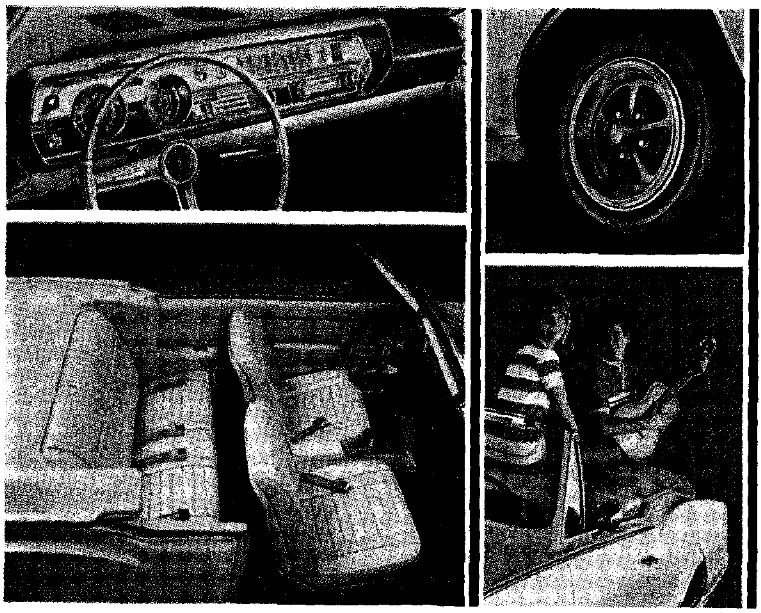

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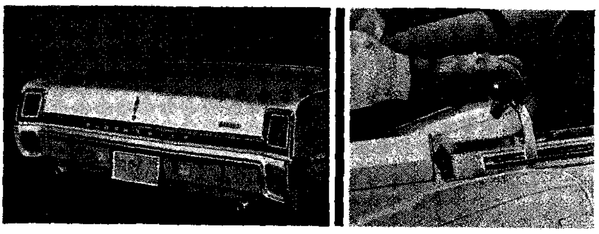

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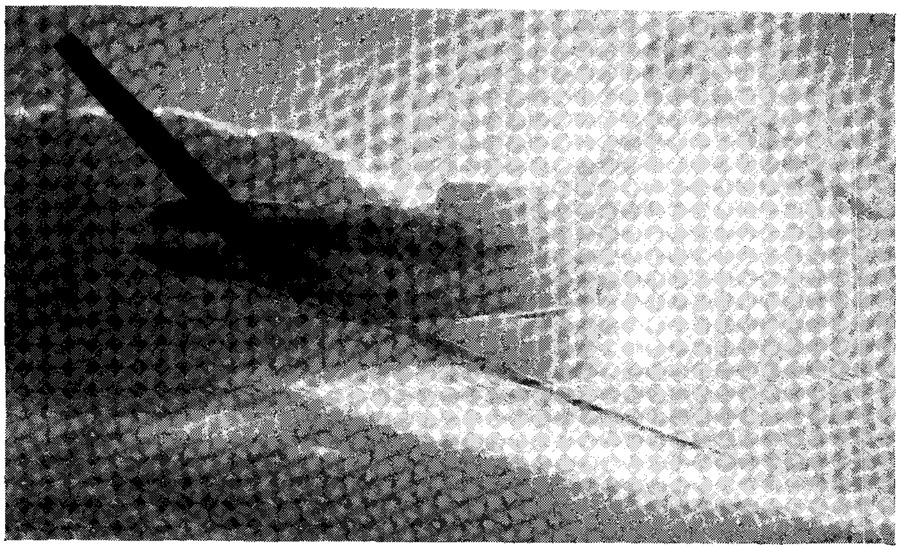

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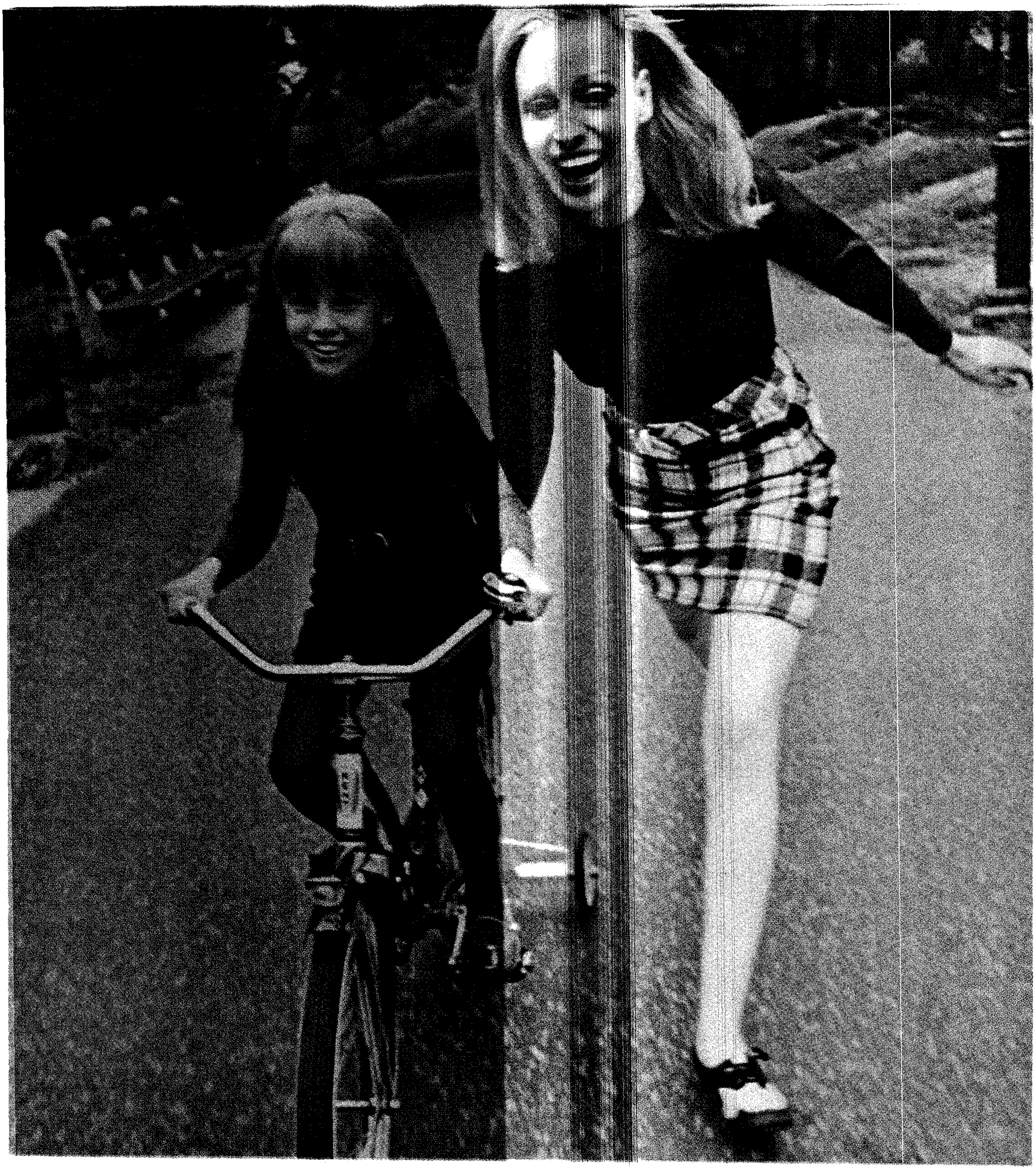

DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING

What we started for dancers the whole actively involved female world has grabbed up. Indeed, why not? Danskin knits the finest full-fashioned sweaters, pants, and seamless tights. Running mother's 100% nylon mock turtleneck 7.00, stretch nylon tights 4.00. Riding daughter's mock turtleneck sizes 2-6x 4.00, 7-14, 5.00. Tights 3.00. Write for illustrated brochure NY 11 and name of your nearest store. Danskin, 437 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.
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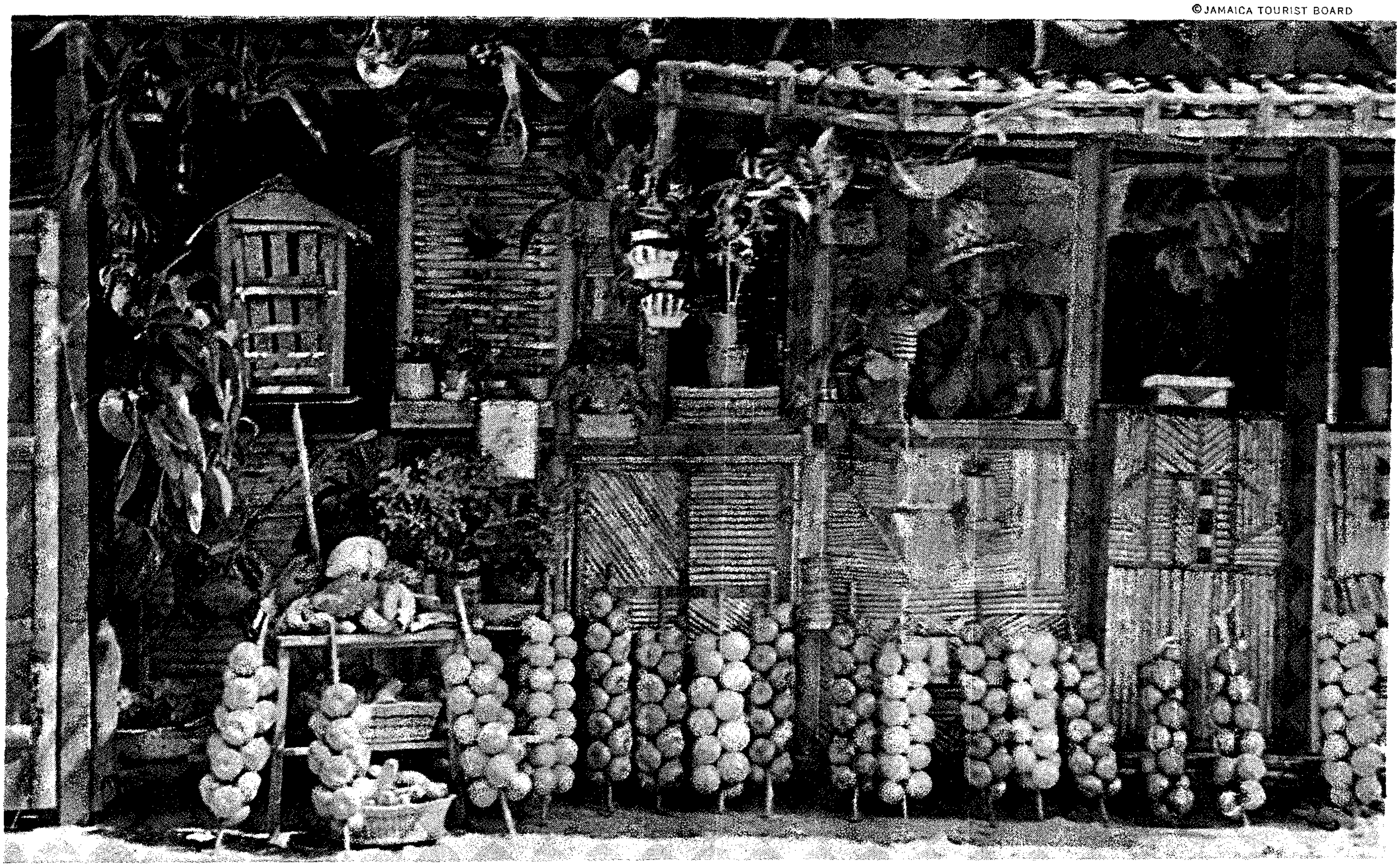


In Jamaica's hills you can stop and buy a feast of fruit for just a few shillings. But we won't tell you exactly where.

The fun is driving round a bend and finding a fruitstand *unexpectedly.*

Pull in. Look. Buy an armful of bananas for two-and-six (35¢). Chat with the proprietor. Discover naseberries, ortaniques otaheite apples.

You're Columbus in a Chevvie. And it's a kick.

Take a curve and come upon Jamaicans "jerking" pork—roasting a split-pig after marinating it in onions, garlic, hot pepper, olive oil. Stop. Sample. Mmmwah!

Coast into a village square and boom-boom there's a swinging singing prayer meeting.

Pass an open-air school with scrubbed kids sitting at attention under a banyan tree.

Run out of gas, even.

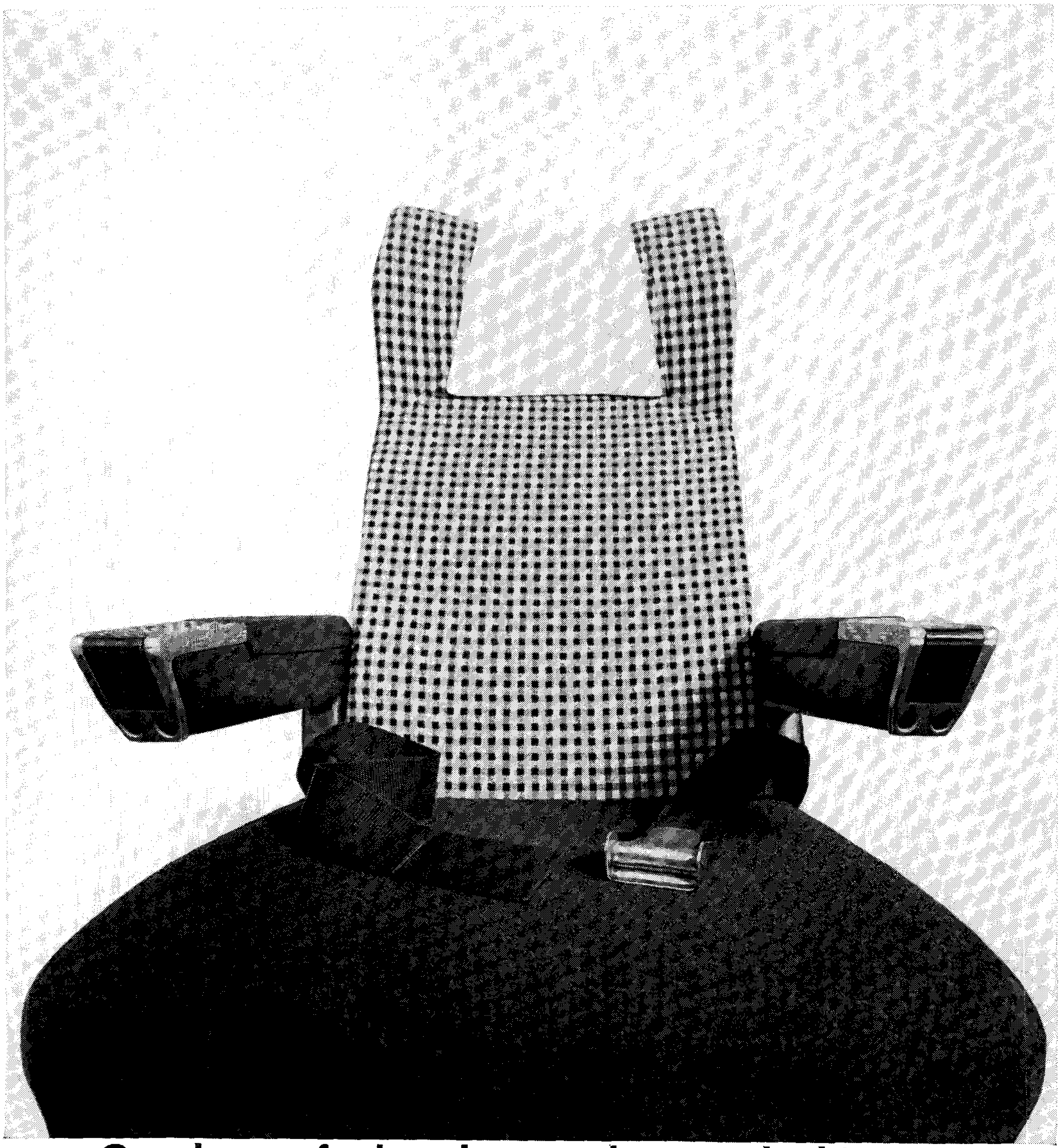
You're likely to be rescued by a Jamaican planter who'd not only "fetch petrol" but take you home, introduce you to his wife, give you a rum punch and a fascinating afternoon.

There are 6,000 miles of good Jamaican road to explore and 99,000 license-carrying Jamaican horn-leaners. So there's plenty of noise but not much traffic.

Just remember the right side of the road is the left.

And when you ask directions, be sure to say "good day" *first* or you may not get an answer. Our country folk are very 19th Century. Still dance *quadrilles.* And have courtly manners. They say "walk good, cool breeze, peace and love" when they're just saying "good-bye."

For more about Jamaican farewells, road rules and rent-a-cars, see your travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, San Francisco, Miami, Los Angeles, Chicago, Toronto.

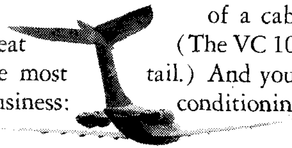


Good news for heads, arms, legs, necks, hips, etc.

Now you can buy an Economy Class airline ticket and get a first rate seat.

We mean a seat that's really comfortable and roomy. So roomy a guy like Wilt Chamberlain, who's seven-feet tall, can sit in it, stretch out and not feel cramped. A seat that took two years and $350,000 to design.

That's not all you get. The seat comes fully equipped with the most advanced jet in the flying business: The BOAC VC 10.



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So that once you're buckled in, you can get off the ground and in the air 25% quicker than an ordinary jet.

And you can reach cruising altitude—where we can begin to show you what British Cabin Service is all about—while other jets are still climbing.

And you can enjoy the peace and quiet of a cabin free from jet noises. (The VC 10's engines are back by the tail.) And you can be cooled by an air conditioning system that works on the ground as well as in the air. And your landing can be a nice-and-easy 20 mph slower than an ordinary jet's.

Only BOAC has the VC 10, and your Travel Agent can put you in one of its cushy seats from New York, Boston, Detroit or Chicago to London. (And keep you in one to Europe, Africa, the Middle East and the Orient.)

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Merry Christmas booty for the distaff side from Neiman-Marcus

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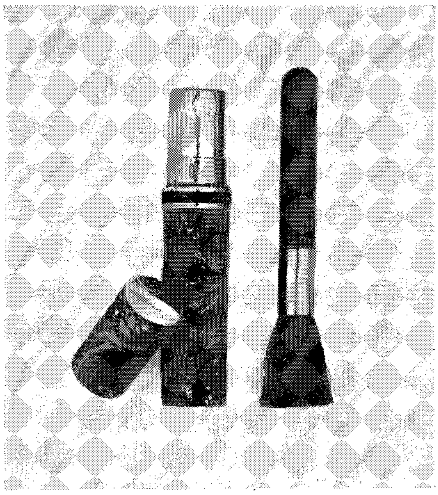
Fine feathered friend—perched over simulated pearl nest. Gold finish pin for N-M alone by Castlecliff. 7.50 (.35)*

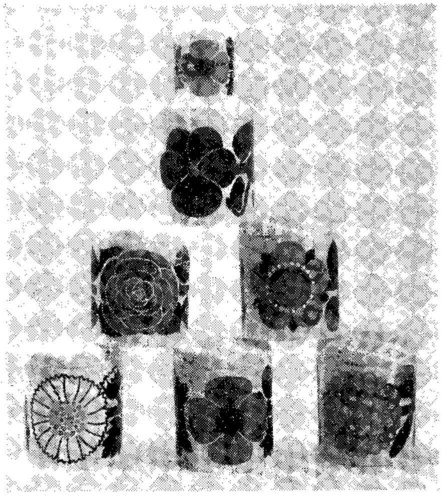


Gone, the spot remover that sprays—turns to powder, brushes away. Velvet case. By M.J.M. International. 5.00 (.50)*

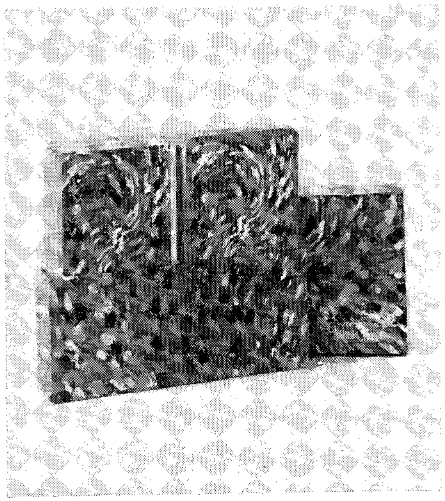
Soft coverup—white lambswool and angora cardigan, edged in satin, lined in silk. By Cyn Les. S,M,L. 36.00 (.60)*

Light sleeper—white nylon tricot sleep shirt, lace jabot and cuffs. Petite, Small, Med. For N-M by Eyeful. 16.00 (.60)*

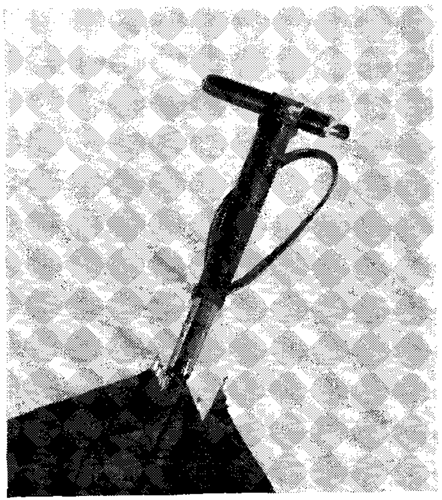
Sleek little box—Saffian grained calfskin, black, white or black patent leather. By Bienen-Davis. 30.00 (.70)*



Storage decor—our own plastic imports. Poppy, Daisy, Violet, Zinnia, Buttercup, Rose. Lg. 3.00. Sm. 1.25 each (.50)*



Plastic coated playing cards—printed with N-M's exclusive Fauve pattern. Red, yellow borders. Double deck 5.00 (.55)*



Flashlight umbrella—casts a beam from its leather covered handle. Nylon in red, black or bone. 31″ by Mespo. 15.00 (.80)*

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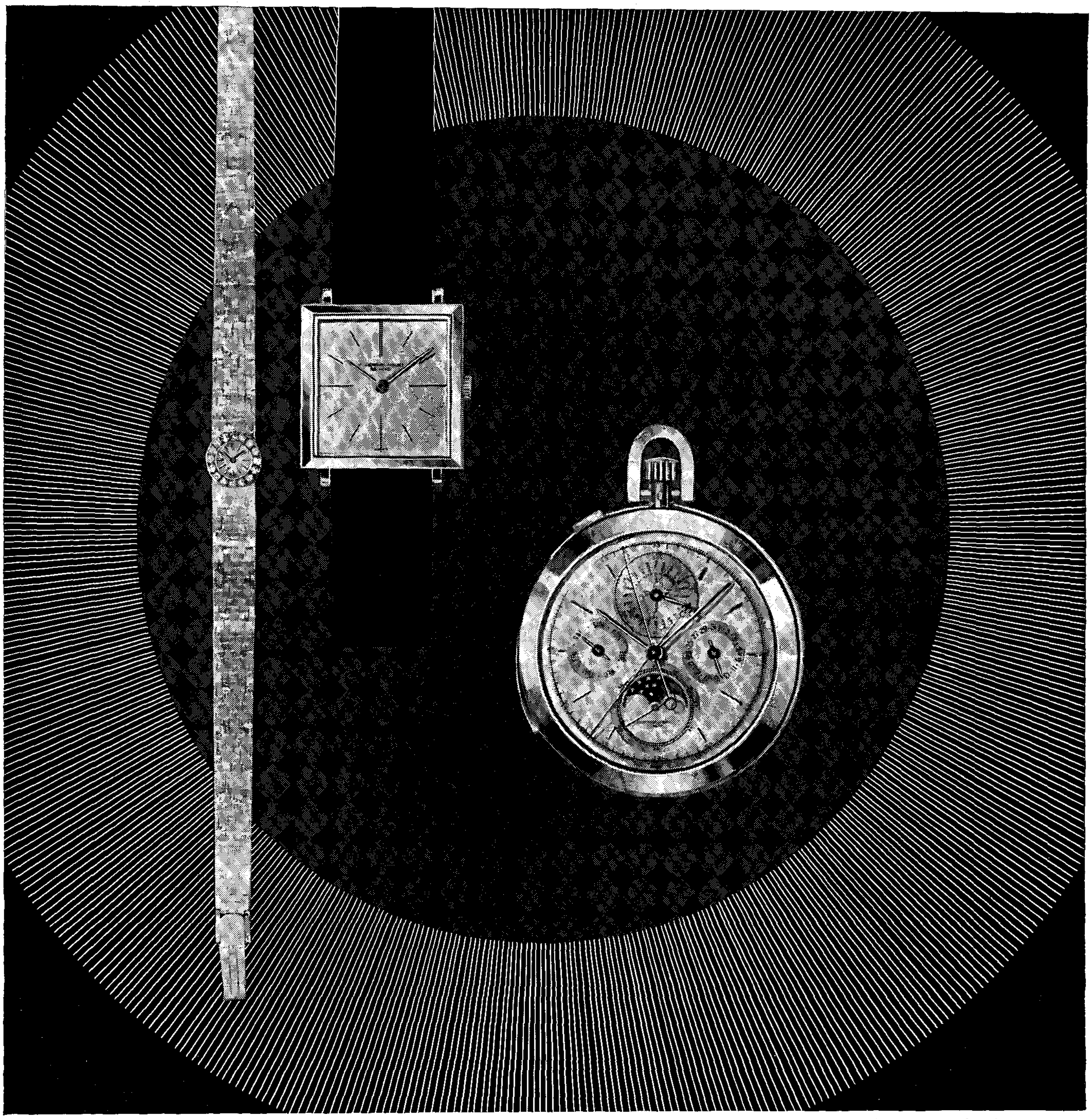

Left: *Ladies' watch in yellow gold studded with diamonds.* Centre: *The world's thinnest men's watch, in 18 kt. gold.* Right: *Perpetual Calendar: names the day and the month; remembers whether the month has 31, 30 or 28 days and in Leap Year also remembers that February has 29. Shows the moon phases. Chimes sweetly at hours, quarters and minutes on request. And acts as a stop watch as well.*

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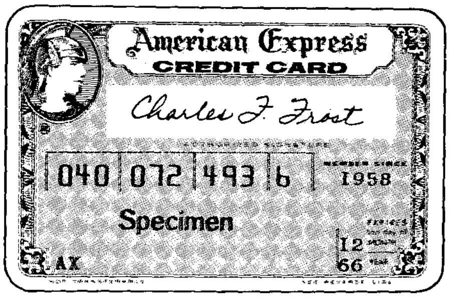
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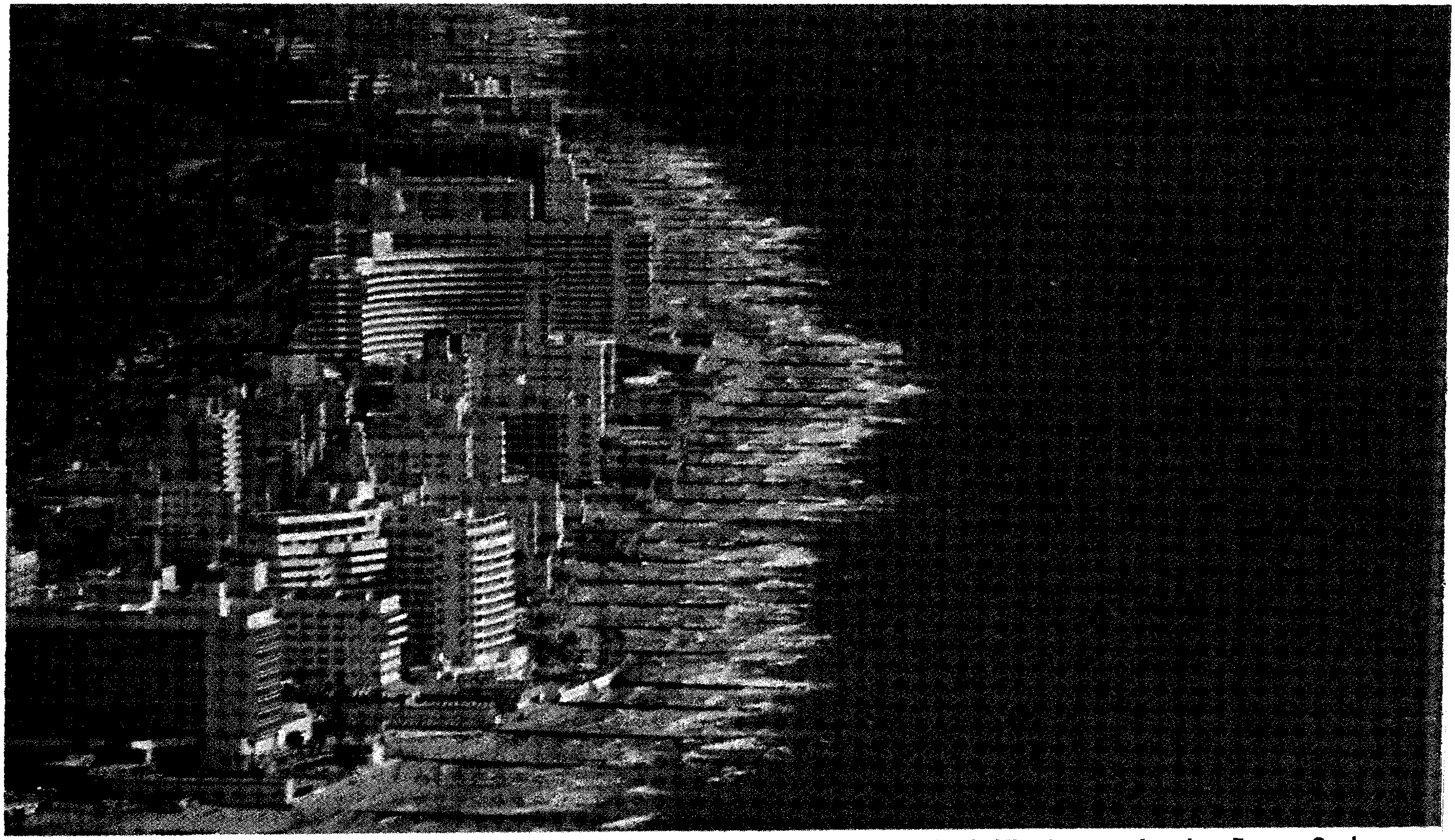

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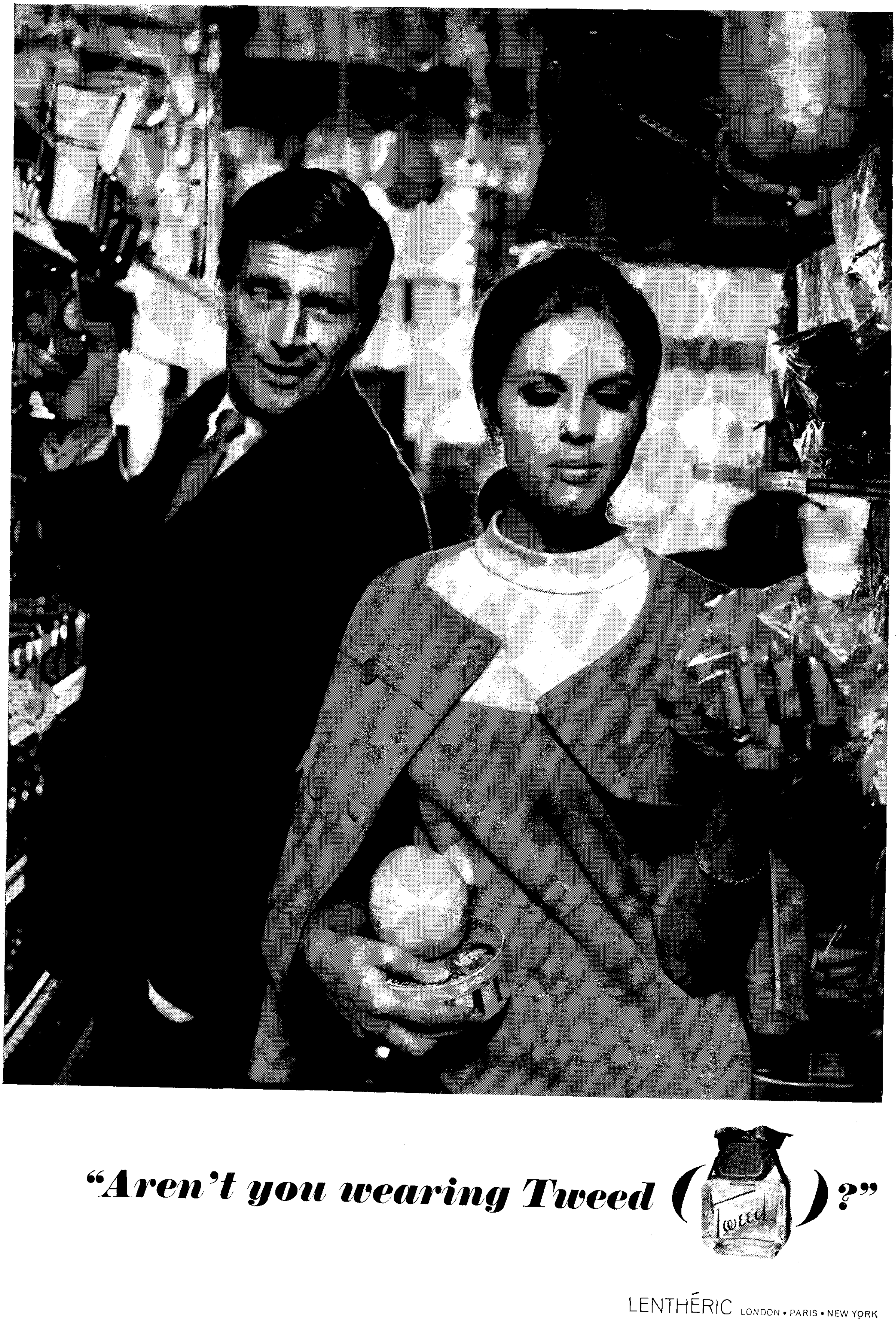
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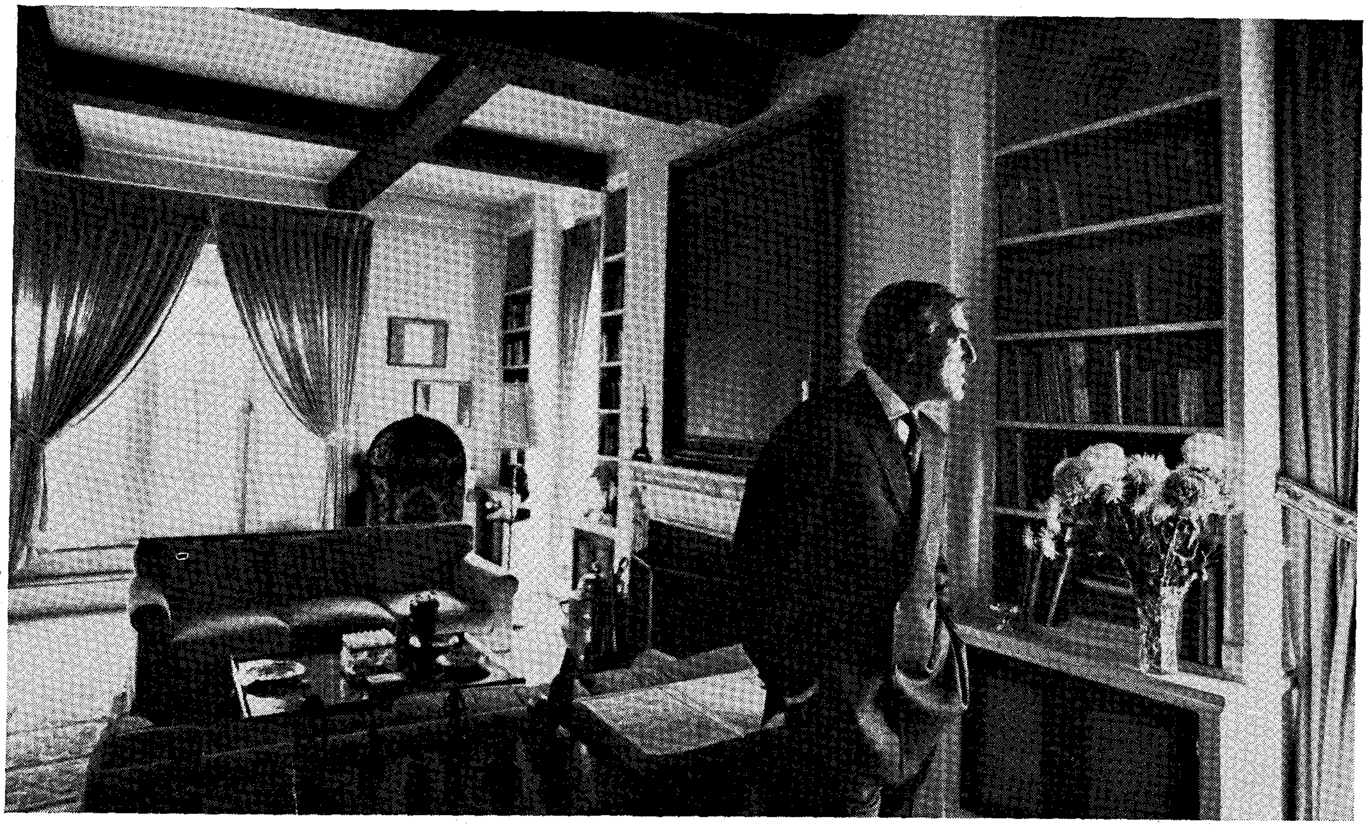

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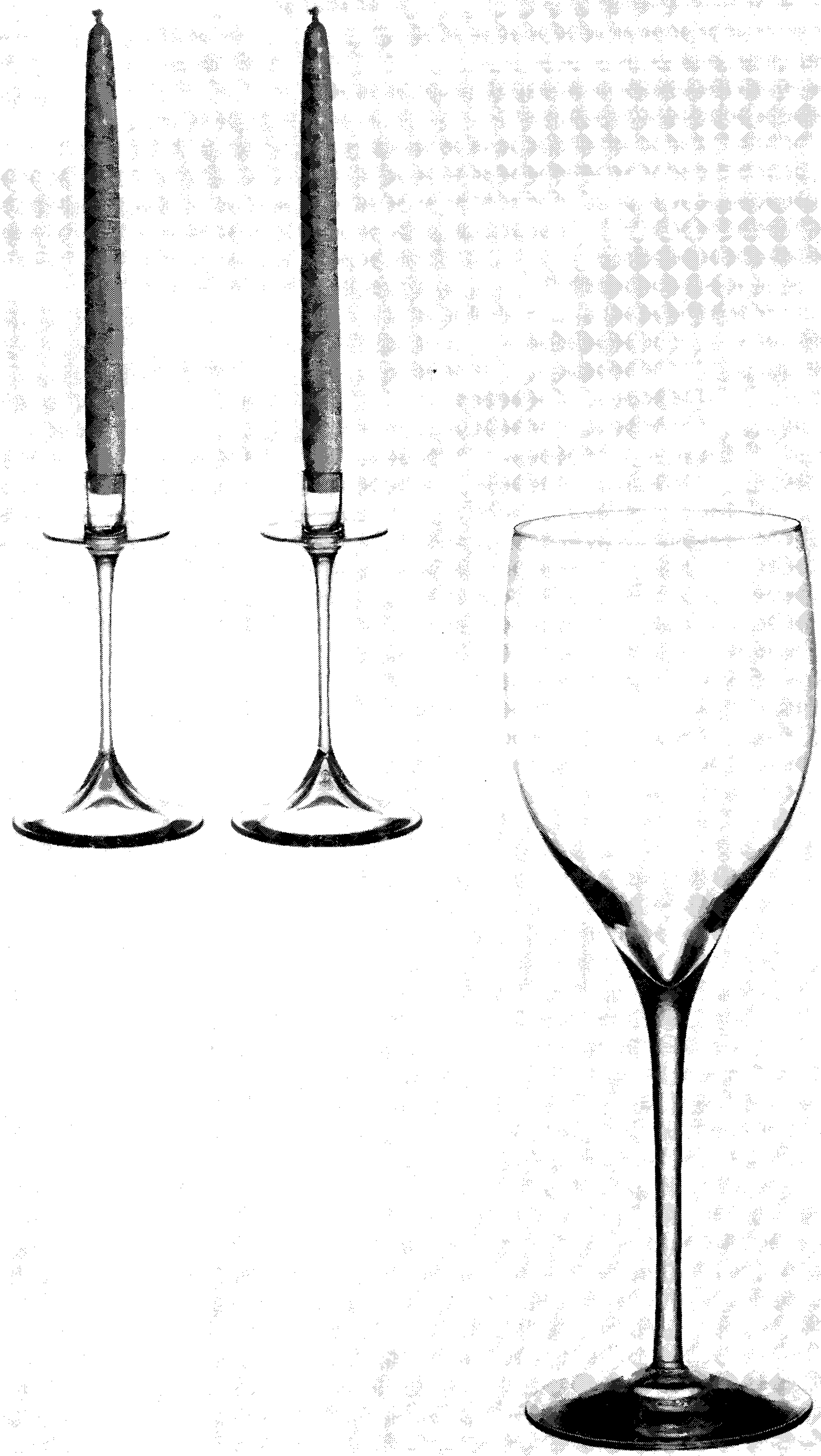

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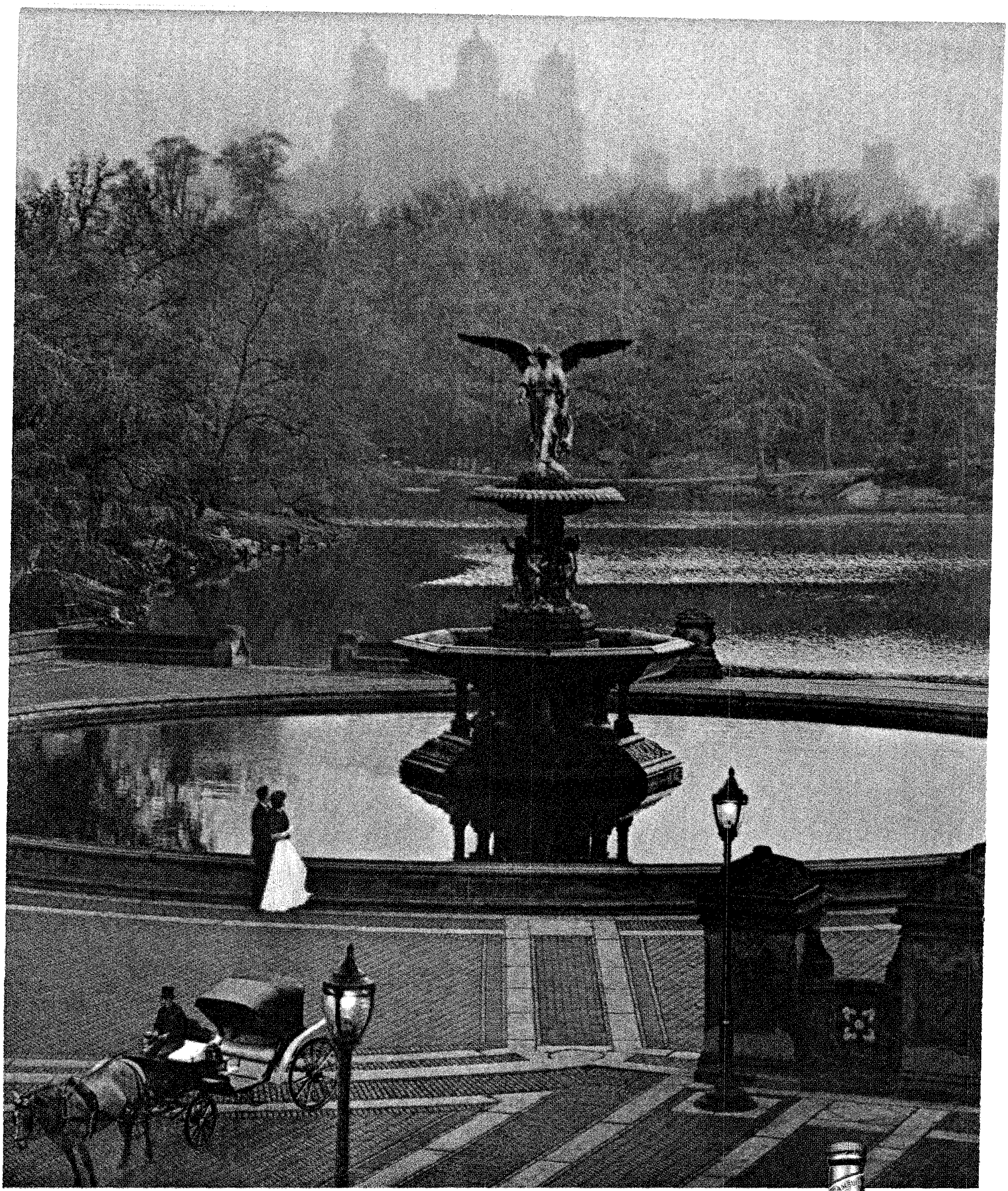

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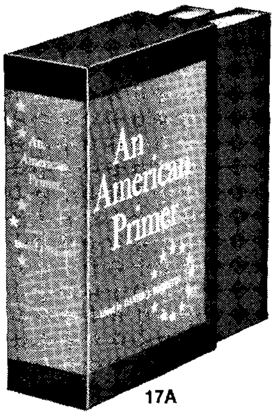
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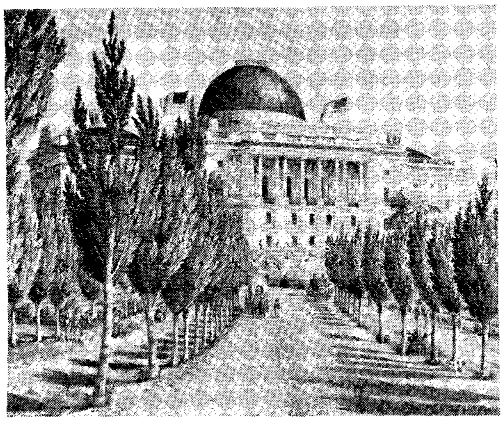
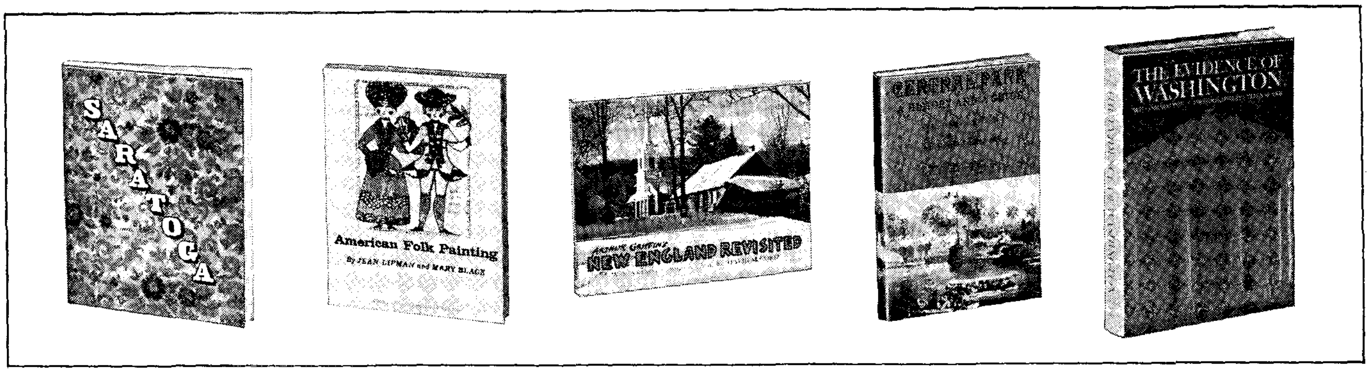


Charles Burton, VIEW OF THE CAPITOL. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Purchase, 1942, Joseph Pulitzer Bequest.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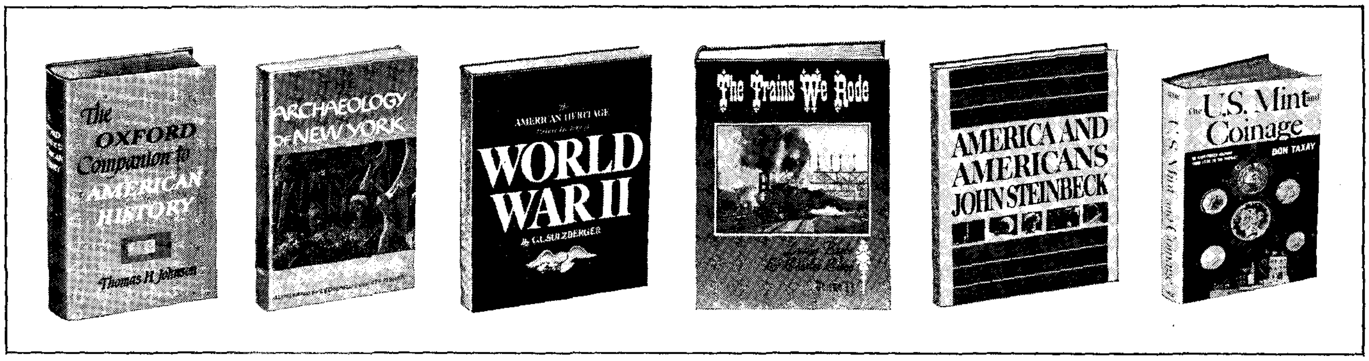
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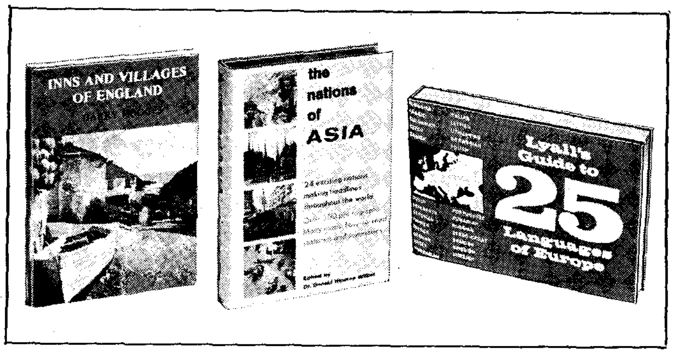
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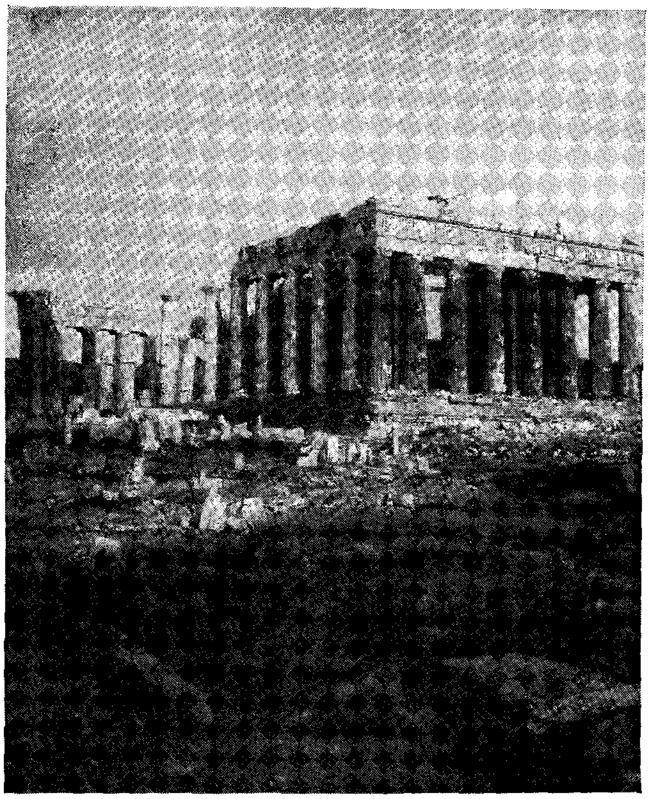

Frederick Edwin Church, THE PARTHENON. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Bequest of Maria De Witt Jesup, 1915.

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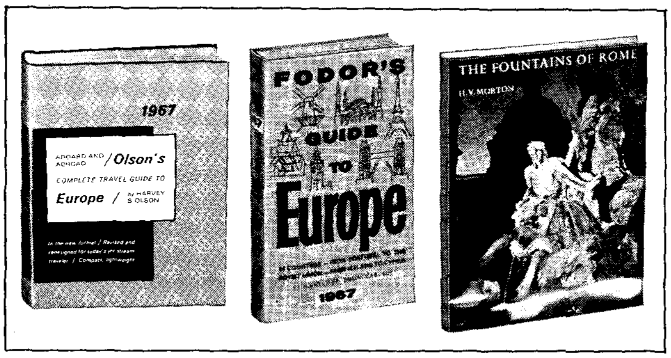
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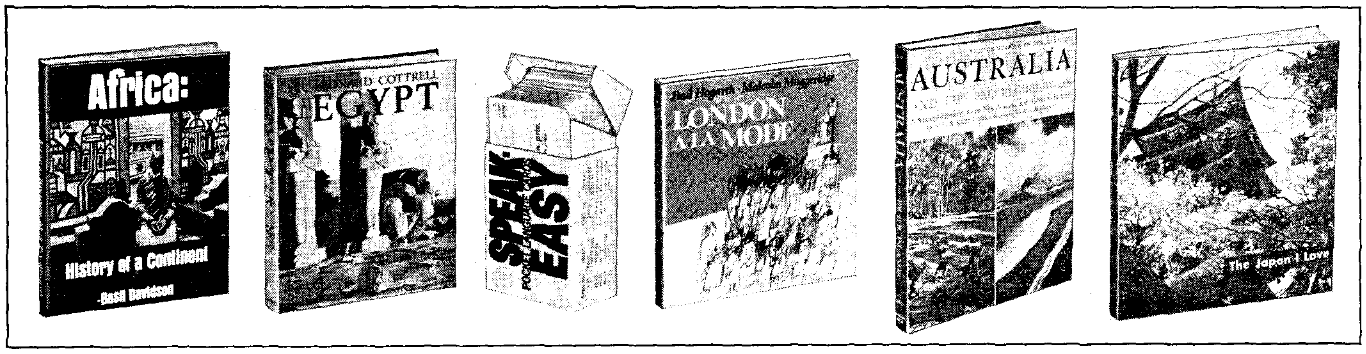
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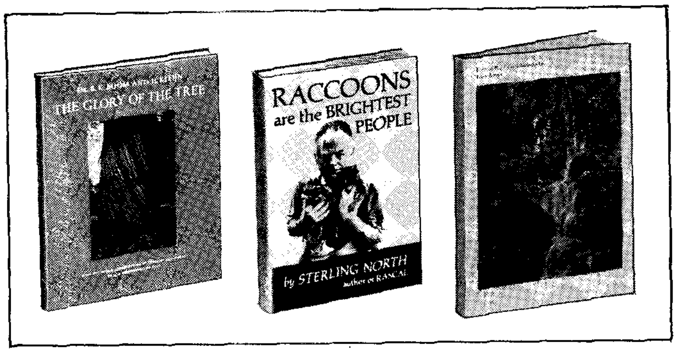
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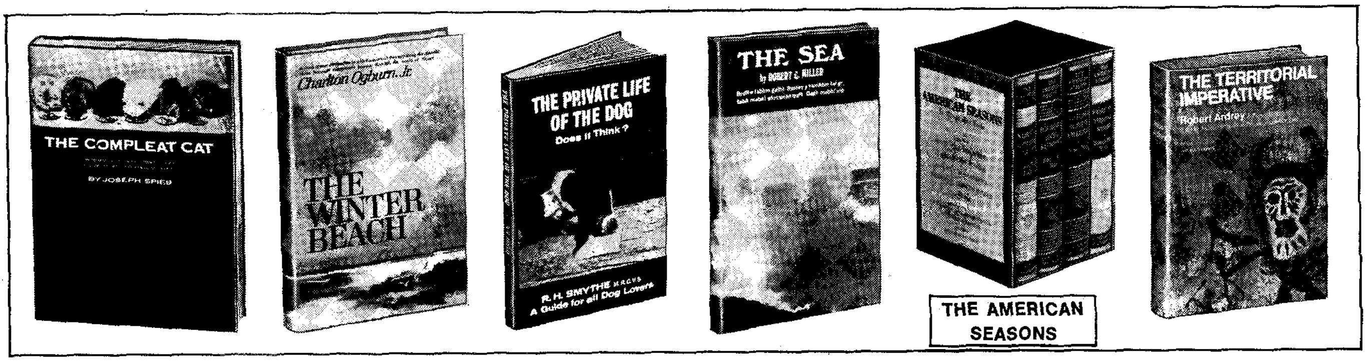
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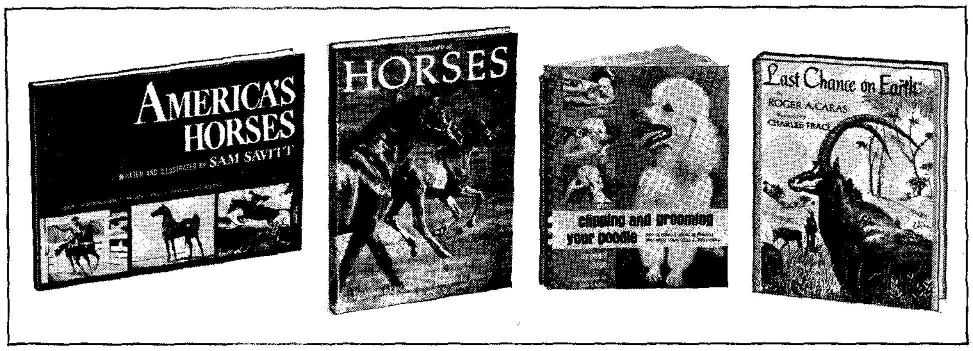
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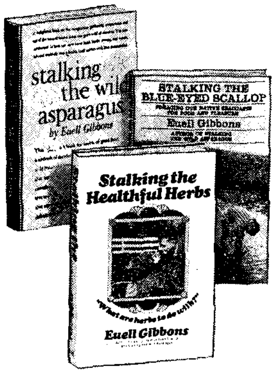
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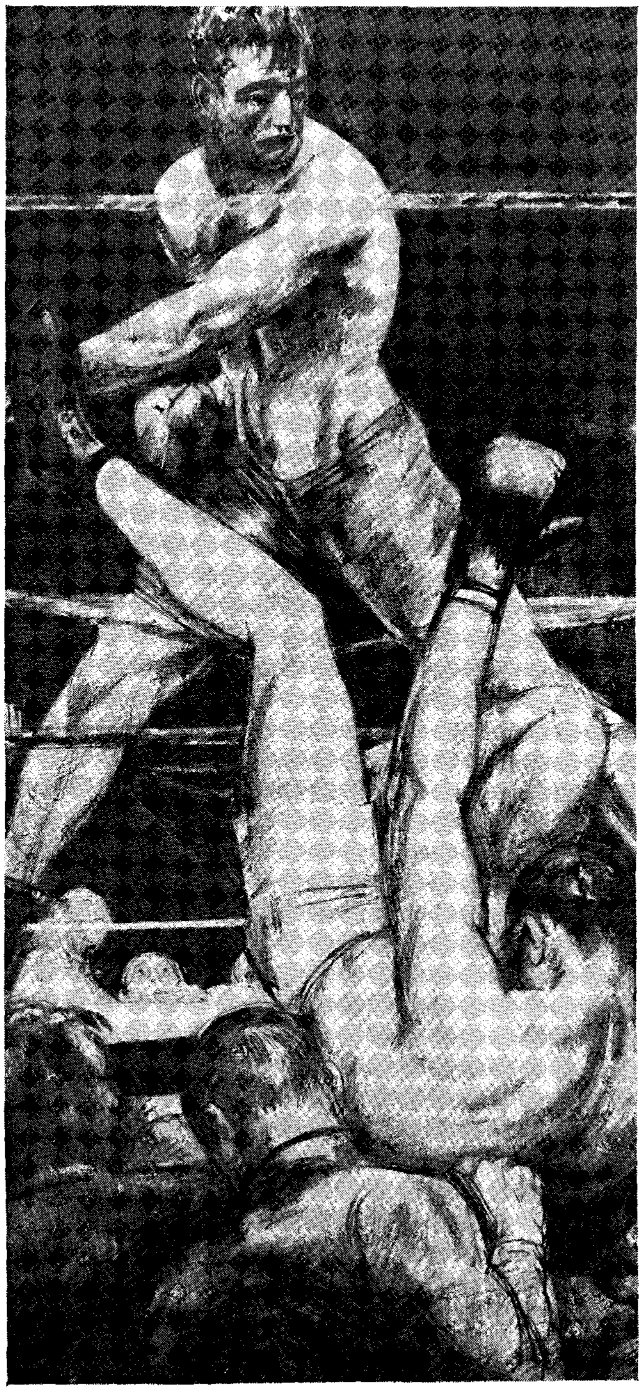

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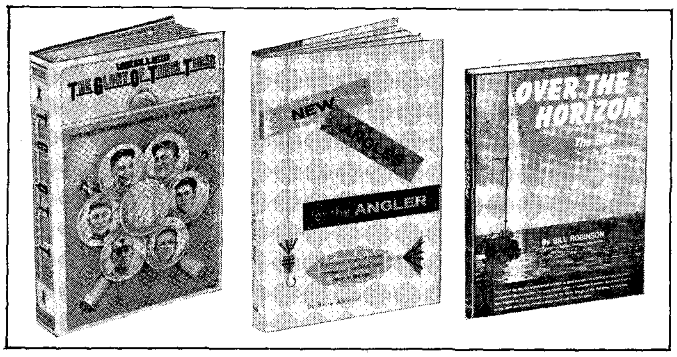
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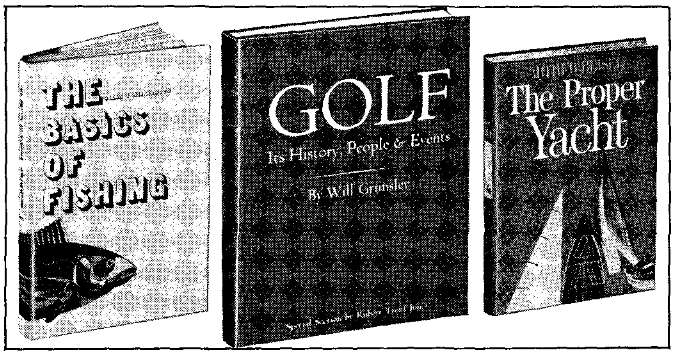
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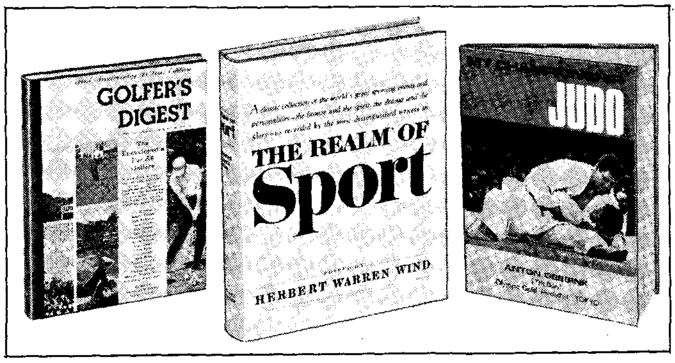
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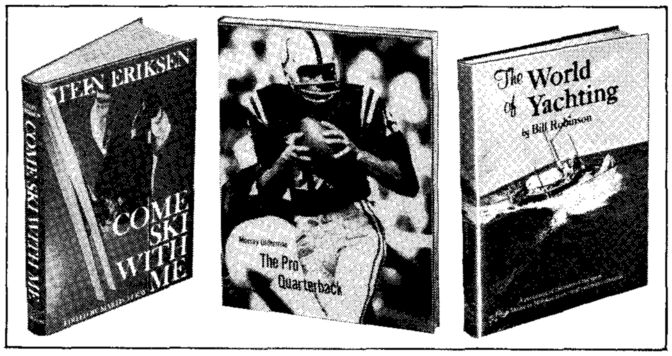

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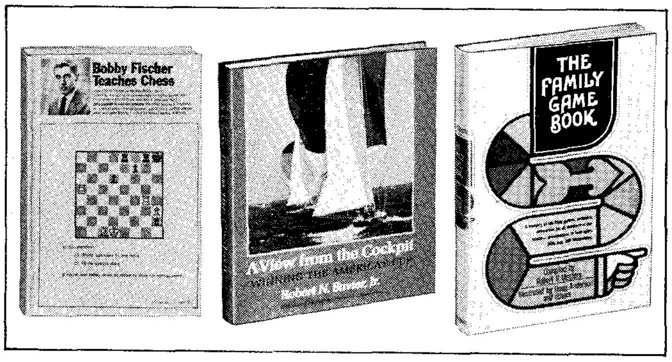

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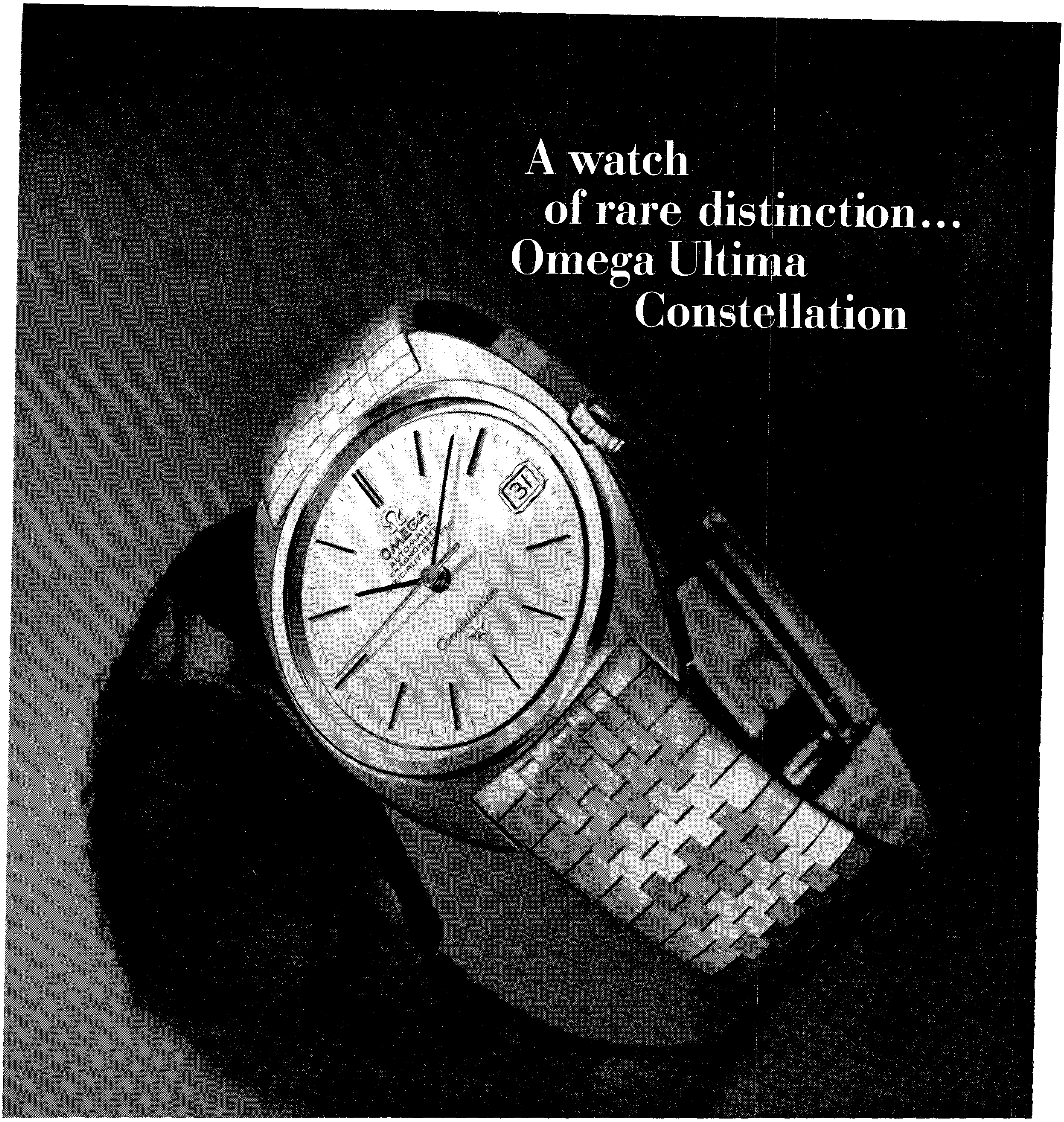

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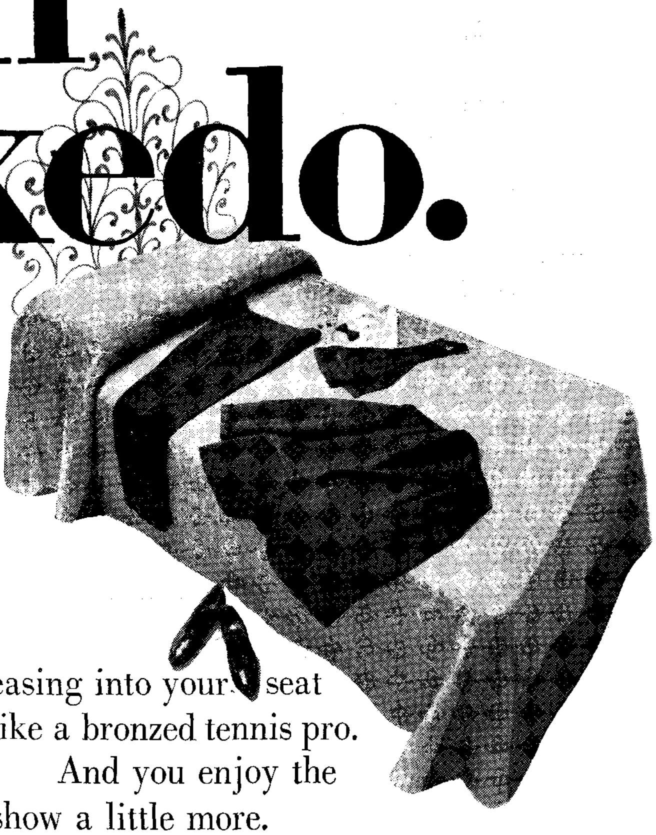

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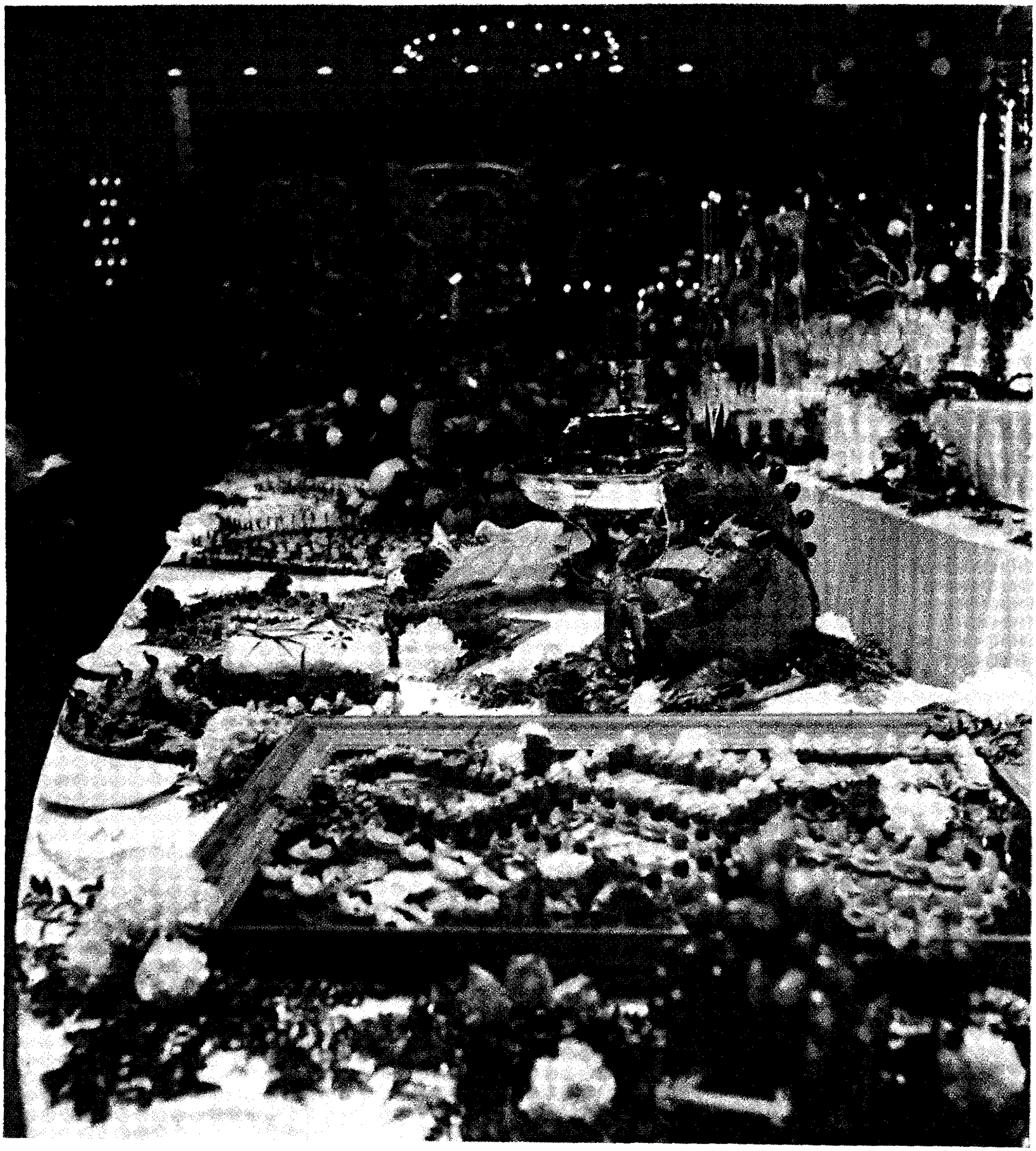

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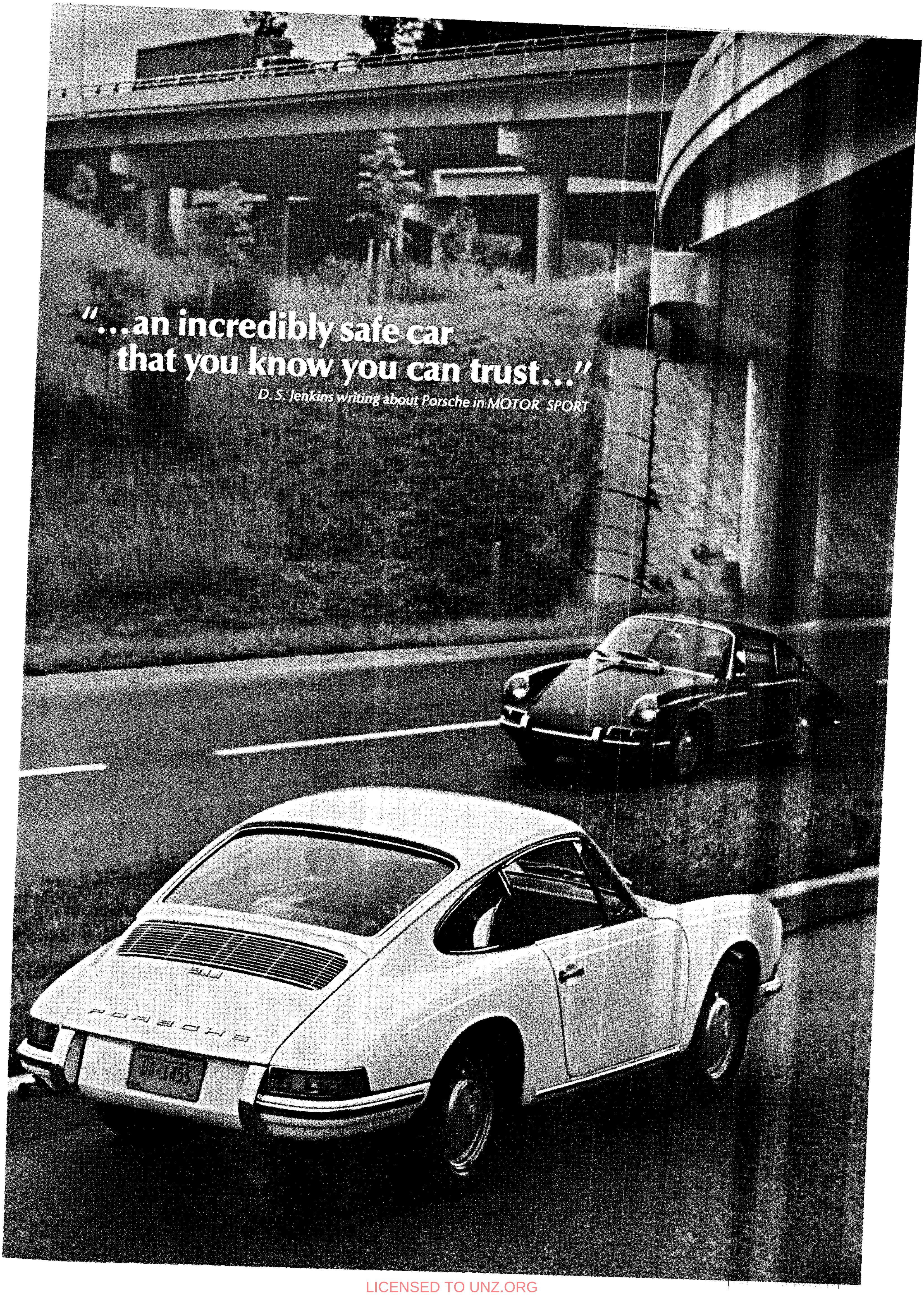

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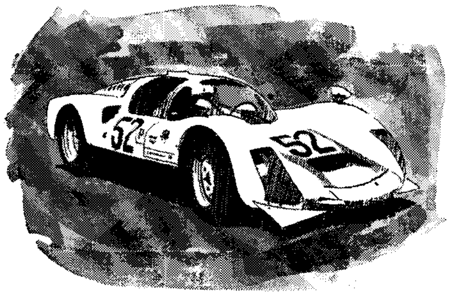

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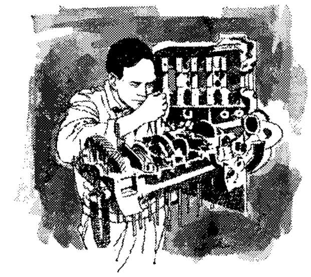
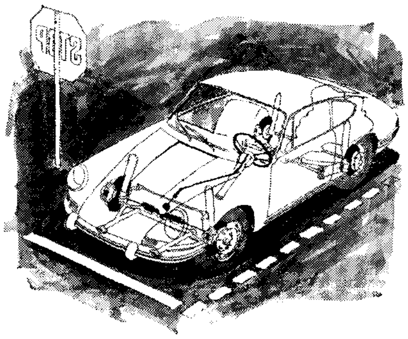
The Porsche is made with almost fanatical respect for quality.



All assembling and much finishing is done slowly, carefully and expensively by hand. The sections which form the body are welded, not bolted, together in a unit-body construction that virtually eliminates squeaks or rattles. Hours and hours are devoted to inspection and re-inspection, test and re-test. A detailed record is kept of every car—if, by chance, a part must be replaced, it can be matched exactly to the original part.

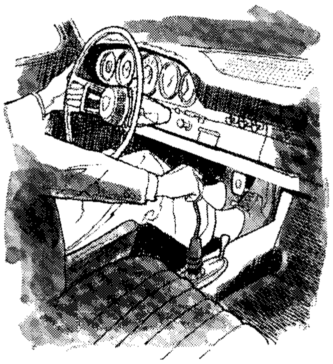
"All the engineers and professional men who are Gran Turismo buffs seem to wind up owning a Porsche." CAR & DRIVER

Because rear-engined cars have more efficient transfer of power to wheels, better traction, and quicker steering response, the Porsche is rear-engined. And, because it is air-cooled, the engine needs no water, never overheats, can't freeze, and is smaller and lighter than conventional water-cooled engines.



The Porsche is available in three versions. All have an aerodynamically designed body with clean, uncluttered lines, spacious accommodations for driver, passenger and their luggage, a precise steering system with a new double-jointed design for extra safety, a suspension that nails the car to the road on the tightest curve, and four-wheel disc brakes developed to withstand the stresses of international racing competition.

"It would be terrific on a journey through rugged mountain country." MOTOR SPORT



Races are Porsche's proving grounds. Here a car must do all the things it does in normal driving—accelerate, brake, turn, shift gears—under brutal conditions that reveal the most minute flaws in design or construction.

Porsche's racing record is remarkable. In 1966, in a race so punishing that only 30 of the 64 starters were able to finish, Porsche took first in its class in the Sebring 12-hour classic and finished 4th, 6th, 7th and 8th overall, beating many cars three times its engine size. In Sicily's Targa Florio, Porsche took 1st, 3rd and 5th places. Only 13 of 70 starters finished "the world's most punishing race." In the 1966 running of the 24-hour Le Mans, Porsche finished 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, again defeating everything in its class as well as many far bigger cars.

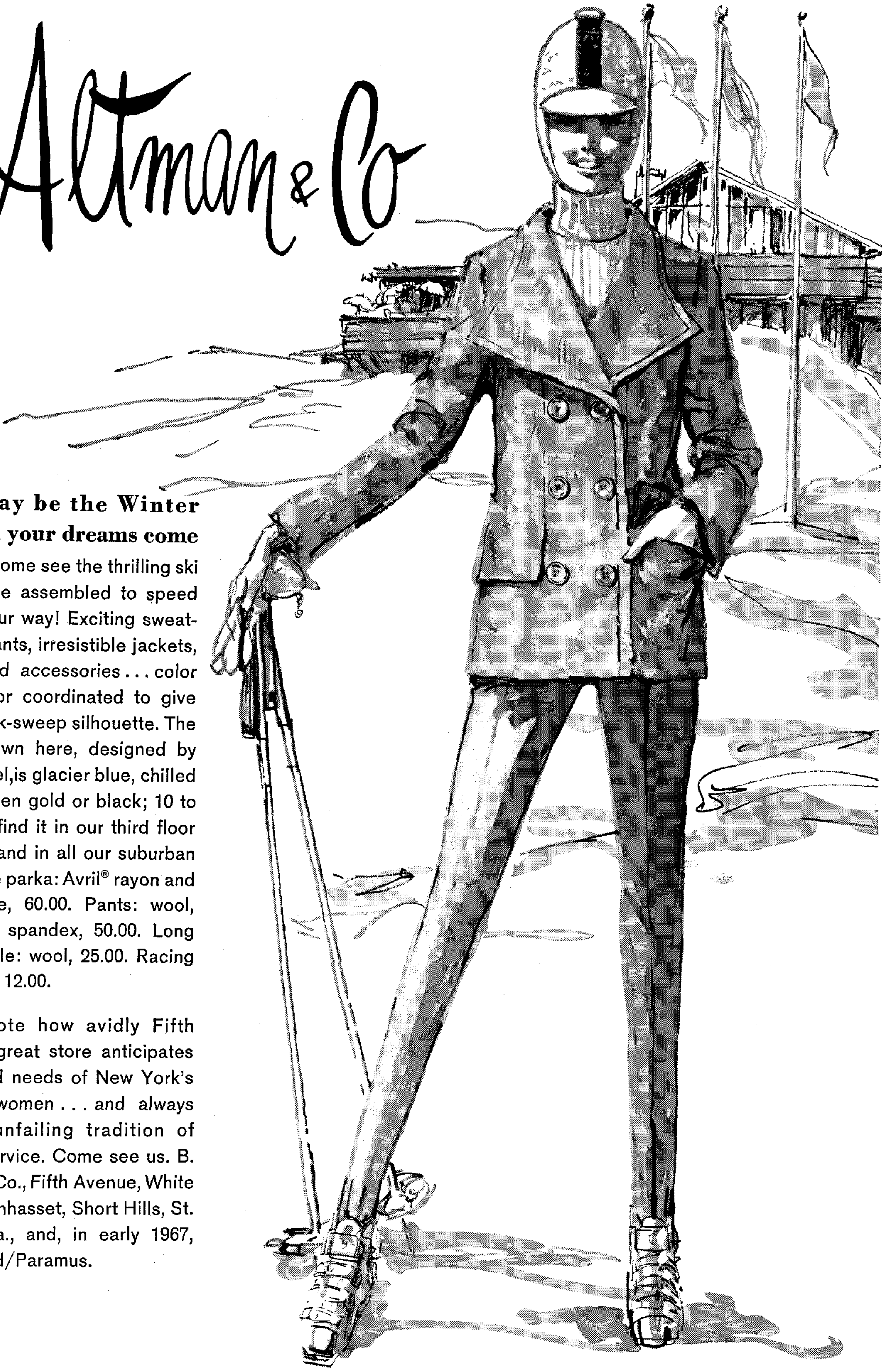
". . . you can almost hear it chuckling to itself as you really begin to use it . . . the harder you drive it, the more it seems to come alive . . ." MOTOR SPORT

You don't have to race your Porsche to enjoy it. But from such severe testing has emerged today's Porsche, a car that's fun to drive simply because it does so many things better than any other car can do them.

PORSCHE

Three versions for gran turismo connoisseurs: Porsche 912 with 4-cylinder, 102-hp engine, about $4790. Porsche 911 with new 6-cylinder, 148-hp engine, 4- or 5-speed gearbox, about $5990. Porsche 911S with 5-speed gearbox and Carrera 6-inspired 180-hp engine, about $6990. All prices East Coast POE. For name of dealer, brochure or overseas delivery data, write Porsche of America Corporation, 107 Tryon Avenue West, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666, Dept. 911.

B Altman & Co



This may be the Winter when all your dreams come true... come see the thrilling ski wear we've assembled to speed you on your way! Exciting sweaters and pants, irresistible jackets, parkas and accessories... color matched or coordinated to give you a sleek-sweep silhouette. The outfit, shown here, designed by Ernst Engel, is glacier blue, chilled silver, frozen gold or black; 10 to 16. You'll find it in our third floor Ski Shop and in all our suburban stores. The parka: Avril® rayon and cotton pile, 60.00. Pants: wool, nylon and spandex, 50.00. Long skinny turtle: wool, 25.00. Racing cap: wool, 12.00.

Please note how avidly Fifth Avenue's great store anticipates the special needs of New York's smartest women... and always with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and, in early 1967, Ridgewood/Paramus.

THE NEW YORKER

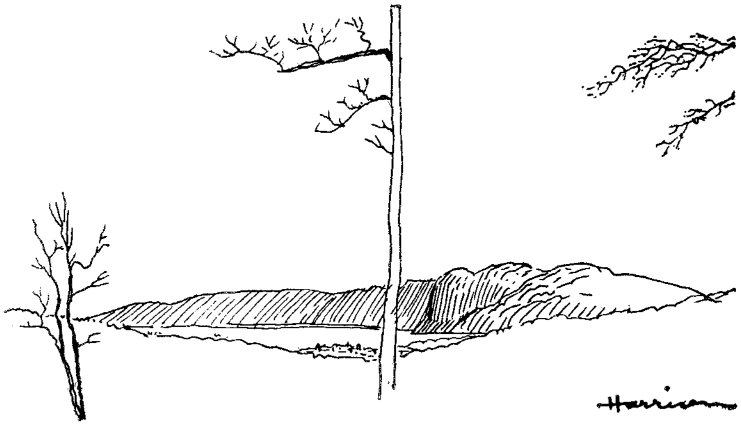
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE taking of hostages must be one of the oldest political devices known to man, but recent events in Africa suggest that as a technique it has yet to be exhausted. The era of the simple swap is over. In today's world of complex alliances, interdependencies, and invisible power structures, all nations are linked, and the fact that Guinea held the United States Ambassador, Mr. Robinson McIlvaine, in answer to Ghana's seizure of nineteen Guineans on their way to a conference on African unity should not surprise anybody. Traditional analyses of the situation seem to us to miss the point. Rationalizations of the choice of Mr. McIlvaine as a hostage or his precise relevance to the Guinea-Ghana dispute tend to obscure the rationale of modern hostage-taking by small nations; that is, in any given dispute any hostage can be taken from any powerful country, and the problem of working out how the kidnappee is to be exchanged for the unrelated goal of the kidnapper can be left to the diplomatic technicians, who are presumably experts at operating in the dark. The danger of this technique is obvious. Hostage-taking might spread like wildfire throughout the civilized world, with everyone seizing everyone else. On the other hand, it may be that Guinea is on to something. As an alternative to war, the taking of hostages is attractive. Soldiers all over the world could put down their arms and begin patrolling the borders with long butterfly nets. Nobody would die, since the only good hostage is a live hostage.

OUR friend the long-winded lady recently sent us another communication. She wrote: "The view from the University Restaurant, on West Eighth Street, has changed and changed and changed again since the beginning of July, when they began tearing down three small gray apartment houses across the street. One afternoon, I walked toward the restaurant from Fifth Avenue and did not notice the houses; they had always been there, and were so familiar as to be invisible. The next afternoon, they were completely visible, because workmen were taking out the windows and had already laid a ramp of doors across the sidewalk. The three houses came down quite fast, considering how solid they looked, and how settled and comfortable in their place—next to the Whitney Museum, that lovely house that is now a youth center. As her doomed neighbors came tumbling down—no dignity, all secrets exposed—the Whitney huddled more and more into herself, like a poor old woman pulling her shawl around her shoulders in wintertime. 'I may not be what I used to be,' the Whitney seemed to be saying, 'but I don't want to go just yet.' The three gray houses did not want to go, either, but they went anyway, with their thick walls and their good floors and their strong staircases and their many-colored rooms and all their windows—the ordinary square ones and the high-up skylights. Everything ended up down on the ground and was carted off, and what was left was what must have been there originally—a clear view of the backs of the tiny houses on the north side of Macdougal Alley. Mr. Gregory, the proprietor of the University Restaurant, watched the destruction, day by day, with a sort of unemotional disgust. 'We had a lot of customers from those apartments,' he said. 'A lot of teachers lived there. But the Whitney—that was a wonderful house! A lot of people from the Whitney used to come here when it was a gallery—a lot of the visitors, and a lot of the people who worked there.' For Mr. Gregory, the abandonment of the Whitney house as a museum was the *worst*, and it is from that event that he dates the decline of West Eighth Street from a Pleasant Place into a Wild Place.

"For me, the *worst* was the day Mr. Joseph Kling packed up his International Book & Art Shop, four doors east of the restaurant, and moved two blocks or so west, to Greenwich Avenue, because he couldn't afford the new, high Eighth Street rents. Mr. Kling's shop was below street level, directly across from the three houses that have just come down. When a customer entered, Mr. Kling used to emerge from the gloomy recesses at the far end of his shop wearing a green eyeshade and an expression that was sometimes menacing and sometimes merely distrustful. The shop was long and narrow, with simple shelves that went on and on to the far end, where a jumble and a clutter suddenly occurred, as though the leftover books had had to scramble for their places and were hanging on to the wall for dear life. All down the center of the room, plain wooden tables held maps and prints and photographs and more books. It was a dingy, stubborn, interesting place, and when Mr. Kling walked into view from



his lair at the back, the shop took on the haunted air that all true secondhand bookshops have, all over the world. He knew his books, and the books showed that he knew them—there was not a foot of shelf in that shop where the eye would slide along and away without finding something to look at. You could spend hours there without wasting a minute. Even if you bought nothing, you came out much better off than you were when you went in. One night in the winter of 1944, I walked in there quite late in the evening—about nine o'clock. It was terribly cold. That was my fourth winter in New York City, and I still could not get used to the freezing winds that tore along the streets and never seemed to stop blowing. I thought the towering concrete canyons of the middle of Manhattan, where I was working, served to funnel and strengthen the fury of the winds, but even in the Village, where at that time the majority of the buildings were still low, the winds seemed to proceed from a hard ferocity that had nothing in common with ordinary weather or with ordinary times. It was too cold. I was living in one enormous room at the top of a beautiful house on East Tenth Street, just off Fifth Avenue, a few steps from the Grosvenor Hotel. I was six flights up, and my front wall was all windows—a solid row of casement windows looking south. At that time, as I said, the Village was still mostly not built up, and I had a long view of rooftops and chimney pots that even the most critical Parisian would have to admire—rooftops, roof gardens, terraces, studios, and a huge and always changing sweep of sky. But that winter the friendly expanse of rooftops turned into a flat and heartless plain across which the winds raced toward my casement windows; my casement windows had wooden frames and were very old, cracked, and warped, and offered little more protection than a canvas tent. And something had happened to the furnace in the house. For weeks, we had no heat and no hot water. Finally, one night, I put on two coats and went out to walk about. There were very few people on the streets. Around nine o'clock, I walked into the International Book & Art Shop. It wasn't warm there, but it was warmer than my rooftop apartment. Mr. Kling peered out from his corner at the back but did not come forward, and I made my way peacefully down the shop until I got to where he sat talking with a friend. They stopped talking and looked at me, and I imagined there was a question in the air. 'My apartment is so cold I couldn't stay there,' I said. 'I had to come out. Even the streets seem warmer than the house I am living in.' The friend said, 'It is the kind of weather that makes people get married.' Mr. Kling said nothing for a minute, and then he laughed grimly and said, 'Berlin, 1923.'

"Berlin, 1923. New York City, 1944. And now it is New York City in the autumn of 1966. We are having Indian summer, and a sunny haze hangs over the trees in Washington Square. Tall, frail-looking, boxy new apartment houses confront each other flatly across lower Fifth Avenue, but the shape of the Avenue—the marvellous sweep from Washington Square Arch straight uptown and into the far distance—remains unchanged. Over on Greenwich Avenue, Mr. Kling is still in business, still wearing his green eyeshade and his two expressions. The Grosvenor Hotel has been turned into a student residence, and the Brevoort and the Lafayette and the Holley are gone, but the small Hotel Earle, shabby and elegant, still holds the place it has held for more than sixty years at the corner of Waverly Place and Macdougal Street, and the Albert looks romantic and foreign at night when the lights go on in the dining room and in the bar and over the sidewalk café. The Albert is on University Place between Tenth and Eleventh Streets, and Thomas Wolfe used to live there. This is a very autumnal Indian summer, and in the cool sunlight the side streets off Fifth and the winding Village streets to the west and south are filled with dreams and shadows, and there seems to be room for everyone. I am sitting by the street window of the University Restaurant, looking out at the dark-blue wooden paling that hides the empty place where those gray apartment houses were. Mr. Gregory, at his desk, seems to be intoning a litany in his gravelly voice, but he is only dictating the menus for tomorrow's lunch and tomorrow's dinner to his printer over the telephone. 'Russian shashlik,' Mr. Gregory says, and then he says, 'Ham steak.' It was in July, 1941, when I was a visitor to New York, that I first walked into this restaurant, and ordered a dinner of lamb chops. Now, in the hazy afternoon, I eat broiled bluefish and mashed potatoes, and I look across the street at the dark-blue paling and at the shuddering spectre of the long-gone Whitney Museum, and I think: What next? What next?"

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GEORGE CUTSOGEORGE lives on Old Georgetown Road, in Princeton, New Jersey.

Towaways

PIER 74, at Thirty-fourth Street and the North River, is a high-roofed, weathered building, with scaling dark-green paint, that for two years has served as the Police Department property clerk's storehouse and for the past couple of months has been nearly filled with the vehicles—between a hundred and fifty and two hundred and fifty a day—that have been towed away from the midtown area as part of Mayor Lindsay's campaign against the congestion caused by parking violations. We took a taxi to the pier the other evening and found a number of people on hand to claim their cars, which they had either double-parked or left standing in no-parking zones. (Cars are not towed away for meter violations.) We walked through one of two high garage doors into a dark cavern, on the walls of which were a number of signs, some relevant ("Police Only," "No Checks"), and some left over from the building's palmier days ("U.S. Customs," "Benelux Ports—Antwerp A, Amsterdam AM, Rotterdam R"). To our right, just inside the building, was the property clerk's office, a squarish green room lighted by four bare bulbs, in which the drivers gathered in front of a low partition separating the public from five policemen who were processing papers at desks. We entered the office and studied a poster that read, "Please Have Your 1. Registration Lic., 2. Operator's Lic., 3. Cash or Traveler's Check for Storage or Tow Fee. No Personal Checks Accepted. Thank You."

One of the policemen was telling a man in a peacoat, "Your voucher number is 10605, if you can remember that."

A middle-aged couple were arguing with another policeman, apparently without success.

"I haven't *got* ten dollars now," said a young man, tapping his knuckles on the partition.

"I'm with the German Consulate," said a man in a raincoat. "I think there might have been a mistake. The license plates say 'FC.' "

A short, wiry woman now raised her voice above the others. "It was a *rented* car," she was saying. "We left it outside the Markwell Hotel, on West For-

"Well, they can't be all bad."

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ty-ninth Street. We were in the *elevator*."

"The officer who towed your car away didn't know that you were unloading," a young patrolman told her.

"I'm a woman," the woman said, her voice growing shrill. "And you're going to tell me that I have to sit in a car while they unload my bags? How can you unload a car and sit in it at the the same time? How can I—"

"What I'm trying to say is—" said the patrolman.

We went back out into the cavern, where a tow truck was just bringing in a gray Volvo. (The Police Department is using forty tow trucks, borrowed from the Department of Sanitation.) We watched the Volvo disappear into the gloom at the other end of the structure, and then fell into conversation with Sergeant John Whalen, who acts as a coördinator for the Police Department's Safety Unit B, which is providing radio communication for the towaway program. The program started a year ago, but during its first ten months only about a thousand cars a month were towed away, Sergeant Whalen told us. Since September 5th, when the current, expanded campaign began, some seventy-five hundred cars had been brought in. The fees—ten or twenty-five dollars for the towing, depending on the street where the violation took place, and five dollars a day for storage, after the first twenty-four hours—go into the Police Pension Fund, and amount to about three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars so far. Fines, of either ten or fifteen dollars, are handled in the ordinary way, through summonses.

"From what I hear, the situation in midtown is getting better," Sergeant Whalen said. "And the better it gets, the faster we can handle violations."

"Hey, Sarge!" a recruit from the Police Academy called out to a heavyset sergeant who was walking in our direction. "That Ford van that just came in—they've got an amplifier and four speakers in there, and four drums, and a guitar!"

"I want it all in the office," the sergeant said.

"But—" said the recruit.

"I want it all in the office," the sergeant repeated. "We can't be responsible for any of that stuff unless we get it out of the cars."

We followed Sergeant Whalen toward the river end of the building, past shadowy rows of cars, trucks, and motorcycles. He stopped to shine a flashlight on a much dented 1958 Oldsmobile. "Nobody's going to ransom *that* one," he said with a shrug.

Back in the property clerk's office a few minutes later, we found that the owner of the Ford van had arrived. He was a lank-haired, sideburned young man, the leader of a rock-'n'-roll group called The Remains. "This is the second time I've been through this," he said mournfully. "Who's going to help me carry those instruments?"

A blonde in a short white plastic coat began to speak soothing words to him, and we turned our attention to a well-dressed man who was saying, "Damn it! I want to talk to the officer who picked up my car! I want to see that man!"

"New York is a *rough* town," said a miniskirted young woman with green eye makeup and hair the color of talcum powder.

"It's Fun City," the man behind her murmured.

A slim, pretty girl began explaining that she was a stewardess with Allegheny Airlines and that she had missed her flight. A barrel-chested man announced that he was an attorney and that he wanted his case expedited. Two men, speaking with Spanish accents, told a patrolman that they were with Radio Caribe and that they had been parked near the United Nations. As we left, a young man in a windbreaker was picking up the belongings that had been removed from his car. They included a small black suitcase, an electric razor, a camera, and a parachute.

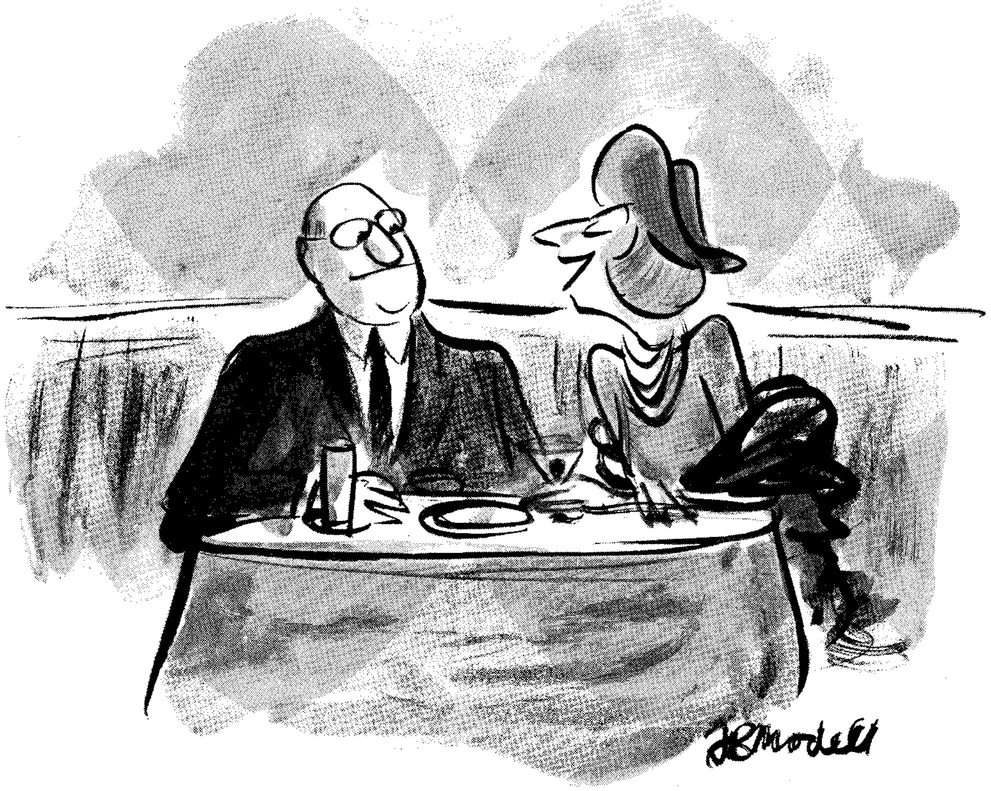
Age of Industry

IN the section of the McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia of Science and Technology headed "Scallop," the Encyclopedia says, "It varies considerably in color but the shape of the shell is well-known, because this is the species whose shell is the trademark of a major oil company."

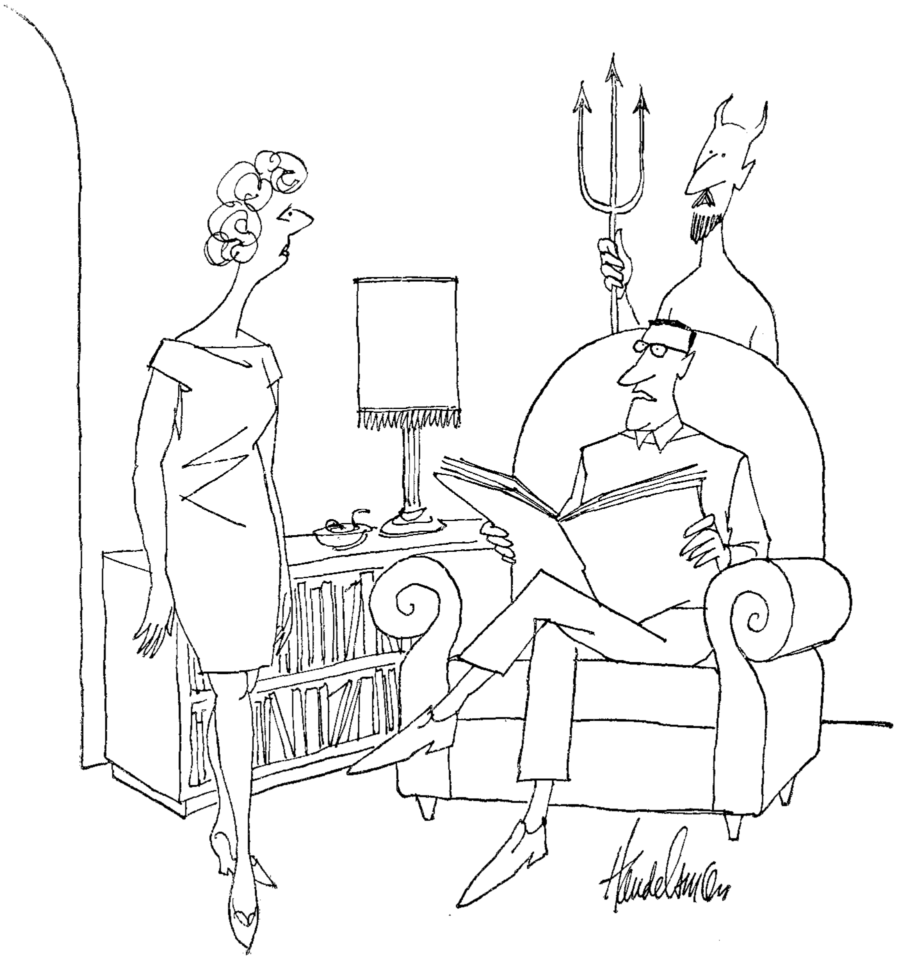
Hey, Stupid, Where's the Glass?

"I CAN'T walk down the street but guys are giving me the good-luck sign!" exclaimed Abe Einhorn, who is at the moment easily the most exhilarated member of Local No. 86, International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees. Einhorn, who has served as propman for twenty-one shows, is the author of "Agatha Sue, I Love You," a comedy that is now rehearsing under the direction of George Abbott and is scheduled to open on December 14th. "This is the first show stagehands have put money in," Einhorn, a vigorous man of forty-one with close-cropped black hair, told us when we stopped in at a rehearsal last week to see how he was feeling. (He was feeling great.) "I raised about ten grand from stagehands. One guy came with five hundred dollars in cash." Einhorn beamed. "I've been a propman for eleven years," he said, sitting back on a sofa in a dressing room. "My house, at Amawalk, in Westchester, is entirely decorated with Early David Merrick. I got a beautiful rug from 'What Makes Sammy Run?' and two chairs and a beautiful desk set from 'The Entertainer.' I got park benches from 'Flora, the Red Menace,' and I almost got a big statue, too, but I couldn't fit it in the car. I got glasses up to here. You take 'em from one show, when it closes, and then you sell 'em back to another. I could prop this whole show from my basement and garage!" His eyes lit up joyfully. "I wanted to be propman for *this* show, but Mr. Abbott wouldn't let me. He said, 'Suppose I need a joke in the third act, and they say, "Just a minute. Abe's changing a picture on the set."' I wrote very few props into the show—a couple of chairs, two fake chickens, a guitar. Then, there's a closed container of potato salad and a closed jar of pickles. No edible food—except two graham crackers—because I know what it is to wash dishes. In 'The Matchmaker,' I had to wash more than a hundred dishes after every performance. So when I started to write a play, I took an oath I'd never write in edible food, or animals, or kids, or telephones. I got bit by the monkey in 'Gypsy,' and, as a father, I would never put a kid in a show. Kids should be playing ball. Instead, they get thrown in with crazy chorus girls using bad language. And telephones—I read someplace they're no good dramatically. I learned a great deal from watching shows from the wings, and watching directors like Tyrone Guthrie, Garson Kanin, Abe Burrows, and Mr. Abbott. It gives you an idea of what they need out there. I used to stand with some of the shows and say, 'If I couldn't do better than this . . .' But I hate to hear people calling a show a 'turkey' or a 'bomb.' *Somebody* believes in it—and the *work* that goes in! The actors and chorus kids have such a hard time getting jobs. I watched Ethel Merman every night in 'Gypsy.' And I watched Henry Fonda in 'A Gift of Time.' What a fine actor! And Tom Ewell taught me a lot about comedy. When you work with actors like this, that's what the ball game is about. Laurence Olivier in 'The Entertainer'! This guy, night after night, gave the same high-class performance. Everything was so *professional.* When you watch Olivier—this is what it's about."

Einhorn lit a thin cigar. "When I was a kid, I loved going to the movies," he said. "I can remember every movie I ever saw. We lived on Sheriff Street, on the lower East Side, and my older brother and I went right next door to the Cannon Theatre—two kids for a nickel—and the first movie I saw was called 'Doctor X.' It was *scary.* All kinds of mummies, and all. They raised the price to six cents later, so we had to scrounge around and steal bottles for that extra penny. Then we moved to the Bronx, and besides playing ball on the street I went to the library at 176th Street and Washington and I read everything in the children's library upstairs. Everything! Then, when I was about eleven, I moved downstairs to the adult library and read everything there. I shot a lot of pool and didn't do any studying. I wish I had more education now, but it was a beautiful life. We were all broke—right? We sat around and talked all night. I worked in laundries, I pushed carts in the garment district, I delivered furs. We'd go to the Strand and the Paramount and sit through three shows and learn Henny Youngman's routine by heart. Or we'd go to the free radio shows—Ben Bernie, Fred Allen. After the war—I was in the Seabees, handling motion-picture equipment—I got a job rebuilding and maintaining motion-picture and sound equipment for



"I think either you're very, very perceptive or you don't know what the hell you're talking about."



"He came in here looking for trouble, so I told him to get behind me, and he got behind me."

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the Poli theatres in New England, and then I worked in television, became a stagehand at Radio City Music Hall, and moved on to legit."

After a few puffs on his cigar, Einhorn continued, "Garson Kanin started me on writing plays. It was when we were in Philadelphia with 'A Hole in the Head.' Every night, I was listening to the show, and Joyce Van Patten, the actress, had a certain line that was supposed to be funny, but nothing was happening. So I went over to Joyce and I said, 'If you said the line *this* way, I think you'd get a laugh.' Garson Kanin heard me, and he said, 'What are you with this show?' I said, 'I'm the property man.' Kanin said, 'What are you doing telling her how to say lines?' But then he said, 'All right, we'll try it tonight.' I stood in the wings that night, and Joyce said the line my way. Nothing happened. No laugh. 'Well,' I told Kanin, 'that's what you get for listening to a property man.' " Einhorn laughed. "But Kanin encouraged me to try writing a play. Now, as a stagehand, you work the twenty-four hours a week, and you work Christmas Eve and you work New Year's, and on Thanksgiving—what the hell—we usually have a matinée and an evening, and, well, I used to see the authors of plays walking back from Sardi's with the big cigars, so I said to myself, 'Listen, if you're going to be in the theatre, you ought to be like them,' so I wrote a play in the daytime, when the kids were in school. All I knew was I needed forty pages to an act. Writing a play is the hardest job in the world. I can write only about two hours a day—I do about four pages, and I look for excuses to quit. I have no outline. I start at the top of the page, and I write down the first line. I don't know what's going to happen at the bottom of the page. If I had to think about it, I'd never get a word out. I just want to get to that bastard saying the funny line."

Einhorn smiled. "Well, the play was called 'The Gambler and the Girl Scout,' and I put ten jokes to every three lines. I thought that was all you needed. It's in the drawer now, gathering dust. Kanin read it and said I should be more inventive, so I wrote a fantasy about a horseplayer dying and going to Heaven. It was worse than the first one. It's my favorite. My third play was 'Thursday Is a Good Night,' about a bookmaker mixed up with Russian spies. I picked up a collaborator, and Judy Abbott—George Abbott's daughter—directed it, and it went out as a summer package with Tom Ewell. The biggest thrill I ever had was that first reading. Well, it played Corning, Paramus, Westport—all over—and it got mixed reviews. It wasn't good enough to come into New York. Well, after the show ended, I was ready to pack the whole thing in, but Judy asked me, 'When are you going to write another play?' So I wrote an act and sent it back, and she wrote me a beautiful note that said, 'Keep working.' So I wrote some more. By this time, I'm working as a propman on 'Anya,' with Mr. Abbott, and one day he walks in and says, 'Where's Abe?' Everybody stops talking. What the hell? 'Be in my office eleven-thirty tomorrow,' he says. The next morning, I went there, and he said, 'Now, what are you going to do about the third act?' I just looked at him. The way I write, I know nothing about what's going to happen. He suggested some things, and when 'Anya' closed I went to 'Wait Until Dark' (what a lot of props that show has—it was a nightmare!), and I wrote a third act. It was awful. Mr. Abbott wrote me a letter from Florida saying, 'I think you were very busy with the props,' and so I wrote another third act, and he began to help me. He pointed out so many things. 'Don't try to get these burlesque gags in here all the time,' he'd say, and he'd chop a lot of the jokes out. I really put myself in his hands. You keep learning every day from him. One hundred and eight shows he's done." Einhorn shook his head.

The door to the dressing room opened suddenly, and a young man said, "Mr. Einhorn, Mr. Abbott would like to see you for a minute."

"Mr. Abbott wants *me!*" said Einhorn, jumping to his feet. "This is what it's about!" he said jubilantly. "The kids calling you '*Mr.* Einhorn,' instead of 'Hey, Stupid, where's the glass?' " He beamed again and hurried off.

Noncommittal

A FRIEND who happened to be in Nassau during the early hours of Hurricane Inez tells us that he received small comfort from an often repeated weather-bulletin broadcast over the government-subsidized station, which went, "During the next few hours, this hurricane is expected to remain almost stationary, and eventually the chances are that it will move mostly in any direction."

EQUALITY CAKE

I

IN the kitchen of my grandmother's castle in Bohemia there were two implements for the removal of cherry stones. They were wire loops mounted on stems of white unpolished wood, and every time the cook got ready to prepare the cherries for equality cake she took them both out of a nest of drawers and laid them on the table. Then, with the superb calmness of the habitual evildoer, she pulled a hairpin from the coil of hair that crowned her head like an outsize snail shell carved of ebony and used it for digging the stones out of the fruit. When this task was done, she wiped the pin across the front of her apron, restored it to its place, and returned the cherry-stoners where they belonged, as their deceitful presence was no longer needed. I never remarked on this ritual, but because I was a constant visitor in the kitchen it was inevitable that, for me, equality cake stood for deceit. It was a bland, smooth, unpretentious cake, of blond appearance, closely paved with fruit, and when it came out of the oven the gentle swell of the pastry nailed down by the cherries made it look like a button-tufted sheet. I was a child in those days, in the early nineteen-twenties, and to me equality cake was an eatable calendar, which marked the progress and passage of every summer I spent in the castle. On my arrival, in June, it was set with the early, sour pale-fleshed amarelle cherries, which could not be eaten raw. Then came the sweet red cherries, then halved greengages, then quartered apricots, then the late, piquant black *griotte* cherries, and then, in the beginning of autumn, it ended with small violet-blue plums. By the time I was eleven years old, the benefits of advanced education lent a new character to my feelings about equality cake. I inclined to the belief that it derived its name from the French Revolution and the slogan "*Liberté*, *égalité*, *fraternité*," and I tried to convince the cook that Robespierre had eaten it every day, washing it down with sips of his afternoon coffee. The cook was contemptuous of this conceit, though I had taken great pains to furnish her with historical explanations.

"I'm surprised at you, Miss Edith," she said one afternoon. "Everybody knows it's called equality cake because you weigh the eggs and then put in the same weight of flour, butter, and sugar. All equal. Simple."

"That's true, of course," I said, "but don't you see it's symbolic? *Égalité*—that's butter, sugar, flour. *Fraternité*—that's the eggs. Because with the eggs instead of weights you don't have to worry about decagrams, the way you do here in Bohemia, and if you were home with Mama and me in South Kensington you wouldn't have to bother with ounces, either. The eggs make it reach across frontiers, and that's the idea of universal brotherhood."

"Equality cake always was and always will be," said the cook, "being an easy cake to make, and easy to eat, seeing it doesn't squash and crumble, and coming in handy, considering it stays moist for days on end. It's older than your French Revolution, the way I see it."

"But don't you see, equality cake is so truly and utterly equal it must have a special meaning? You always bake it in trays—never in the round—and then you cut it up in squares. And a square has equal sides and equal angles."

"And where does the liberty come in, if you please?" said the cook.

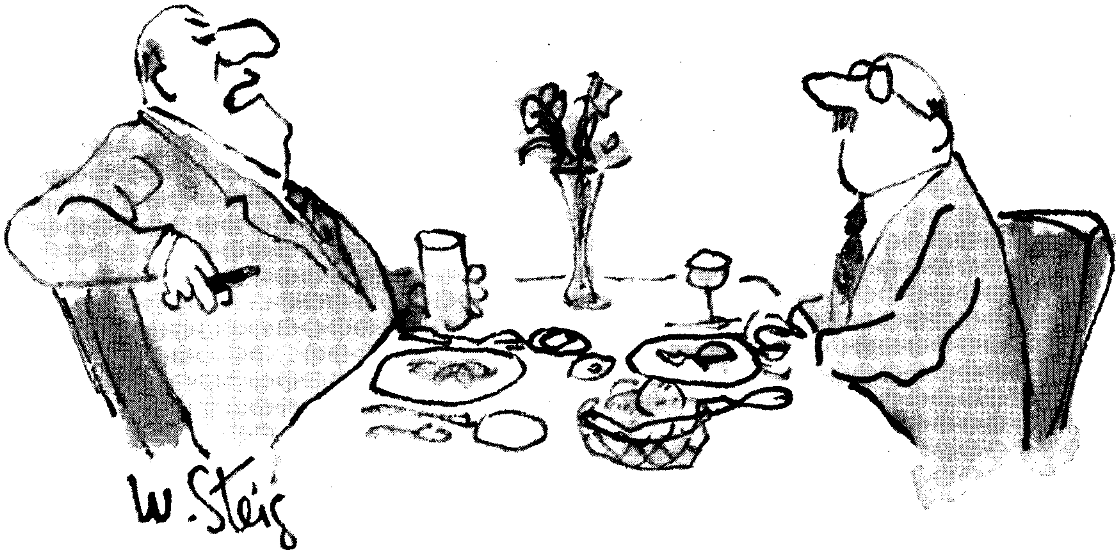
"I don't know exactly," I said, "but I'll think about it. It's got to be somewhere, too. I'll tell you when I know."

"*What else is neo?*"

"You do that, Miss Edith," said the cook.

This remark, coming from anyone else, could have been of an ironical nature, but with the cook it was not. She was incapable of irony or sarcasm, and she was also insensitive to them. That day, I watched her as she wiped the table with fierce large sweeps, as though needing to unfurl her energy after the finicky task of stoning the cherries. She was perhaps not the perfect partner for discussing the higher meaning of equality cake, but she was willing to give her serious interest to anything I might say, and thus spared me the indifference I would have met with elsewhere in the castle. Emma, who was my mother's maid, would have cut me off with "You are a scream, Miss Edith. You make me laugh, you do," adding one of her false, affected laughs. Uncle Frederick would have said, "You fascinate me," thus achieving the same ironical effect. My mother would have said, "If you didn't think up such utter nonsense, you might occasionally give your mind to washing your neck and cleaning your nails." And my grandmother would have dismissed me with "Difficult to say" and made me fetch her patience cards "while you're on your feet."

I often imagined that the French Revolution would be delightful to the cook, considering the rebellious cast of her own nature. Unlike Emma, who could not see a filled saltcellar without smoothing its surface with a spoon and imprinting on it with the end of its stem a pattern of overlapping crescent-shaped ridges, the cook was not governed by a desire for pleasing neatness. When it came to decorating, she liked a violent clash of colors—"making things a bit lively," as she called it—and thus she would give a dusting of fiercely red paprika to the jade-green cucumber salad, ignoring my mother's repeated protests that she was setting our mouths on fire. She also revolted against the decencies of thrift and privilege, by stealing the expensive bottled Spa water that my grandmother drank for her gout and using it for the poaching of asparagus, saying, "A noble vegetable must be treated noble. This is a castle and not a poorhouse." Or she would chuck a whole brick of butter into the sluggish flames of the kitchen range, muttering, "Burn up, will you?" I concluded that it was people like the cook who made revolutions, and that Robespierre had looked exactly like her, with the same imperious presence.



"I'll give it to you straight, Babcock. You lack the killer instinct."

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And yet one afternoon when I told the cook Marie Antoinette's remark, "If they have no bread, let them eat cake," and explained how it had brought on the French Revolution, she was not impressed. "For that sort of daftness, Miss Edith," she said, "you don't have to go all the way to France. You could have found it right here next door, in Sestajovice, with the old Countess Sternborn, if you'd known her."

"Oh, that," I said. Countess Sternborn, the mother of the present Count Sternborn, whose estates bordered on those belonging to my grandmother, had on one occasion been approached by a beggar. "Lady, I haven't eaten a bite these last three days," he said, to which the Countess replied, "That's very wrong of you, you know. One must force oneself to eat."

"Old Countess Sternborn didn't start a revolution," said the cook, "and I can't see how this Marie Antoinette did."

"That's because there was no Robespierre to listen to old woman Sternborn," I said. "With Marie Antoinette, he was on the spot and heard it all."

"Maybe," said the cook. "But mark you, Miss Edith, your Marie Antoinette wasn't so singular, seeing we've got that same kind of talk right here, too, so who's to say your Robespierre was singular? For all you know, there's one just like him just round the corner, getting good and ready to get going."

For a while, I was speechless with fright. Then I said, "But he wouldn't come here to us. He would go to Sestajovice and cut off Count Sternborn's head, because Count Sternborn is nobility, and we aren't."

"You don't want to be so sure, Miss Edith," said the cook. "Count Sternborn's got this manor house—what's he got, all in all? Ten, twelve rooms—a handful, you might say—and once you're inside it it's like a dumpling sitting on a plate. One look round and you've seen it all. But here you got the park, that takes two hours' fast walking to do one round of it, and you've got fifty rooms, with the painted rooms as no one else's got—the Austrian Room and the Saints' Room—and even the Garden Room is done with parrots, and whoever did it did it because he was tired, seeing it's only got three walls, and the fourth wall missing where it should be."

"It's got to be open on one side," I said. "That's what makes it a *sala terrena*, and it isn't parrots, it's crested cockatoos."

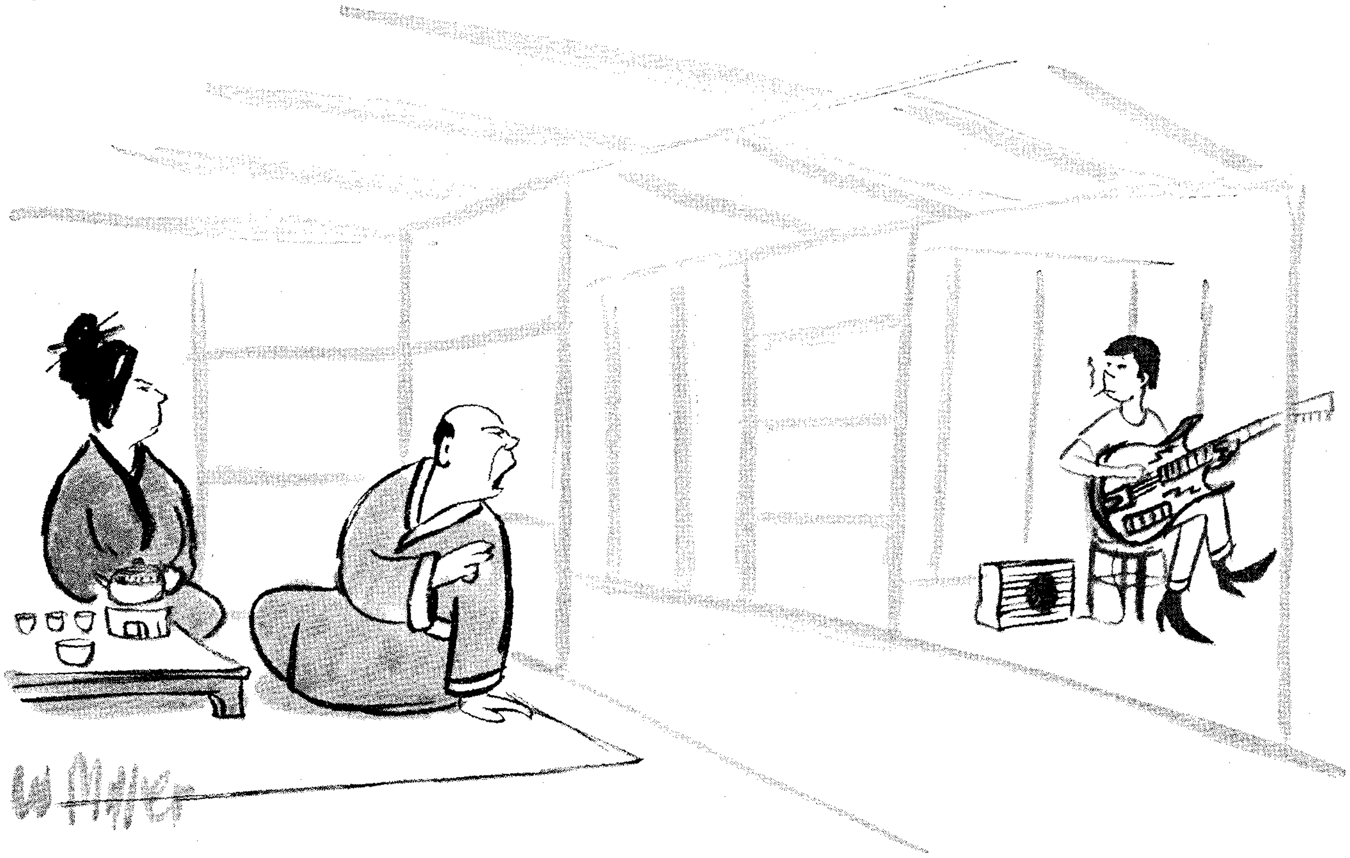
"Never mind," said the cook. "And Robespierre wouldn't mind, either, because you wouldn't be alive, not by the time he'd got that far."

"I wouldn't be here, because you don't have revolutions during the holidays," I said. "We'd be in London, Mama and me, and Uncle Frederick isn't here in the winter, either, and with Grandmama it wouldn't matter, because with her he wouldn't dare. Nobody dares anything with Grandmama. You can't even be cheeky to her, and if Marie Antoinette had been like Grandmama, nothing would have happened to her, either."

"Maybe," said the cook.

FOR the next few days, I was harrowed by the cook's remarks, wishing I could dismiss them as nonsense and fearing I could not. On the one hand, the cook was lacking in historical perspective. For instance, during our talk regarding Marie Antoinette the cook had said, "Ah, our Lord the Emperor, he never did have any luck with his family," and when I told her that the Emperor Franz-Josef belonged to the nineteenth century, whereas Marie Antoinette belonged to the eighteenth, the cook remarked, "Now you got me all muddled. You've mixed me up like a Christmas loaf." On the other hand, the cook was a person of sound judgment; she could lay a hundred eggs on the table and pick out the rotten ones, speedily and infallibly, without holding them up against the flame of a candle.

For me, the recent breakup of 1918, which had made Bohemia part



"Do you have to practice during the tea ceremony?"

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of the republic of Czechoslovakia, was not in the nature of a revolution, because my grandmother remained in the castle, the same as before, still presiding over her cast of elderly prima donnas. Kocour, the nightwatchman, and Prochazka, the coachman, were both in their seventies; Kucera, the head gardener, was eighty; and the cook, who was in her sixties, was the youngest leaf of this fading but stalwart four-leaf clover. The other servants—the under-gardeners, the stable lads, the housemaids, kitchenmaids, and scullery maids—were ever-changing, but only because part of their role was to be young. They were like the chorus and corps de ballet of an opera house, constantly being replenished without anyone's noting the difference.

One afternoon, the newly significant sight of a freshly baked equality cake decided me to seek reassurance. We were sitting round the table in the Garden Room, enclosed on three sides by the walls painted with fluttering cockatoos; the arched, pillared opening on the fourth side gave onto the flagged terrace. Behind its balustrade lay the rose parterre, the blooms enmeshed in the scrollwork of low-trimmed box. Beyond the lawn, at the far end of the chestnut avenue, the park stretched as far as the eye could see, full green and fading to blue in the distance. Emma had finished her coffee-dispatch service at the sideboard, where she poured out while the two other maids carried the cups to the table and offered the sugar from the box with the tarnished silver lid with the broken hinge.

"What would happen if there were a revolution?" I said. "Like the French Revolution, with Robespierre, I mean."

Uncle Frederick said, "He'd guillotine every maid who can't carry a cup of coffee without slopping it over. Isn't that so, Emma? Do you hear?"

"To be sure, sir, and always at your service," Emma said. With one hand, she was now offering the platter of poppy-seed roulade to my grandmother, while holding the dish with the equality cake with the other, at shoulder height. Yet she was able to turn her head in the direction of the two maids leaning sloppily against the sideboard and to sweep them with a nasty glance.

"But he wouldn't guillotine Frederick," said my mother. "He'd keep him in the prison down in the park, and make him sing the 'Marseillaise,' ha, ha."

"And what would happen to the Austrian Room?" I asked.

The Austrian Room, with its panoramic frescoes supposedly inspired by the Salzburg mountains, was my heart's delight. I had never got used to it, which meant that I never stopped loving it. It grieved me that no one else in the castle shared my devotion. The maids looked at it simply as a room with crazy wallpaper, accustomed as they were to the dull, unspectacular, and exceedingly fertile plains in our part of Bohemia. The cook venerated it, but without favoritism, just as she venerated the Saints' Room and the Garden Room—mainly because the Sternborns had nothing like it in Sestajovice. My grandmother looked upon it as "a pleasant accident," because it had only been discovered some years after my great-grandfather had bought the castle, when workmen were called in to repair a wall. My mother professed to be fond of it "because it's rococo, and rococo is always nice, it never goes out of fashion," using almost the same words and the same tone of voice as when she was being polite about someone's fur coat. And Uncle Frederick, who was an art dealer, had once dismissed it, saying, "With that sort of stuff you couldn't tempt a dog to come out from behind the stove, do you understand? What am I to do with it—scrape it off and peddle it round? You fascinate me."

"What would happen to the Austrian Room?" I repeated.

"They'd stable horses in it," said Uncle Frederick. "A self-respecting revolutionary horse won't feed unless it's housed in a frescoed hall."

"But how could they put horses in the Austrian Room," I asked, "when the Austrian Room is on the second floor?"

"You are being ridiculous," said my mother. "They'd burn the place down, of course. So there wouldn't be a second floor to worry about."

"And what would happen to the park?" I asked.

"They'd break the wall down and chop off every tree and trample it into the ground," said my mother. "And turn the cattle loose in it into the bargain, to make quite sure it's properly devastated, ha, ha."

"Do you really think so, Mama?" I asked. "If they came here and saw how beautiful it is— I mean, why should they?"

"Beautiful, ha, ha," said my mother. "Beautiful means nothing to them. What good is a castle to the canaille? And the park? They can't use it, and they can't live in it." Turning to my grandmother, she said, "Isn't that so, Mama? It's true, isn't it?"

"Difficult to say what would happen in such a case," said my grandmother.

There was no telling how much attention she had paid to our talk, because during all that time she had been occupied with spooning up and swallowing the crinkled skin of the boiled milk in her coffee. She was fond of it, whereas the very sight of it made my mother shudder, and I had had interesting talks with the cook about this divergence in tastes. But at the moment this did not interest me, because I was gripped by anxiety. My grandmother's short, noncommittal utterance, although it was one of her habitual turns of phrase, scared me, whereas my mother's and Uncle Frederick's remarks had been too frivolous to be frightening. It scared me even more than the cook's conversation, because I understood the cook's violence-loving nature.

"But how could there be a revolution?" I asked now. "If you have to have canaille for a revolution, where would they come from? Do you have to make them come over from France?"

"You fascinate me," said Uncle Frederick.

"You are being ridiculous," said my mother. "Really, Edith, how can you talk such nonsense?"

"But Mama," I said, "you get your clothes from Paris, too."

"Not all of them," said my mother, her eyes sparkling with annoyance, "but, naturally, some. Where else should I get them from? Show me the Patou, show me the Worth in any other country in the world and I'd be only too glad—I'd be positively thankful, I assure you—but in the meantime—"

"Do you have to tell us, you extravagant goose?" said Uncle Frederick. "We all know your meantime. In the meantime, you could be in Timbuktu, and in the spring the cuckoo would sing, 'Patoo, patoo,' and the blackbird would chirp, 'Worth, worth.'"

"You are not being funny," said my mother. "Is it fair, I ask you, when . . ."

She was now changing from vexation to self-pity, and I knew that the entertainment value of the quarrel was over. I thought how odd it was that even talk about revolution was bound to end with recriminations over my mother's dressmaker bills.

IN the early evening, about an hour before dinnertime, I sought out my grandmother in the Austrian Room. I knew she would be there, sitting over a game of patience. I wanted to speak to her alone, hoping to get her serious and considered opinion as to the possibility of a revolution. I found her sitting in a basket chair, whose green paint had worn off into lakes and islands, behind a wobbly bamboo table, which matched the other pieces in the room in age and shabbiness. She sat with her back to the window, close to my favorite wall panel—the one with the chamois on top of piled-up rocks, with distant crags veiled by a silvered, white-frothed waterfall. Unfortunately, my mother was standing behind my grandmother, looking at the cards laid out on the table.

As I came in, my grandmother was saying, "Three and four makes seven, and four would make eleven, but I haven't got a four."

My mother said, "Edith, if I had a neck like yours I wouldn't show myself till the hour of twilight. Get out of my sight."

I said, "Mama, I'm sorry about what I said about your clothes from Paris. I mean, I know you get some from Madame Rachelle's in Knightsbridge, too."

"Three and eight makes eleven," said my mother.

"Not so fast," said my grandmother.

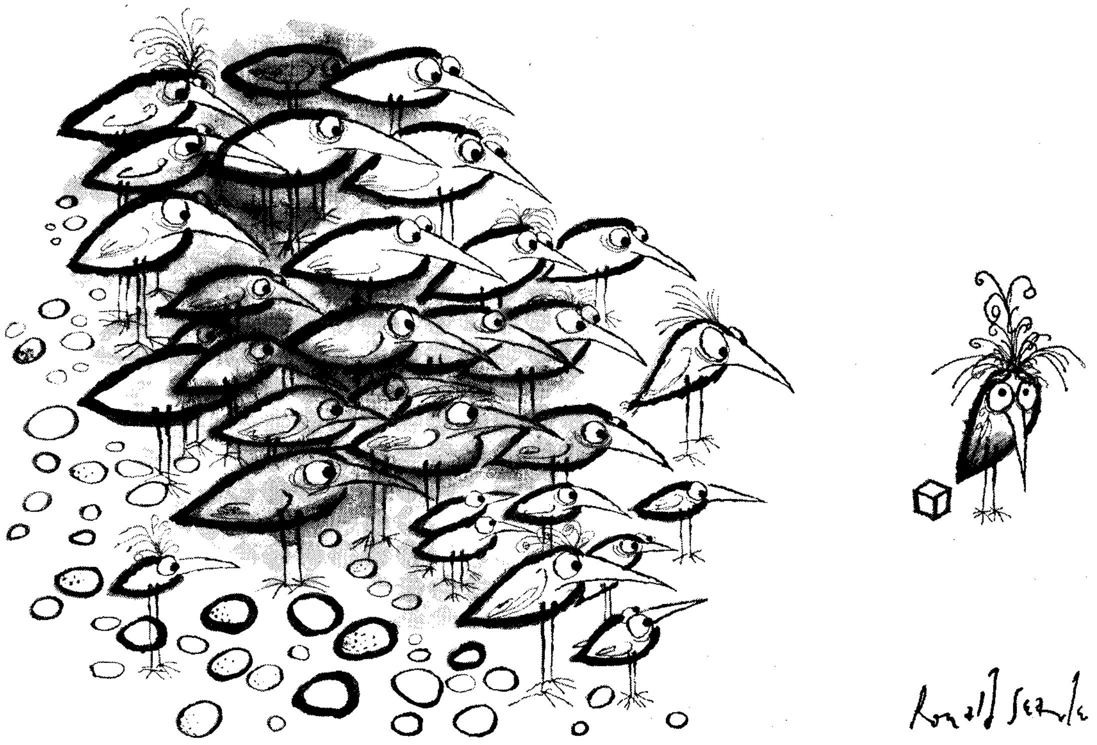
"But what I wanted to know," I said, "is where does the canaille come from?"

"It doesn't have to come from anywhere," said my mother. "It's here, right under your nose. It's all around us. What did you imagine?"

"Where? How do you mean?" I asked.

"You were right," said my grandmother. "Three and eight makes eleven."

"The village people, of course," said my mother. "Including the élite, ha, ha—the postmistress and the innkeeper. And the farmhands in the yard, who perform with the cows and the pigs. And the peasants on the estate. And even the stationmaster in Celako-



vice, who salutes so smartly and makes such a fuss over us, and holds up the train when there's a lot of luggage." Turning to my grandmother, she added, "Isn't that true, Mama?"

"I'm afraid so," said my grandmother. "They'd all add up to a nice rabble, like five and six makes eleven. If you'd let them add up, that is."

"No," I said, "it couldn't be. They always greet you so nicely when we drive out with Prochazka. There's no one on the road ever who doesn't, and on special occasions they fall on their knees and kiss your hand."

"You are being ridiculous," said my mother. "What do you imagine? Do you think they love us? They'd string us up on the nearest tree if they had the chance."

"On which tree?" I asked. "On the linden tree in the gravel space?"

My mother did not speak.

"But why?" I asked.

"Because we're in the castle, living the way we do," said my mother.

"Why shouldn't we be in the castle if my great-grandfather bought it from those ladies Wagner?"

"You are talking utter nonsense," said my mother. "What would they care? They didn't care in Russia, when the Bolshies came, whose great-grandfather bought what from whom. How do you think I've got my manicure woman in London, who's a grand duchess? Not that I believe her, of course. But still. She's Russian and she had to run. So there you are."

"But do you really think the villagers here are canaille?" I said.

"Be reasonable, Edith," said my grandmother. "Just take an example. You know the wall round the park—why do you think it's there? And why do you think the glass splinters are stuck on top of the wall—for decoration? And do you know just how much it costs me to keep this wall in trim, year in year out—twelve kilometres of it? And, apart from that, there's Kocour with his gun and his dog at night. Do you think that's all for nothing? If they had the chance, the people would break in and wreck the park and steal the timber and carry off the exotic trees, even now in full peacetime. No, I'll keep the three back—I'll put it by, and it will work out. So you can imagine what they would do in a revolution, when everything is turned upside down and servants are masters and masters are servants. But I can see no way out now, unless I cheat with the nine and pay it back later."

"Don't, or you'll be sorry," said my mother.

A VISITOR FROM PORLOCK, BUT, ALAS, NO XANADU

I am not an organist but I am weary and ill at ease and also in the doldrums;
My mind is cluttered with folderoldrums.
I have lived through a visit from a lady who is best described as overflowing;
She is full of truisms but she is not like a truism, because a truism goes without saying, but she says without going.
She had a bee in her bonnet and the bit in her teeth and a flow of banalities impervious to repulse,
And my attention strayed, with psychedelic results.
I wondered if anyone wishing to hear what the morrow's weather will be knows or cares about the meaning of degree days and dew points,
And I thought of the songwriter who assumed the role of the Creator with an insane cry of "Let there be you—and let there be me! Let there be oysters under the sea!" but who failed to specify whether Cape Cods or Blue Points.
Indeed, my vagrant thoughts were many,
And one of them lingered on the distinguished poet who recently wrote that he would "dream of small white stars falling forever in darkness like dandruff," and I asked myself if this phrase could be a subconscious tribute to the late *Daily Mirror's* immortal bard, Nick Kenny.
Nick Kenny could come up with a simile in the face of overwhelming odds,
And in his simile it was not stars falling, but snowflakes, and they were like not just anyone's dandruff, but God's.
It occurred to me that I find unidentified flying objects less menacing than flying objects all too easily identified by the kind of screaming shock that may one day accompany the transformation of Croton-on-Hudson into Hudson-on-Croton;
The UFOs at least are silent and never have plagued me into comments that would be, should I quote them verbatim, verboten.
I deplored the fact that there is so little fresh orange juice in a world overstocked with electric squeezers,
And I wished someone would devise a better way to dispose of the surplus cotton crop than cramming it into aspirin bottles from which it must be extracted with pins and nail files and tweezers.
I worried about the spinning-wheel queen in the fairy tale, or myth;
We all know that she tricked Rumpelstiltskin out of his just reward, but later on how did she cope with Rumpelstilt's vengeful kith?
Even from contemplating the unfair state alcoholic-beverage laws that discriminate against youth I did not shrink,
And I concluded that anybody old enough to picket the White House is old enough to drink.
It was at this point in my centripetal escapism that the lady arose, and I gathered that her theme had been akin to a coroner's—
She had been pronouncing the country dead owing to an overdose of foreigners.
She told me that there was no wool over her eyes and that she was nobody's fool,
And she knew for a fact that there were forty Greek students in that bastion of blue-blooded, red-blooded American boyhood St. Paul's School.
She then dropped the final bomb that completed her mission;
She informed me that the daughter of a mutual friend was frequenting discothèques with a naturalized citizen who had been a bootlicker during prohibition.
I escorted her to the door with Old World courtesy and a Gallic "*Au'voir*,"
And told myself to cheer up, it might have been Simone de Beauvoir.

—Ogden Nash

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I looked at both of them, speechless with astonishment at the way they "mixed it up like a Christmas loaf"—life, death, looting, dispossession, and a game of cards tangled in between. I thought of the linden tree in the gravel space, and how it really was the only tree near the castle, and how it was braced with iron girders because it was two hundred years old and charred black down one side, where lightning had struck it. My heart shrivelled at the thought of how indifferent they were to it all, how they could talk about the

"I hope you don't mind sitting in the middle."

end of everything without even a change of countenance or tone.

"And what then?" I asked. "Will Grandmama run away and become a manicure woman?"

"You should, Edith," said my mother. "You'll start a new fashion for black-rimmed fingernails, ha, ha."

"I'm stuck with the nine now. It's hopeless," said my grandmother.

"And the castle?" I said. "Who'll have it?"

"The rabble, the mob, will have it," said my mother, "and I wish them luck with it, what with no electricity and not a single bath in the place, and only that one flushing lavatory with a chain, because your great-grandfather said the servants needn't have one or there'd be no difference between them and us."

"Too true," said Uncle Frederick, who had just come into the room. "That's what is meant by having a social conscience. He had a social conscience, do you understand?"

My mother said, "No, don't give up, Mama. It may yet come out all right."

"But in that case," I persisted, "as it's so uncomfortable, perhaps nobody would move into the castle, and the Austrian Room would be saved."

"The panes would break," said my grandmother, "and the doors would rot, and the snow and the rain would wash off the Salzburg lakes, or whatever they are. If only I could have shifted the nine."

"That's not all of it," said my mother, "because the canaille would come in on Sundays, in loving couples, and write things on the walls."

"What would they write?" I asked.

Uncle Frederick said, "Fascinating and original thoughts. 'Vasek loves Mila,' and a heart with an arrow. 'All boys called Ferda are fools.' That's the true poetry welling up from the soul of the people, do you understand?"

"I've bungled it, and nothing can save me now," said my grandmother.

"Start another, Mama," said my mother.

"I'd rather wait till the lamps are brought in," said my grandmother. "My luck might turn with the light."

"I don't know about your luck," said my mother, "but I do know about the gnats and the midges—they'll come in with the light, on the dot. They're the only things you can rely on to perform in this place. And when I tell Kucera to get his men to clear out the lake, because it's so choked up with dead leaves and duckweed you can't see a shred of water in it, he goes and plays hide-and-seek in the hothouses and sends impertinent messages. What do I care about his creepy-crawly enormous Calville apples that he grows outsize on that espalier only a foot above the ground, as ridiculous as a dachshund, and how nobody else can do it and Sternborn in Sestajovice never had anything like it? And the lake stays a mess, and we get the midges from it, and Prochazka sends us his flies across from the stables, because they are filthy, too, as bad as the lake, but Prochazka isn't worried, because he's an inverted camel and can drink for a fortnight without doing a stroke of work. It's a scandal, Mama, and you know it, and you sit year in year out, between the impertinence of the garden and the drunken stables and the wasteful kitchen. I don't know how you can put up with it, Mama. You must be a saint and a martyr."

My grandmother, disdaining, as usual, to reply, stacked the cards and said, "It feels very close. Have a look, Edith, at the sky. Does it look like thunder?"

I stepped to the nearest window and leaned out over the sill, which was mottled like the bark of a plane tree, with the dirty brown paint peeling off in patches. I craned my neck to the right till I could see at least the farthest end of the terrace, where it curved round and where the balustrade gave way to the ivy-clad crenellations, which were as fake as the Gothic library wing itself. "Yes," I said, "it's black behind the library. But over the park it's lovely and peculiar. Do look at the sky, Mama."

My mother turned her head and said in a voice still weary from her grievances against the servants, "Yes, it's nice." Then she added, in a softer and more animated tone, "It's a good color. I once had a ball gown exactly that shade of green. You never knew it; that was before you were born. With *diamanté* straps. Frederick will recall it. Utterly and uniquely unusual. Nobody else had anything like it."

"Are you out of your mind?" said

SAM'S
FISH
STORE

Uncle Frederick. "Do you think I can keep track of every blasted rag of yours? But it must have been utterly unique if you had it, because even then you were an utter and unique goose. But a younger goose, do you understand?"

"Do you always have to be offensive?" said my mother. "And do you always have to insult me with my age, when everybody else always thinks that Edith is my sister? Let me tell you, only the other afternoon, when—"

"Edith," said my grandmother, "run downstairs, will you, and tell them to shut all the windows before the rain?"

I left the room reluctantly, because this quarrel promised to be the most entertaining one of the day.

II

IT was almost four o'clock in the afternoon when I started out on a most familiar way, though this was the first time in my life I was traversing it on foot. It was windstill and chilly, and it had been drizzling on and off all day. Ahead of me, the park showed only treetops, owing to a dip in the ground, presenting an impenetrable screen as far as the eye could see—a deep, drenched green, fading to a dull blue in the distance. As I reached the turn of the road, where Prochazka had always given the whip to the horses so as to achieve the drive in with an impressive rumble of wheels and clatter of hoofs, the wall came into view, and just then the sun broke faintly out of the clouds and sparkled on the glass shards. I halted, choked by rising tears and shaken by a nervous laughter. The park wall, which I had known to be soiled, patched, pitted, and crumbling, was smooth and prosperous-looking, sleekly clothed in a coat of gray paint. I said to myself, "Hurry up. It's no use dawdling. The afternoon coffee will be ready in the Garden Room. But there won't be equality cake—it's only the middle of May now, and the first cherries won't be ripe till June."

Skirting the wall, I reached the entrance of the drive. The gateposts were brilliantly whitewashed, but I refused to be dazzled by their surprising neatness; instead, I peered at them closely, searching in vain for a trace of the pedestals on which the stone poodles had used to sit—a pathetic pair, trying so desperately to look like lions. "I might have known," I said to myself.

I turned into the drive, enclosed on one side by the stables and on the other by the garden wall, and picked my way through the soggy mud, between ruts and remnants of paving, barely glancing at the farmyard opening to my left. I followed the bend of the drive and stopped. Ahead of me, beyond the vast, rounded gravelled space, stood the castle, its matter-of-fact grandeur belying the absurdity of the fake Gothic wing. With its lion-colored, rough-surfaced stones, it had always looked more durable than neat, but now, to my bewilderment, it had a new, smoothly delicious tidiness, like an old print from which the smudges have been erased. This, I saw, was because of the window frames, which were painted a glossy white. I went across the gravel space, searching for the spot where the linden tree had been, but it had vanished as completely as the poodles. I continued toward the castle and found that the front door had vanished, too; it had been transformed into twin pointed windows enclosed in a pointed arch. But the door to the servants' entrance stood ajar, and I went in.

I climbed the first flight of the servants' stairs and walked along one branch of the passage, trying each of six doors there, knocking each time before attempting to enter. They were all locked. I entered the other branch and tried four more doors, including the last one, which shut off the landing leading to the rooms overlooking the rose parterre and the park. I knew that my last chance now to get into the main part of the castle was to go up to the third floor and descend from there by the iron snail—a harassingly steep iron spiral staircase, which I had hated ever since I could remember, and which still figured in my nightmares. Reluctantly, I started to climb the second flight, and came upon an Irish setter stretched across the whole width of a step. He didn't even bother to raise his head, and as I skipped over him I began to wonder about the whereabouts of his master. I halted and said over my shoulder, "Bark, will you? Bark and raise a noise."

He still didn't move, and I called, "Anybody there?"

I heard footsteps above me, and the closing of a door. Then silence. I called, "Anybody there?" There was the creaking of a door hinge, and further silence. I yelled, "Anybody there?," and then I saw a woman above me in the dark, shadowy passage, gripping the rail and bending over. I was choked with astonishment. "What on earth is the cook doing up there, messing about in the spare rooms?" I said to myself. "And not properly dressed, either—slopping about in woollies and skirt and a tiny grubby apron? And since when has she had her hair waved? She does look a sight. Wait till I tell Grandmama."

"What do you want?" she said.

Startled by the indifference in her voice, I awoke from my hallucinatory state of still being Miss Edith. She was not the cook, she certainly could not be the cook; for one thing, she was about forty—much younger than I had ever known the cook to be. She was of a similar build, though, and as tall and heavy-boned. Her hair was dark, too, and the straight, thick Robespierre eyebrows were there, but tidier and more subdued-looking. She had the large-carved, gentle, sorrowing countenance of a Niobe, and lacked the cook's peppery intelligence.

"I'd like to see the castle," I said.

"Well, you can't," she said down the stairwell. "The curator's gone, and I haven't got the keys."

"But look here," I said. "I've come over here specially to see the castle."

"Then you must come another time, when the curator's here," she said. "Because he's gone and he's got the keys."

"When will he be back?" I asked.

"Not today anymore," she said. "Didn't you meet him on your way up from the village?"

"No," I said. "But when will he be in?"

"Can't say," she said. "Sometimes he's in and sometimes he's out."

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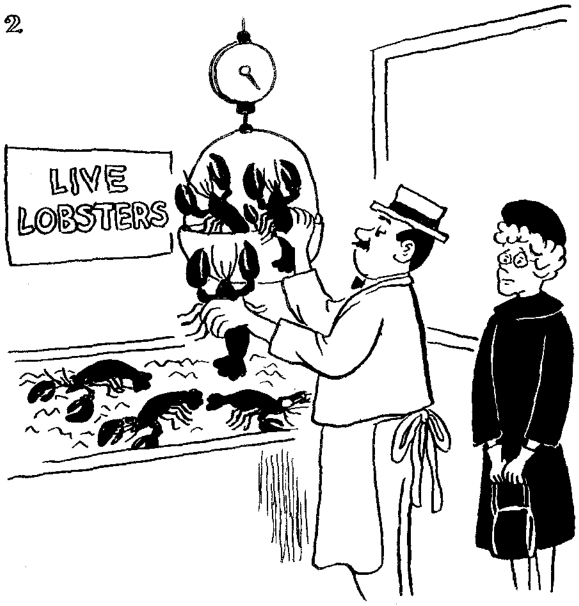

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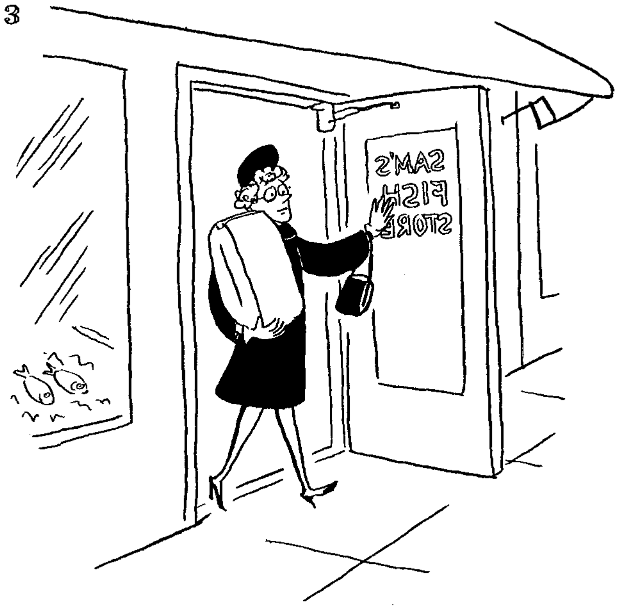

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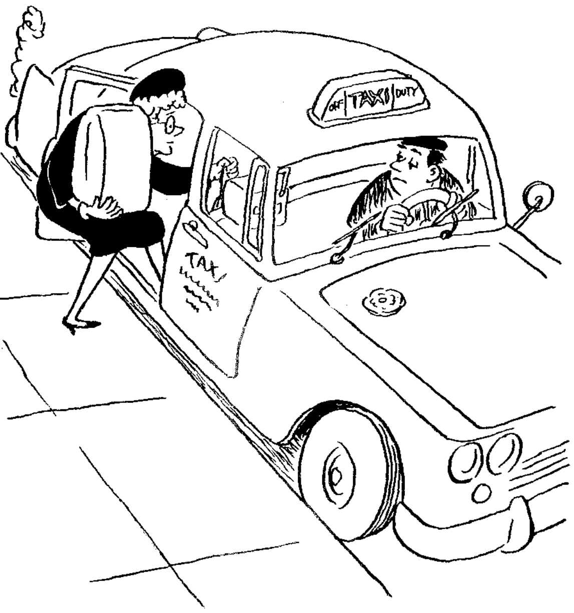

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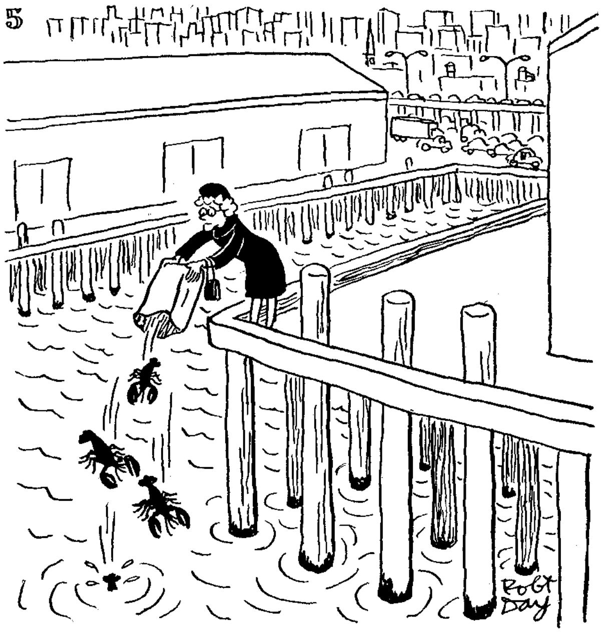

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"Charming," I said. "In that case, I suppose I'd better apply to him in writing, don't you think? And maybe he'll reply? That is, if he's in the mood?"

"You could try," she said.

She really is like the cook, I thought. Completely insensitive to sarcasm. Still craning up the stairs at her, I said, "I've come all the way from London to see the castle."

"Have you?" she said, without a sparkle of curiosity or a glimmer of doubt. "What am I to do? You could go and walk through the park. That's all right. You go and have a look at the park."

I knew I had lost, but I forgot myself. It was like being slightly drunk, listening to myself talking, being perfectly aware of what I was saying, and yet being unable to stop myself saying it. "Blast you, woman," I said. "I've lived in this place on and off for years. My great-grandfather bought it, and my grandmother lived in it, and we managed without the blasted curator and his blasted keys!"

It was the worst possible thing I could have said. Everybody had told me, everybody had warned me, whatever I did, not to let on that my family had once owned the castle.

Now I watched her in dismay as she placed her hands on her hips.

"For heaven's sake," she said.

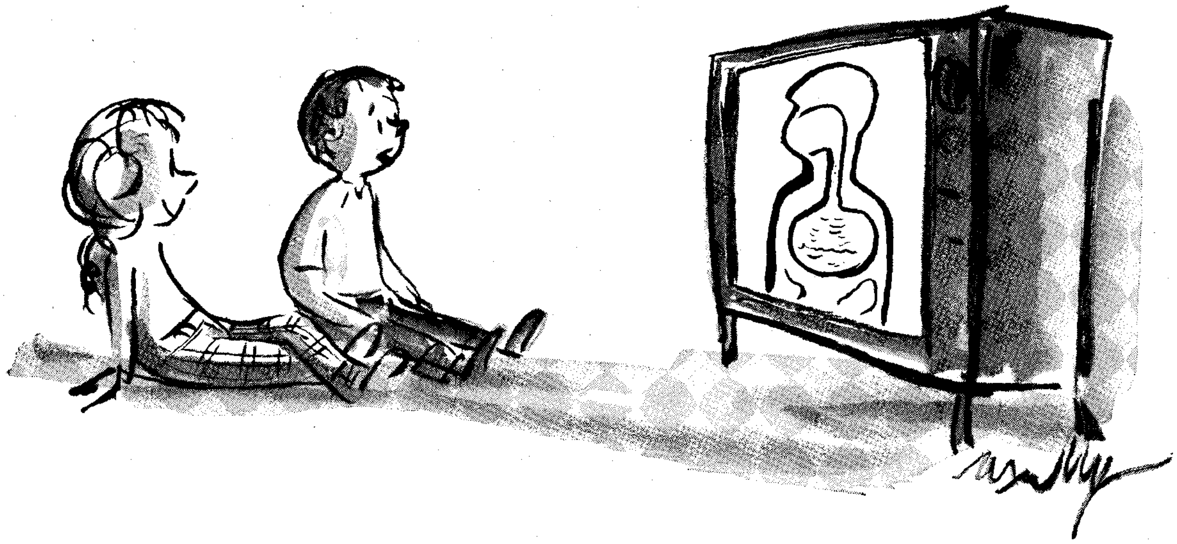
I'd better trot off, I thought. What if she calls the police? I've insulted her and the curator, and she and the curator are part of the people, and the people make up the People's Republic, which means I've insulted the state. I turned my back on her and descended the stairs; the dog was not there anymore.

"For heaven's sake, where are you off to?" I heard her calling.

I stopped and looked up.

"And why couldn't you say straightaway that you belong to the family?" she cried. "What do you imagine—how am I to recognize you, if you please, with all due respect, if I've been here only the last four years? Hold on, will you? I shan't keep you waiting. I'll only fetch the keys. I shan't be a minute."

She joined me on the stairs, clasping the keys to her waist. "You will excuse me, won't you?" she said. "I did hear a movement and someone calling, but I was cleaning upstairs, and I didn't expect— We don't want any of the



"*I think that's what is wrong with me.*"

people nosing around here. After all, it's a castle, isn't it? And there you were standing— I still don't know exactly who you are."

"I am Edith," I said.

"Ah!" she cried, striking her forehead. "So you are little Edith. Miss Edith. The curator's got a photograph of madam your mother and your Uncle Frederick when they were small, as lad and lassie in Austrian dress."

"I know the picture," I said. "I had it, too, and I've lost it. My mother holding a rake, God knows why, and Uncle Frederick with a spade, and edelweiss on his braces."

She nodded. "We've got a picture of the old gentry, too—your great-grandparents. But nothing of madam your grandmother. I've often wondered—"

"Don't ask me," I said. We were walking now toward the last door at the end of the passage. "What's happened to the poodles?" I asked.

"The poodles, yes. I never knew them, worse luck," she said. "They got smashed up before my time—willfully and nastily, you can bet. They say it was the Germans during the war, but if you ask me it was our own people. You don't know what they're like. They are proper fiends down in the village, and the farmyard persons are no better, either." She unlocked the door and stepped aside for me.

"My great-grandmother couldn't stand dogs," I said. "She used to point to the poodles and say, 'These are the only dogs I like.' "

"I must tell this to the curator," she said.

"I remember my great-grandmother, you know," I said. "I remember kissing her hand when I was four years old, and she was sitting on the bench that went round the linden tree—on the gravel space. She had disgusting hands, yellow and crinkled, and I loathed her. What's become of the tree? It was two hundred years old."

"I don't know again," she said. "That was before my time."

We were now on the main landing. She unlocked the second door and flung it open. "That's what you've come to see, isn't it?" she said. "The Austrian Room."

Standing at the threshold, I saw an expanse of clean but unpolished parquet floor and, beyond it, the three windows in their glossy white frames. My heart shrivelled. I thought, First the poodles and then the linden tree. And now what? I drew a deep breath and went inside. My deepest longing, my heart's desire, closed around me, enfolding me with its splendor. "Magnificent," I said.

"Yes, that's what it is. It's magnificent."

"It's overwhelming," I said. "But it wasn't like this. I didn't remember it like this. It was . . ." I paused, searching for words. The landscapes, especially the lakeside scenes, had a full shimmer, a melancholy and seductive depth, a surface serenity with an underlying hint of despair, which I had never known. "I can't understand it," I said. "It's so rich and so sad now. And it used to be more wishy-washy. Shallower and more gay. I suppose I used to be more wishy-washy myself, and more shallow and more gay."

"No fear," she said. "It's not you; it's the room. First they studied it and then they cleaned it."

"Who?"

"The professors from Prague," she said. "And they've written a book about it, too. About the painted rooms in the castle."

"Oh, God," I said.

"Didn't you know?" she asked. "They still keep coming out to study it. They are crazy about Navratil."

"Who is Navratil?"

"The finest painter in Bohemia, of that time," she said. "Didn't you know?"

"I never knew," I said.

"You were a little girl at the time," she said. "So you were not told."

"Nonsense," I said. "If I wasn't told, it wasn't for the lack of pestering. Nobody knew. And my grandmother, with her eternal 'Difficult to say. It's just a pleasant accident'—all because the two old maids, when they sold the castle, never told my great-grandfather. And the walls were plastered up, completely covered."

"That's right," she said, nodding her head. "The two baronesses Wagner. And they had every blessed wall in this room plastered up because it irked them."

"What on earth?"

"Everything's been found out," she said. "They were leading a wild life, full of scandal, and never getting married, and travelling all the time, always on the move. First getting these paintings done to remind them of it, and then hiding them away to hide their past. Every panel is a real place, of course."

"Is it?" I said. "Nobody ever took it seriously."

"It's all been studied," she said. "Let me tell you. This is the Gmunden Lake, with the town of Gmunden behind it. This is the Dachstein."

I followed her, incredulous and bewildered, listening to this stranger, this pseudo-cook, who was taking me on a guided tour through the Austrian Room, and who knew the answers to questions that had haunted me for a lifetime.

"This here," she said, "is the Gastein Waterfall."

"Oh, God, my favorite," I said. "With the chamois on top of the rocks."

"And these here," she continued, "are the two ladies Wagner, we think." She pointed at a couple of figures crouched on a mossy boulder at the foot of the cascade, white-robed and strikingly graceful, like ballerinas resting in the wings.

"But these are *new*," I said.

"That's right. They only came up two years ago. They had been painted out. And now, as I'm looking at you, I can see it could be you. Perhaps it is you. With madam your mother."

I thought, She really is like the cook. No sense of time—the only time she knows is when the cake is ready to be taken out of the oven. Then, growing serious at her reproachful stare, I said, "Please go on."

"This here," she said, moving to the hilly meadows peopled with shepherds and shepherdesses, "is by the Wolfgang Lake, above St. Gilgen. Do you want a light on it? You've brought such dull, miserable weather with you."

"That's all right," I said. "It's so much bother bringing in the lamps."

"We've got electric light," she said.

"My grandmother could never afford it. But who is 'we,' anyway? Who's got the place now?"

"The place belongs to the workers, of course," she said, "and it's being cared for by the Academy of Arts and Sciences. We've got nothing to do with the estate and the farm in the yard yonder. In the beginning, the farm people cast an eye on the castle—but heaven forbid! They would have used it as a pigsty. I mean it, because they've gone in for pigs now—one thousand pigs—and in the summer, when the wind turns! Just imagine what it would be like to get the farmhands swarming about in here. Beauty means nothing to them. They'd demolish the place. They are hellhounds, the folk round here; they are fiends and monsters. They'd burn and tear down everything they could lay hands on. Do you know what the park has suffered since the gentry's days? What they've stolen and carried away in timber? You wouldn't know at first glance, of course, because the park is so immense, and thank heaven it's getting restored now—not that you won't weep over it when you see it, but we'll get it up to scratch again. We'll tackle the rose parterre first and get the fountain going—the boy with the goose and the boy on the dolphin, one above the other, and the water coming down."

"That's good news," I said, "as long as you don't ask me which boy goes on top of which. Because in my time the fountain was dry, and there was complete equality, because both boys were on the ground. They were in the garden, in one of the hothouses. But I suppose the curator will solve the problem."

She nodded. "He will. But it's got to be done slowly, because there's only so much money to go round. We had a lucky escape some time ago, when the gents from Prague wanted to turn the place into an old people's home. A convalescent home—I ask you! All because there's fifty rooms standing empty here, and that's not fair in a workers' republic. The curator says we've got the workers' revolution, and workers of the world unite—but not in the castle. We don't want a horde of old dodderers wiping their fingers on the walls of the Austrian Room. In the end, the Academy people said it was much too damp and unhealthy here—it's true, isn't it? There's always the damp breathing in from the park—and sent them off to convalesce elsewhere, and I don't care how they rot, as long as it isn't here."

"Quite right, too," I said. "That's what is called a social conscience. My family was full of it, and I'm glad it's still about."

She looked at me with approval and nodded her head. Then her expression changed. "How did you use the Austrian Room?" she asked wistfully.

"For everyday," I said. "As an ordinary drawing room."

"And it was luxuriously furnished?"

"Certainly not," I said. "It had the shabbiest junk you can think of—all simple but in bad taste, the overflow from my great-grandparents' town house. And in the bedrooms brass beds with broken knobs, and washstands with slop pails, and porcelain bowls and little pen trays that were used to hold toothbrushes."

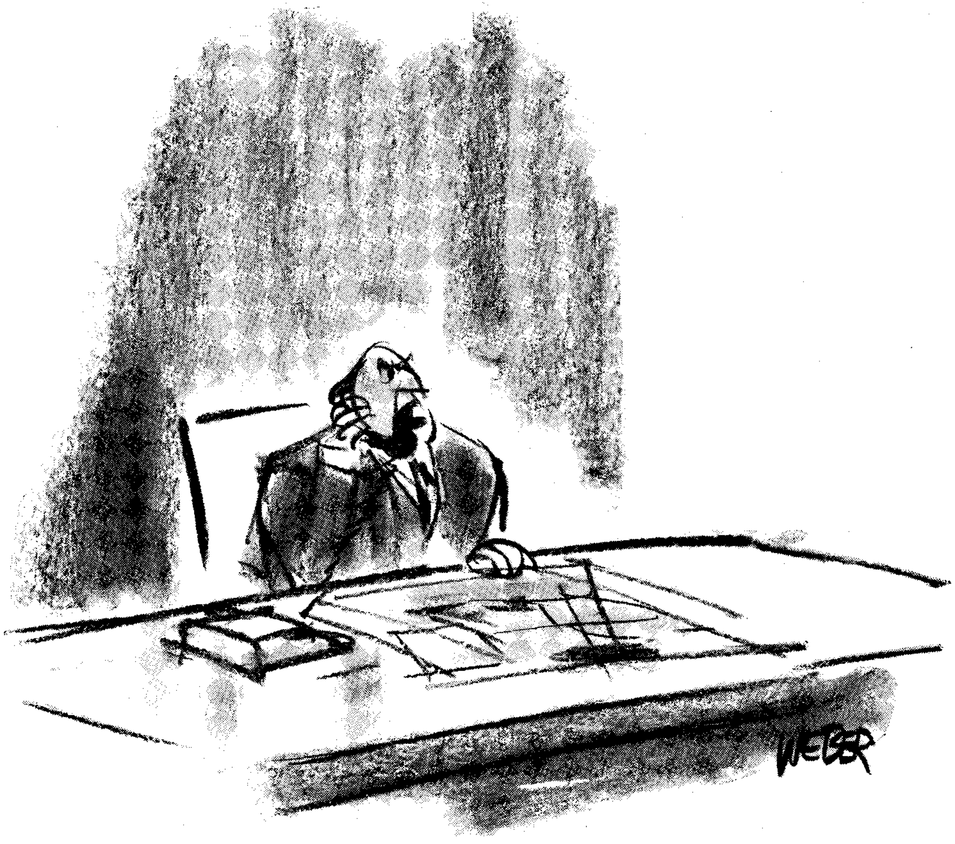
She seemed crestfallen and gave me several probing looks, to make sure I was not making fun of her.

We went into the adjoining Saints' Room. "And how did you use this?" she asked eagerly.

"We didn't," I said. "It was too dingy and depressing. Only when we had visitors we weren't keen on, they got shoved in here to cool their heels." Observing her disappointed face, I added, "Of course, it wasn't like this. That painted ceiling was like potato soup, and you were lucky if you saw an odd arm or face sticking out."

I walked about contemplating the clean saints and angels on the ceiling, with memory and reality joining together like a completed jigsaw puzzle. For the first time, I saw that the greatest care, interest, and diversity had gone into the color and drapery of the garments; it was a celestial fashion show. "What a pity my mother never saw it like this," I said. "Who did it, do you know?"

"Navratil," she said. "Everything



"Look here, damn it! I had Dial-a-Prayer, and some idiot cut me off!"

painted is by Navratil. He did it to show he could turn his hand to anything."

We went out onto the landing, where it formed an elbow. "Do you remember this?" she asked, leading me to the recess.

I was dumfounded. It was like an inverted nightmare, where everything is better than it ought to be. The spiral stairs, which had been bleak, mean, and ugly, were now entirely mahogany, of a superb dull finish. The spindle-turned railing was exquisitely fashioned, as though designed by Hepplewhite—a cabinetmaker's masterpiece.

"This used to be beastly cast iron," I said.

"Fancy," she said. "The curator says they were meant for certain purposes, for slipping away unseen and nobody any the wiser, if you get my meaning, so he had them done as they must have looked in the first place. And it's only fair, isn't it? If you have romantic stairs, you must treat them romantic."

"How right you are," I said, thinking she was more and more like the cook. I added, "This is a castle and not a poorhouse."

She nodded approvingly.

WE went through the Gothic wing and the library, where she said longingly, "You must have had wonderful books. I can just imagine."

I had to disappoint her once more. "We had no books at all," I said. "Only old account books and seed catalogues and out-of-date timetables."

The afternoon was drifting away. "And now," said my guide, "we'll go down to the Garden Room and look at the parrots."

"They aren't parrots, they're crested cockatoos," I said.

"Never mind," she said. "We both mean the same thing. Do you know, I always think Navratil must have done the Garden Room at the very end, when he was good and tired, because it's only got three walls."

I started to laugh, but I fell silent when we arrived there, and I gazed with enchantment at this last and most frivolous of Navratil's creations.

"What did you use this room for?" she asked me longingly. "For splendid feasts?"

"We had afternoon coffee in it," I said.

"And looked out on the rose parterre and the park? What a glorious sight it must have been."

"We never looked at the rose parterre," I said. "We were too busy quarrelling. Or complaining."

We stepped out on the terrace, descended the stairs, and went across the dismal grass plot into the park. "There's the opening of an underground passage at the end of the chestnut avenue," she said. "They are still working at it, digging it up. It's four kilometres long, and connects with the former Sternborn place, in Sestajovice."

"What on earth for?" I asked.

"They went in for that sort of thing in the old days," she said. "So that the gentry could run for it if trouble was brewing."

"A good idea," I said, giving her a sidelong glance.

"Naturally," she said. "We want everything the way it was in the old days."

"That's fine," I said. "It makes you feel the workers' revolution wasn't wasted, doesn't it?"

She nodded. "The curator says if the gentry hadn't built the castles the workers wouldn't be able to enjoy them now."

"What do you call this now?" I asked as we passed the walled-in well. "We used to call it the Jordan."

"We call it the Jordan, too," she said, "but we still haven't found out how deep it is, and where it goes to. Ah, this place is a marvel for mysteries. How you must have spent your days puzzling over them!"

"The only mystery we ever discussed was why the cook had such black hair, considering she was older than my grandmother."

We were approaching a long line of trees; their boughs, to my astonishment, were reflected in a glistening sheet of water. "In my time," I said, "not even an elephant could have seen himself in the lake. It was so thick with filth it was like pea soup, and we couldn't get the gardeners to get down to it and clean it up. Oh, God, how you've cleaned it up. Your curator's obviously frightfully good with servants."

"There are no servants," she said. "They are employees of the state."

"Like those birds in the Garden Room," I said. "We both mean the same thing. And you've got the bridge repaired, too. In my time, it was broken, and nobody could get to the island."

"But what's the good of it," she said crossly. "There was this Chinese pavilion on the island. You knew it, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"It's gone," she wailed. "And in Sestajovice, at the former Sternborns', there is a Chinese pavilion. They've still got theirs and we haven't. It isn't fair, is it? Why should they have it if we haven't?" She kept looking ahead of her, repeating, "It isn't fair, is it?" in an offended tone of voice.

As we made our way back to the castle, she asked with avidity for the names of the vanished exotic trees. Trying to console her, I said, "But look at the lilac. That's still the same, and it's coming out beautifully."

"Ah, that—that's nothing," she said crossly. "Anybody's got lilac."

This made me remember Kucera and his fits of bragging, and, quoting him, I said, "It's not ordinary lilac, it's Persian, double-filled, and if somebody tells you he's got the same, anywhere up and down of Bohemia, then it's a lie, because what he's got is bushes, and ours is trees."

She grew cheerful at once. "Oh, really? I must tell this to the curator. He will be pleased."

AT THE AIRPORT

Through the gate, where nowhere and night begin,
A hundred suddenly appear and lose
Themselves in the hot and crowded waiting room.
A hundred others herd up toward the gate,
Patiently waiting that the way be opened
To nowhere and night, while a voice recites
The intermittent litany of numbers
And the holy names of distant destinations.

None going out can be certain of getting there.
None getting there can be certain of being loved
Enough. But they are sealed in the silver tube
And lifted up to be fed and cosseted,
While their upholstered cell of warmth and light
Shatters the darkness, neither here nor there.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

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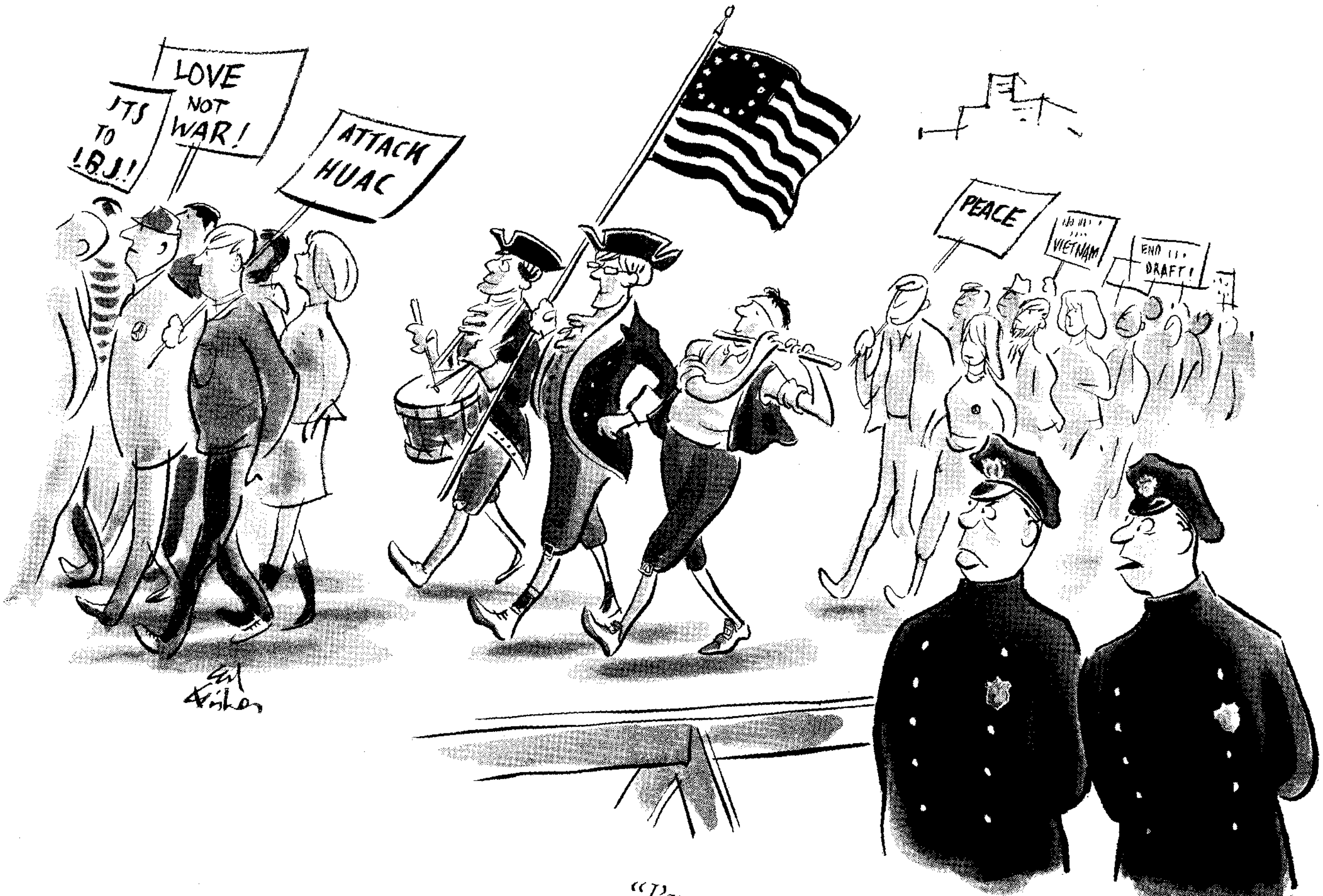


ITS TO LBJ!
LOVE NOT WAR!
ATTACK HUAC
PEACE
VIETNAM
END DRAFT!

"I've seen that bunch before somewhere."

We stopped at the foot of the ivied crenellations that circled the Gothic wing, where she showed me pieces of original lead piping which had been brought to light, and confronted me with the statues—the boy with the goose and the boy on the dolphin. I thought they did not make a happy pair, because the goose boy was as plain and discreet as the castle, while the other was as pretentious as the Gothic wing. My guide remarked, "The curator isn't sure about them yet. He thinks there must have been a little artificial waterfall at the end of the rose parterre and that's where the dolphin belongs. Do you have any idea?"

"No," I said, "but it's quite possible. Kucera, the head gardener, must have known and kept it quiet, because it would have interfered with his roses. That's the kind of man he was."

She gave me a probing, incredulous look. "He sounds like a Fascist to me," she said. "They've been stamped out now."

We reached the garden wall. "There's nothing there worth looking at," she said, "unless you want to see some smashed-up hothouses. But you don't want to leave without taking something alive away with you," and she stooped and picked three stalks of lilies of the valley.

"My mother's favorite flowers," I said. "Thank you."

We passed through a door and came out on the gravel space, where we were met by the setter. "You want to be careful of that dog," she said. "He's vicious. That's why we keep him."

"We've met before," I said. "On the servants' stairs—I mean the employees' stairs."

"And he let you pass?" she asked, stopping and looking me full in the face.

"Of course," I said.

She struck her forehead. "Now I understand," she said. "He knows you belong. He knows you are the family." But this time I did not find her ridiculous. I had to suppress my rising tears.

We crossed the gravel space and halted by the drive. "I hope I'll catch the bus back to Prague," I said. "Do you know when it goes?"

"I don't," she said. "But if you miss it, come back and we'll put you up for the night. You don't think we'd turn you away, do you? Not that I'd like it to be known, because we haven't got any rooms to spare—not for anybody, and that's a fact. I've got two rooms and a kitchen off at that side, as you come in through the door, and it's cold and drafty in winter, you've no idea. But people always think—I don't know what they think. They think, 'Because it's a castle,' and they don't know what it's like living in a castle. That's true, isn't it?"

"It is true," I said. "And goodbye and thank you."

"Goodbye," she said, hiding her hands under her apron.

Halfway down the drive, I turned and looked back, but it was stupid of me. I should have known that from there one could not see the castle anymore.

I walked back to the village, to the inn, where the innkeeper told me that the bus would arrive in an hour's time. I asked for coffee and sat down on a bench close to the windows. There was a table of young men and a table of old men. They were all drinking beer, and the wireless was playing—a chorus singing Bohemian nursery songs that I knew by heart. The old men were discussing a tramway disaster in Prague, and they cursed the government for being too stingy to keep the tracks in good repair. The young men talked about motorcycles, and then they went outdoors and stood about looking at each other's motorcycles. Then the innkeeper brought me a tumbler full of water to put my lilies of the valley in. But he did not ask me where I got them, or who I was, or what I was doing there.

—EDITH TEMPLETON

PRO SENIOR-SIGNING SCRAMBLE: FULCOURTE INKS SWINBURNE; APPLEDORE NABS BRONKOWSKI

"PUBLISHERS," said Bennett Cerf in a recent *Newsweek* interview, "used to sit in their offices with gold chains across their fat bellies and writers came crawling. Now we have to go out and comb the bushes for them." At about the same time, a London newspaper reported on the same phenomenon, adding that New York publishers may soon start scouting and signing graduating writing stars in the same way that our professional football teams sign graduating football stars. As usual, however, the London press has underestimated American literary resourcefulness; the senior-signing scramble has been in full swing for *weeks* now.

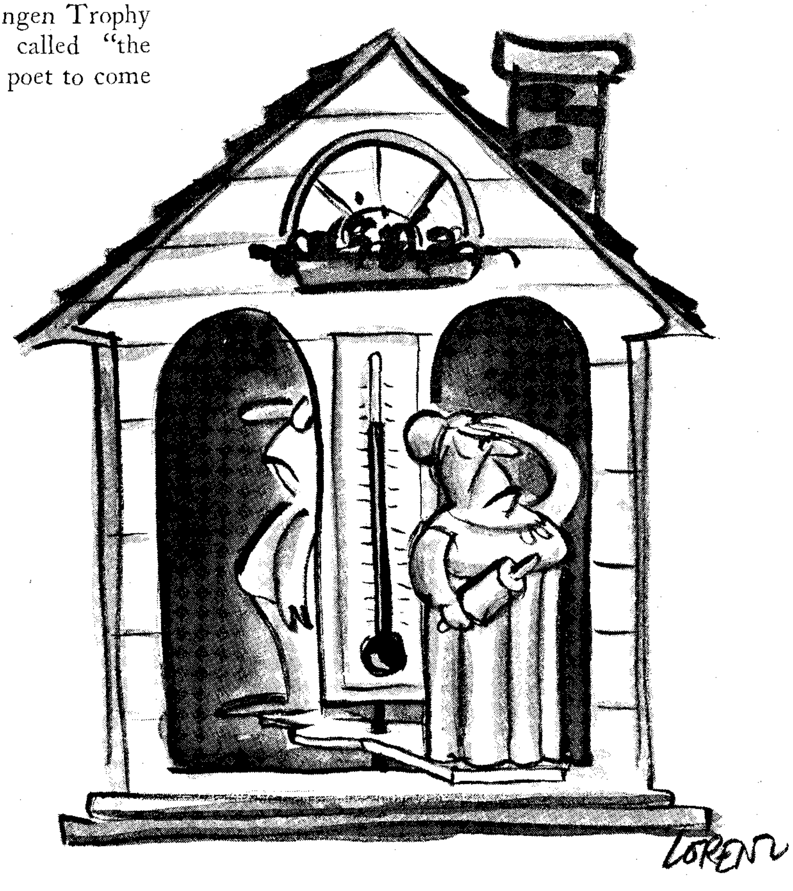
On a warm, pumpkin-bright autumn afternoon in October, Jack R. "Buzzy" Hochmeyer strode jauntily into the book-lined offices of Fulcourte Press, the publishing house he has brought to its present eminence in the five short years since he assumed the presidency, flung his porkpie hat jubilantly into the air, and beamingly announced to his veteran editor-in-chief, Alfonso "Red" Stragg, "We've signed Swinburne!" Hochmeyer was referring, of course, to Bobby Joe Swinburne, West Texas Teachers' nineteen-year-old senior writing sensation, the two-time Bollingen Trophy winner who has been called "the greatest left-handed lyric poet to come out of the Southwest since John Crowe Ransom." The West Texas speedster, who can run up a Shakespearean sonnet in 9.3 seconds, only two-tenths of a second above the world record, and who had been avidly sought by scouts from every major publishing house in the country, reportedly signed with Fulcourte for $425,000, making him the highest-paid rookie in the history of professional publishing. At that, the bantam phenom (he packs 103 pounds on his wiry 4-foot 11-inch frame) agreed to contract terms only after Hochmeyer had personally flown to the West Texas campus, near Lubbock, early last week and, in addition to cash, offered to toss in a nineteen-piece Sy Devore wardrobe and a first-edition copy of Blake's "Songs of Innocence." Apparently, Hochmeyer also tossed Swinburne the keys to a new Lincoln Continental, for later last month the cocky southpaw bard, smoking an enormous Tia Maria, was seen buzzing about downtown Lubbock in a fuchsia Continental convertible, with the top down, and with a stereo tape deck under the dashboard blaring Wallace Stevens reading "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird."

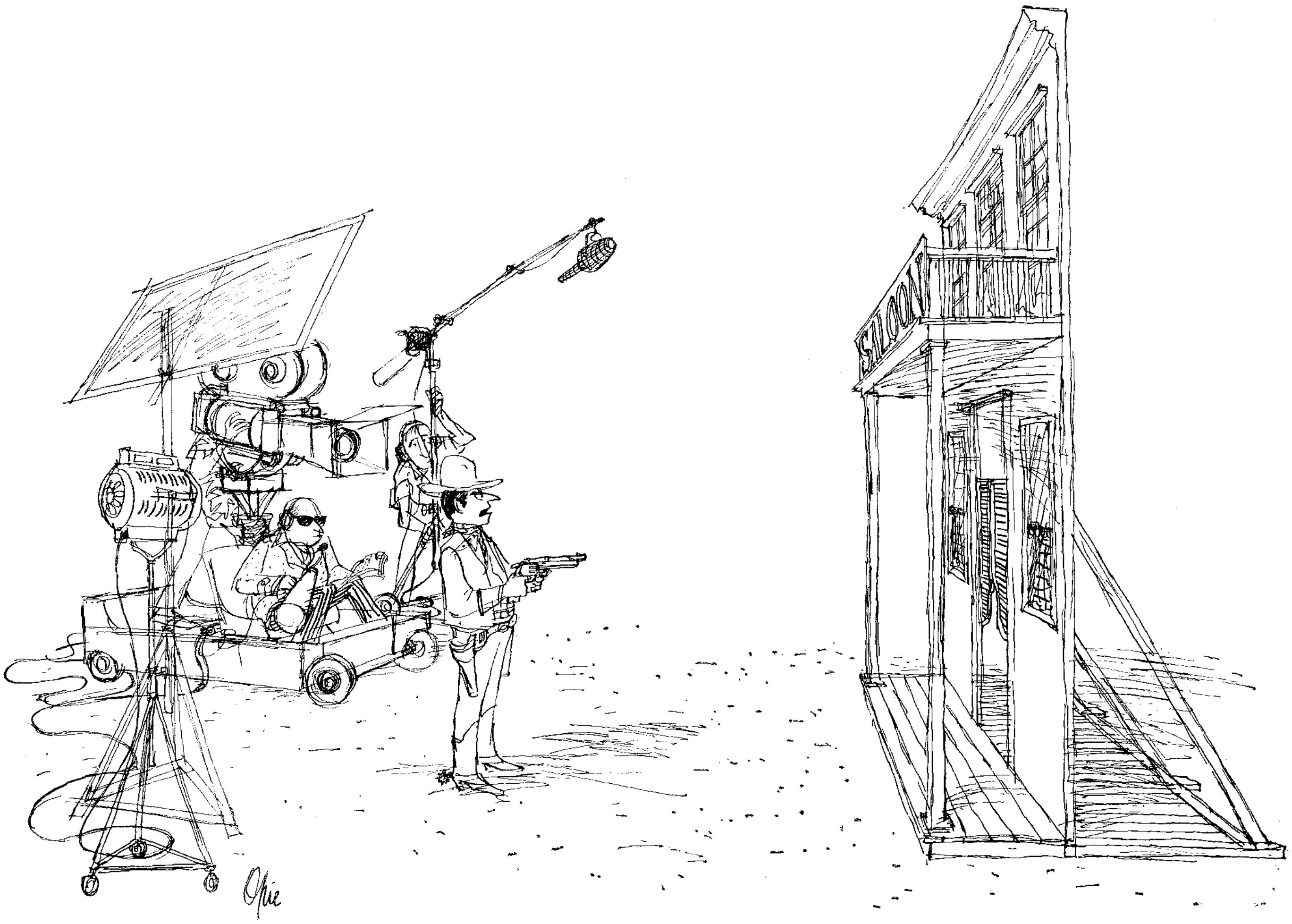
With Swinburne, who had been everyone's No. 1 contract choice, grabbed off by Fulcourte, attention turned last week to the battle among the other publishing giants to sign Purdue's hard-hitting Charlie "Type-Type" Bronkowski, who last year broke all collegiate records by slamming out 1,632 pages of unpublished manuscript in the fall semester alone, despite having been sidelined for three weeks with a pulled muscle in his cerebellum. By the end of the week, though, the battle for Bronkowski was over, when Appledore revealed at a Friday-afternoon press conference that they had signed the bearded Boilermaker prose stylist for $250,000. Bud Minchener, the general manager of Appledore, was unable to repress a proud grin as he announced, "We feel that Bronkowski will make an important contribution to our upcoming spring list. In our opinion, Charlie is the most powerful collegiate writing talent to come along since Rona Jaffe."

Meanwhile, as the December 31st signing deadline rapidly approached, the nation's most prestigious publishing houses were vying to land some fifty-five other top senior writing prospects. The choice three among them appear to be:

- Rick Dunaway, Minnesota's dazzling triple-threat "Mr. Everything," who can, according to pro scouting reports, turn out high-powered prose, poetry, and Pinter-influenced one-act plays with equal facility. Karl "Pops" Forsburg, the longtime Golden Gopher English Department sparkplug, says unequivocally, "Dunaway is the finest young writer ever to parse a sentence at Minnesota."
- Norb Matsinger, U.C.L.A.'s senior Chekhov specialist, who, during a brilliant collegiate writing career, completed an unprecedented 134 short stories out of 153 attempted, for a total of 2,184 double-spaced pages.
- Duane "Yahoo" Ploon, Arkansas's powerhouse humorist, a 6-foot 4-inch, 285-pound bruiser who has been hailed as one of the most vicious, hard-hitting young satirists ever to break into the Razorback lit magazine. Pro publishing scouts, who first took notice of Ploon during his sophomore year, when he turned out a slashing parody of Thomas Love Peacock, shudder *admiringly when they* speak of him, stating that he is as hardnosed off the printed page as he is on. "Though Ploon is frequently on the defensive," said one confidential scouting report on the shifty-eyed Arkansas ace, "he is at the same time one of the most offensive young men Eastern editors are ever likely to encounter."

WHILE Dunaway, Matsinger, Ploon, and others were being wooed with whopping cash-plus-bo-





"Come on out, Luke! I know you're in there!"

• •

nus offers, there were, nevertheless, some conservatives in pro publishing circles who felt that it was time to call a halt to the annual senior-signing scramble. Art Diefenberger, chief copy editor at Scrivener's, has been heard to mutter, "Most of these kids can't block a scene, tackle anything longer than a novella, or hold a narrative line, and yet merely for signing many of them are getting more money than, say, Kate Douglas Wiggin, one of the all-time great writing pros of yesteryear, made in her entire career. It's getting so that any twenty-year-old English major who can touch-type is being offered at least $100,000."

Certainly there seems to be some truth in Diefenberger's plaint. Last year, one canny pro publisher handed over $125,000 to an S.M.U. senior who had chalked up a D-minus in Creative Writing 307, while an unproduced Duke verse-dramatist returned one afternoon to his dormitory room to find $85,000 in small bills stacked on his bed and a pro publishing scout, contract in hand, crouched in his armoire.

As Diefenberger has hinted, not all of the highly touted rookies have been able to make good in the pro ranks. Terry O'Flaherty, Notre Dame's two-time *Kenyon Review* All-American, who signed last year with Midmillennium American Library for $325,000, has, after making only one pro appearance as an *Atlantic* "First," been out of action for the past ten months with writer's block. M.A.L.'s psychiatrists now say ruefully that O'Flaherty may never write again. Even many of those who have seen more extensive pro action have failed to live up to their college press clippings. J. C. "Billy the Kid" Yancey, Ohio State's outstanding prose whiz who was frequently called another Irving Stone when he signed with Armageddon for $275,000 three years ago, has been something less than a runaway success as a pro. Brutally mauled by the critics, his most recent novel, "The Long Bombe Glacé," was remaindered fifteen days after publication. As a result, Armageddon gave Yancey an I.B.M. electric typewriter last month and shipped him off to the MacDowell Colony for another year of seasoning.

In spite of the expensive failures of such rookies as O'Flaherty and Yancey, it appears that the spiralling battle of the pro publishing bankbooks will continue for some years to come. In fact, many of those in the publishing game stoutly continue to defend the senior-signing system. Woody Bechstein, president of Hartbreak House, says, "With the hefty bonuses for signing, you're now getting a much higher class of boy going in for writing than you used to. We've found that a couple of hundred thousand in the bank tends to take the pressure off the young writer, helps him to realize his full potential. Look at it this way. If we publishers had been handing out six-figure bonuses back in 1770, when Tom 'The Boy' Chatterton was getting started, that kid might never have swallowed arsenic."

—Thomas Meehan

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Anticipating encores without any false modesty or vanity, Dr. Coci played the grand Passacaglia by Bach before beginning the program.—*Ridgewood (N.J.) Herald-News.*

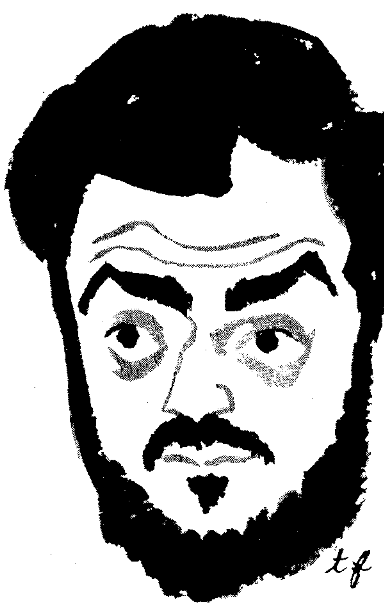
No use taking chances.

PROFILES

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE GAME?

ON pleasant afternoons, I often go into Washington Square Park to watch the Master at work. The Master is a professional chess player—a chess hustler, if you will. He plays for fifty cents a game; if you win, you get the fifty, and if he wins, he gets it. In case of a draw, no money changes hands. The Master plays for at least eight hours a day, usually seven days a week; in the winter he plays indoors in one or another of the Village coffeehouses. It is a hard way to make a living, even if you win all your games; the Master wins most of his, although I have seen him get beaten several games straight. It is impossible to cheat in chess, and the only hustle that the Master perpetrates is to make his opponents think they are better than they are. When I saw him one day recently, he was at work on what in the language of the park is called a "potzer"—a relatively weak player with an inflated ego. A glance at the board showed that the Master was a rook and a pawn up on his adversary—a situation that would cause a rational man to resign the game at once. A potzer is not rational (otherwise, he would have avoided the contest in the first place), and this one was determined to fight it out to the end. He was moving pawns wildly, and his hands were beginning to tremble. Since there is no one to blame but yourself, nothing is more rankling than a defeat in chess, especially if you are under the illusion that you are better than your opponent. The Master, smiling as seraphically as his hawklike, angular features would allow, said, "You always were a good pawn player—especially when it comes to pushing them," which his deluded opponent took to be a compliment. At a rook and four pawns down, the potzer gave up, and a new game began.

My acquaintance with the Master goes back several years, but it was only recently that I learned of a connection between him and another man I know—the brilliant and original film-maker Stanley Kubrick, who has been responsible for such movies as "Paths of Glory," "Lolita," and "Dr. Strangelove." The Master is not much of a moviegoer—his professional activities leave little time for it—and, as far as I know, he has never seen one of Kubrick's pictures. But his recollection of Kubrick is nonetheless quite distinct, reaching back to the early nineteen-fifties, when Kubrick, then in his early twenties (he was born in New York City on July 26, 1928), was also squeezing out a small living (he estimates about three dollars a day, "which goes a long way if all you are buying with it is food") by playing chess for cash in Washington Square. Kubrick was then living on Sixteenth Street, off Sixth Avenue, and on nice days in the spring and summer he would wander into the park around noon and take up a position at one of the concrete chess tables near Macdougal and West Fourth Streets. At nightfall, he would change tables to get one near the street light. "If you made the switch the right way," he recalls, "you could get a table in the shade during the day and one nearer the fountain, under the lights, at night." There was a hard core of perhaps ten regulars who came to play every day and, like Kubrick, put in about twelve hours at the boards, with interruptions only for food. Kubrick ranked himself as one of the stronger regulars. When no potzers or semi-potzers were around, the regulars played each other for money, offering various odds to make up for any disparities in ability. The best player, Arthur Feldman, gave Kubrick a pawn—a small advantage—and, as Kubrick remembers it, "he didn't make his living off me." The Master was regarded by the regulars as a semi-potzer—the possessor of a flashy but fundamentally unsound game that was full of pseudo traps designed to enmesh even lesser potzers and to insure the quickest possible win, so that he could collect his bet and proceed to a new customer.



Stanley Kubrick

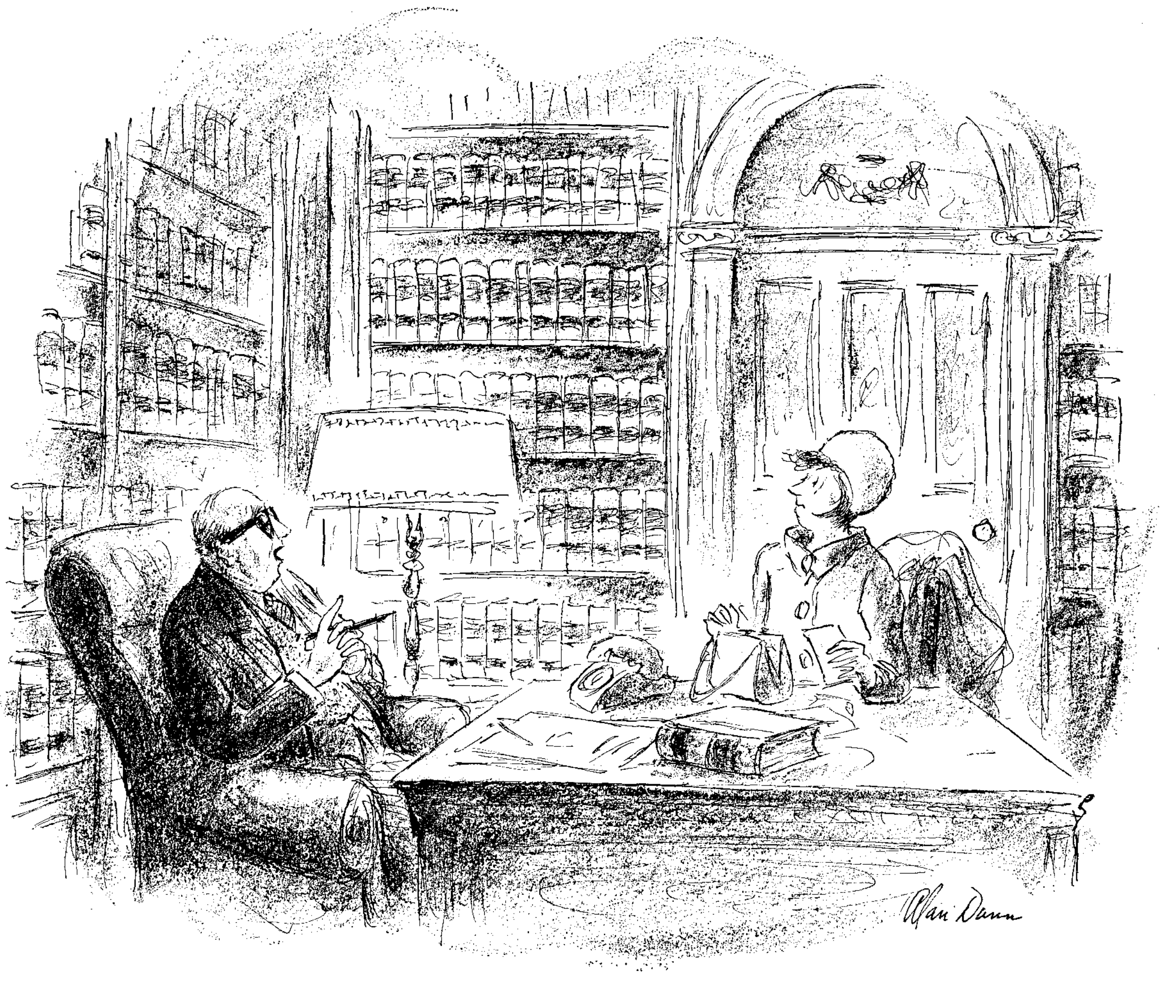
At that time, Kubrick's nominal non-chess-playing occupation (when he could work at it) was what it is now—making films. Indeed, by the time he was twenty-seven he had behind him a four-year career as a staff photographer for *Look*, followed by a five-year career as a film-maker, during which he had made two short features and two full-length films—"Fear and Desire" (1953) and "Killer's Kiss" (1955). By all sociological odds, Kubrick should never have got into the motion-picture business in the first place. He comes from an American Jewish family of Austro-Hungarian ancestry. His father is a doctor, still in active practice, and he grew up in comfortable middle-class surroundings in the Bronx. If all had gone according to form, Kubrick would have attended college and probably ended up as a doctor or a physicist—physics being the only subject he showed the slightest aptitude for in school. After four desultory years at Taft High School, in the Bronx, he graduated, with a 67 average, in 1945, the year in which colleges were flooded with returning servicemen. No college in the United States would even consider his application. Apart from everything else, Kubrick had failed English outright one year, and had had to make it up in the summer. In his recollection, high-school English courses consisted of sitting behind a book while the teacher would say, "Mr. Kubrick, when Silas Marner walked out of the door, what did he see?," followed by a prolonged silence caused by the fact that Kubrick hadn't read "Silas Marner," or much of anything else.

When Kubrick was twelve, his father taught him to play chess, and when he was thirteen, his father, who is something of a camera bug, presented him with his first camera. At the time, Kubrick had hopes of becoming a jazz drummer and was seriously studying the technique, but he soon decided that he wanted to be a photographer, and instead of doing his schoolwork he set out to teach himself to become one. By the time he left high school, he had sold *Look* two picture stories—one of them, ironically, about an English teacher at Taft, Aaron Traister, who had succeeded in arousing Kubrick's interest in

Shakespeare's plays by acting out all the parts in class. After high school, Kubrick registered for night courses at City College, hoping to obtain a B average so that he could transfer to regular undergraduate courses, but before he started going to classes, he was back at *Look* with some more pictures. The picture editor there, Helen O'Brian, upon hearing of his academic troubles, proposed that he come to *Look* as an apprentice photographer. "So I backed into a fantastically good job at the age of seventeen," Kubrick says. Released from the bondage of schoolwork, he also began to read everything that he could lay his hands on. In retrospect, he feels that not going to college and having had the four years to practice photography at *Look* and to read on his own was probably the most fortunate thing that ever happened to him.

It was while he was still at *Look* that Kubrick became a film-maker. An incessant moviegoer, he had seen the entire film collection of the Museum of Modern Art at least twice when he learned from a friend, Alex Singer (now also a movie director), that there was apparently a fortune to be made in producing short documentaries. Singer was working as an office boy at the March of Time and had learned—or thought he had learned—that his employers were spending forty thousand dollars to produce eight or nine minutes of film. Kubrick was extremely impressed by the number of dollars being spent per foot, and even more impressed when he learned, from phone calls to Eastman Kodak and various equipment-rental companies, that the cost of buying and developing film and renting camera equipment would allow him to make nine minutes of film, complete with an original musical score, for only about a thousand dollars. "We assumed," Kubrick recalls, "that the March of Time must have been selling their films at a profit, so if we could make a film for a thousand dollars, we couldn't lose our investment." Thus bolstered, he used his savings from the *Look* job to make a documentary about the middleweight boxer Walter Cartier, about whom he had previously done a picture story for *Look*. Called "Day of the Fight," it was filmed with a rented spring-wound thirty-five millimetre Eyemo camera and featured a musical score by Gerald Fried, a friend of Kubrick's who is now a well-known composer for the movies. Since Kubrick couldn't afford any professional help, he took care of the whole physical side of the production himself; essentially, this consisted of screwing a few ordinary photofloods into existing light fixtures. When the picture was done—for thirty-nine hundred dollars—Kubrick set out to sell it for forty thousand. Various distributing companies liked it, but, as Kubrick now says ruefully, "we were offered things like fifteen hundred dollars and twenty-five hundred dollars. We told one distributor that the March of Time was getting forty thousand dollars for *its* documentaries, and he said, 'You must be crazy.' The next thing we knew, the March of Time went out of business." Kubrick was finally able to sell his short to R.K.O. Pathé for about a hundred dollars less than it had cost him to make it.

Kubrick, of course, got great satisfaction out of seeing his documentary at the Paramount Theatre, where it played with a Robert Mitchum-Ava Gardner feature. He felt that it had turned out well, and he figured that he would now instantly get innumerable offers from the movie industry—"of which," he says, "I got none, to do anything." After a while, however, he made a second short for R.K.O. (which put up fifteen hundred dollars for it, barely covering expenses), this one about a flying priest who travelled through the Southwest from one Indian parish to another in a Piper Cub. To work on the film, Kubrick quit his job at *Look*, and when the film was finished, he went back to waiting for offers of employment, spending his time playing chess for quarters in the park. He soon reached the reasonable conclusion that there simply wasn't any money to be made in producing documentaries and that there were no film jobs to be had. After thinking about the millions of dollars that were being spent on making feature films, he decided to



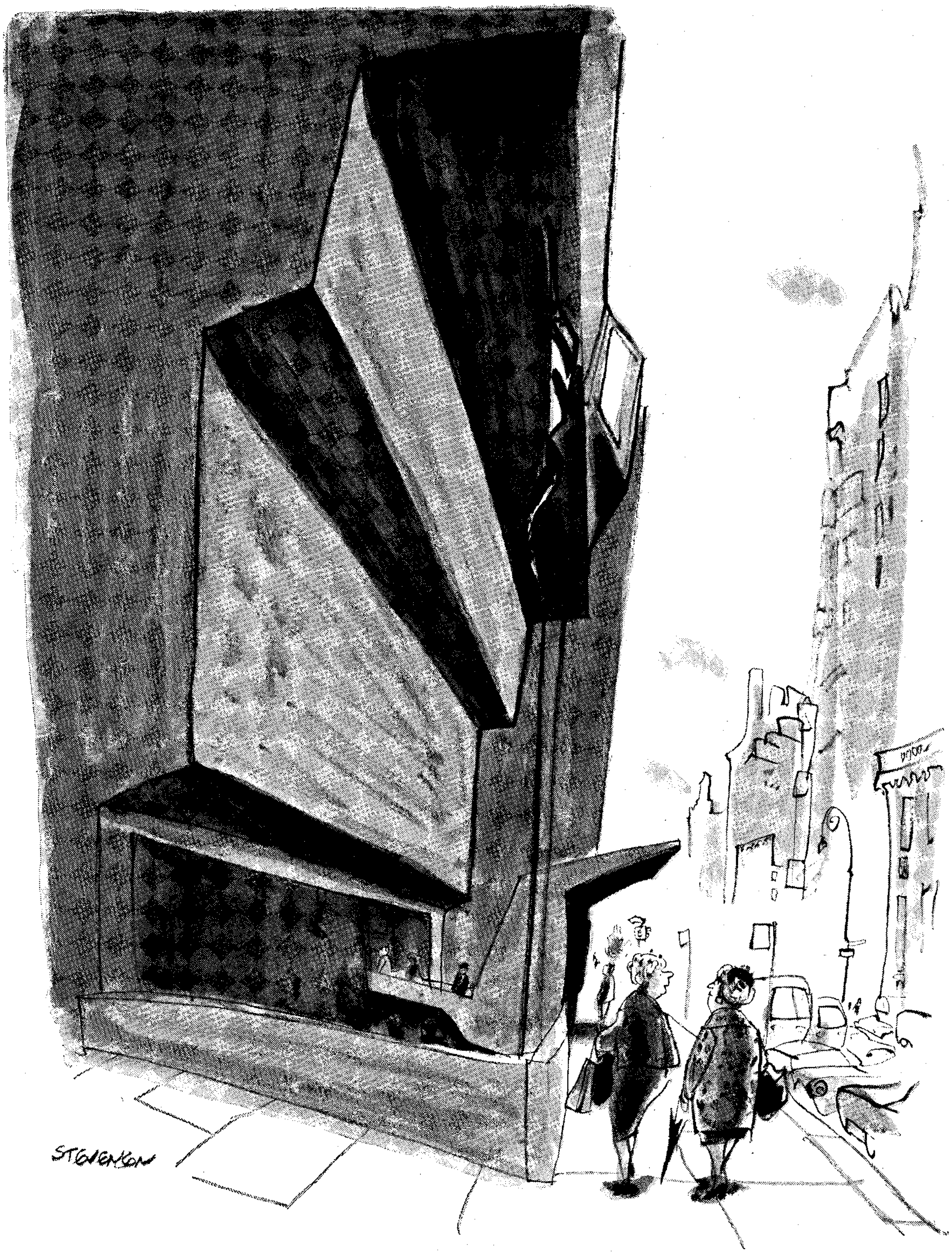
"I'm sorry, but I don't think Mr. Know-It-All's having bought Xerox at 267 is sufficient grounds for divorce."

make one himself. "I felt that I certainly couldn't make one worse than the ones I was seeing every week," he says. On the assumption that there were actors around who would work for practically nothing, and that he could act as the whole crew, Kubrick estimated that he could make a feature film for something like ten thousand dollars, and he was able to raise this sum from his father and an uncle, Martin Perveler. The script was put together by an acquaintance of Kubrick's in the Village, and, as Kubrick now describes it, it was an exceedingly serious, undramatic, and pretentious allegory. "With the exception of Frank Silvera, the actors were not very experienced," he says, "and I didn't know anything about directing *any* actors. I totally failed to realize what I didn't know." The film, "Fear and Desire," was about four soldiers lost behind enemy lines and struggling to regain their identities as well as their home base, and it was full of lines like "We spend our lives looking for our real names, our permanent addresses." "Despite everything, the film got an art-house distribution," Kubrick says. "It opened at the Guild Theatre, in New York, and it even got a couple of fairly good reviews, as well as a compliment from Mark Van Doren. There were a few good moments in it. It never returned a penny on its investment."

Not at all discouraged, Kubrick decided that the mere fact that a film of his was showing at a theatre at all might be used as the basis for raising money to make a second one. In any case, it was not otherwise apparent how he was going to earn a living. "There were still no offers from anybody to do anything," he says. "So in about two weeks a friend and I wrote another script. As a contrast to the first one, this one, called 'Killer's Kiss,' was nothing but action sequences, strung together on a mechanically constructed gangster plot."

"Killer's Kiss" was co-produced by Morris Bousel, a relative of Kubrick's who owned a drugstore in the Bronx. Released in September, 1955, it, too, failed to bring in any revenue (in a retrospective of his films at the Museum of Modern Art two summers ago, Kubrick would not let either of his first two films be shown, and he would probably be just as happy if the prints were to disappear altogether), so, broke and in debt to Bousel and others, Kubrick returned to Washington Square to play chess for quarters.

The scene now shifts to Alex Singer. While serving in the Signal Corps during the Korean War, Singer met a man named James B. Harris, who was engaged in making Signal Corps training films. The son of the owner of an extremely successful television-film-distribution company, Flamingo Films (in which he had a financial interest), Harris wanted to become a film producer when he returned to civilian life. As Harris recalls it, Singer told him about "some guy in the



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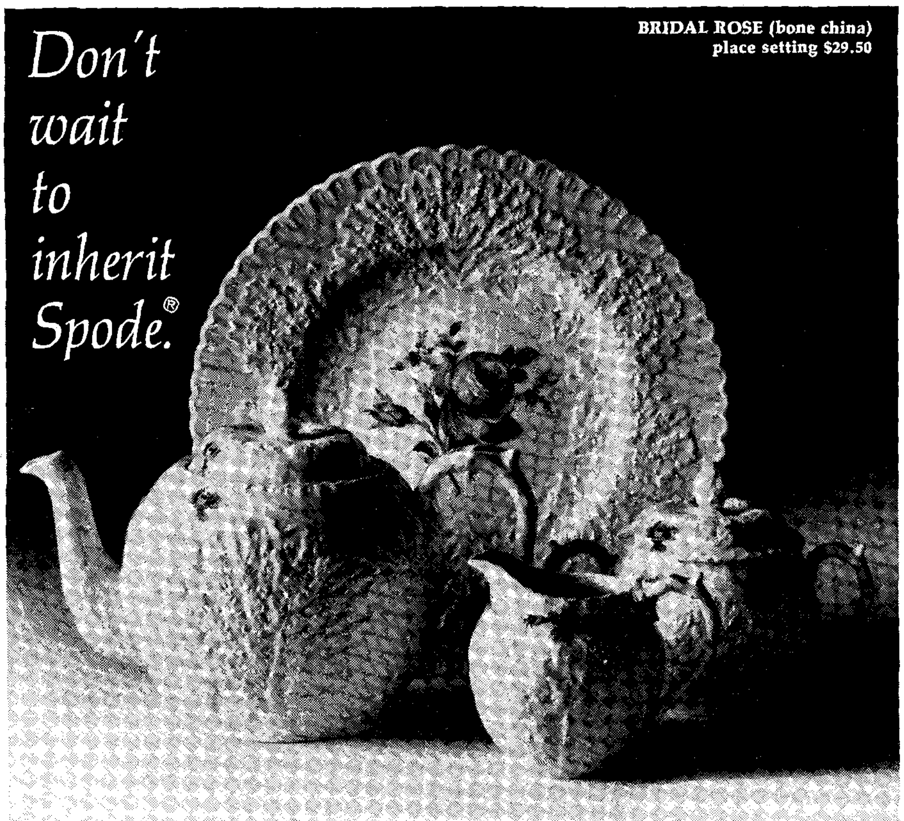

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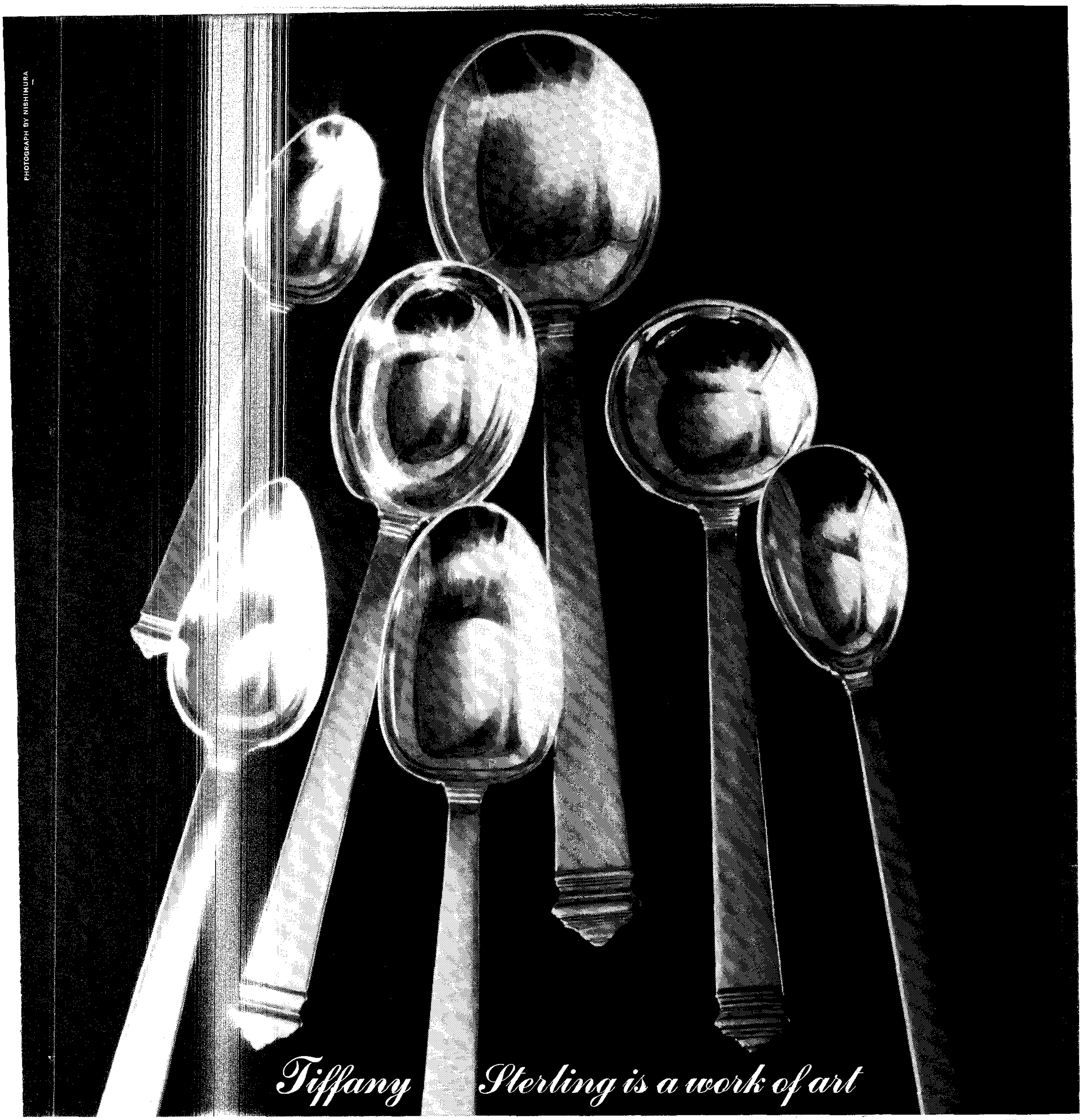
Village who was going around all by himself making movies," and after they got out of the Army, introduced him to Kubrick, who had just finished "Killer's Kiss." Harris and Kubrick were both twenty-six, and they got on at once, soon forming Harris-Kubrick Pictures Corporation. From the beginning, it was an extremely fruitful and very happy association. Together they made "The Killing," "Paths of Glory," and "Lolita." They were going to do "Dr. Strangelove" jointly, but before work began on it, Harris came to the conclusion that being just a movie producer was not a job with enough artistic fulfillment for him, and he decided to both produce and direct. His first film was "The Bedford Incident," which Kubrick considers very well directed. For his part, Harris regards Kubrick as a cinematic genius who can do anything.

The first act of the newly formed Harris-Kubrick Pictures Corporation was to purchase the screen rights to "Clean Break," a paperback thriller by Lionel White. Kubrick and a writer friend named Jim Thompson turned it into a screenplay, and the resulting film, "The Killing," which starred Sterling Hayden, was produced in association with United Artists, with Harris putting up about a third of the production cost. While "The Killing," too, was something less than a financial success, it was sufficiently impressive to catch the eye of Dore Schary, then head of production for M-G-M. For the first time, Kubrick received an offer to work for a major studio, and he and Harris were invited to look over all the properties owned by M-G-M and pick out something to do. Kubrick remembers being astounded by the mountains of stories that M-G-M owned. It took the pair of them two weeks simply to go through the alphabetical synopsis cards. Finally, they selected "The Burning Secret," by Stefan Zweig, and Kubrick and Calder Willingham turned it into a screenplay—only to find that Dore Schary had lost his job as a result of a major shuffle at M-G-M. Harris and Kubrick left soon afterward. Sometime during the turmoil, Kubrick suddenly recalled having read "Paths of Glory," by Humphrey Cobb, while still a high-school student. "It was one of the few books I'd read for pleasure in high school," he says. "I think I found it lying around my father's office and started to read it while waiting for him to get finished with a patient." Harris agreed that it was well worth a try. However, none of the major studios took the slightest interest in it. Finally,



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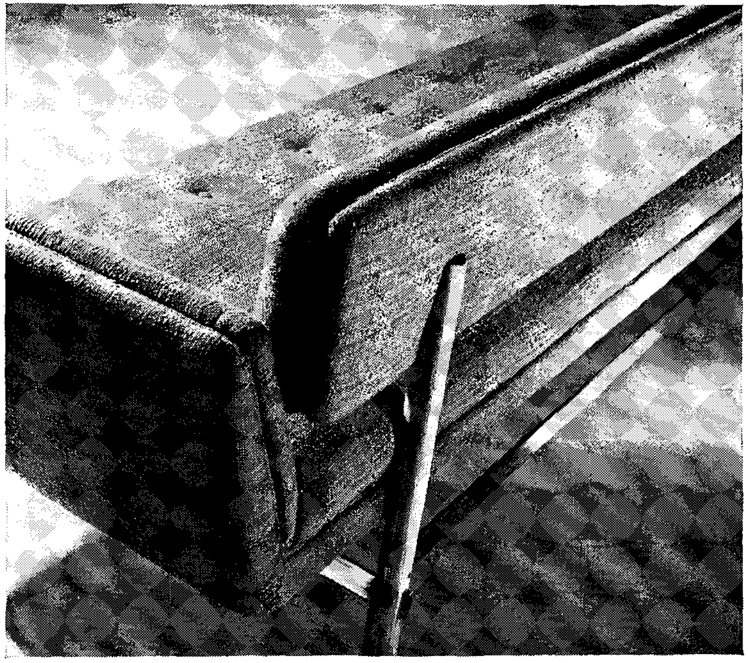

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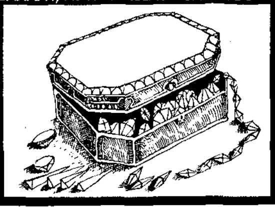

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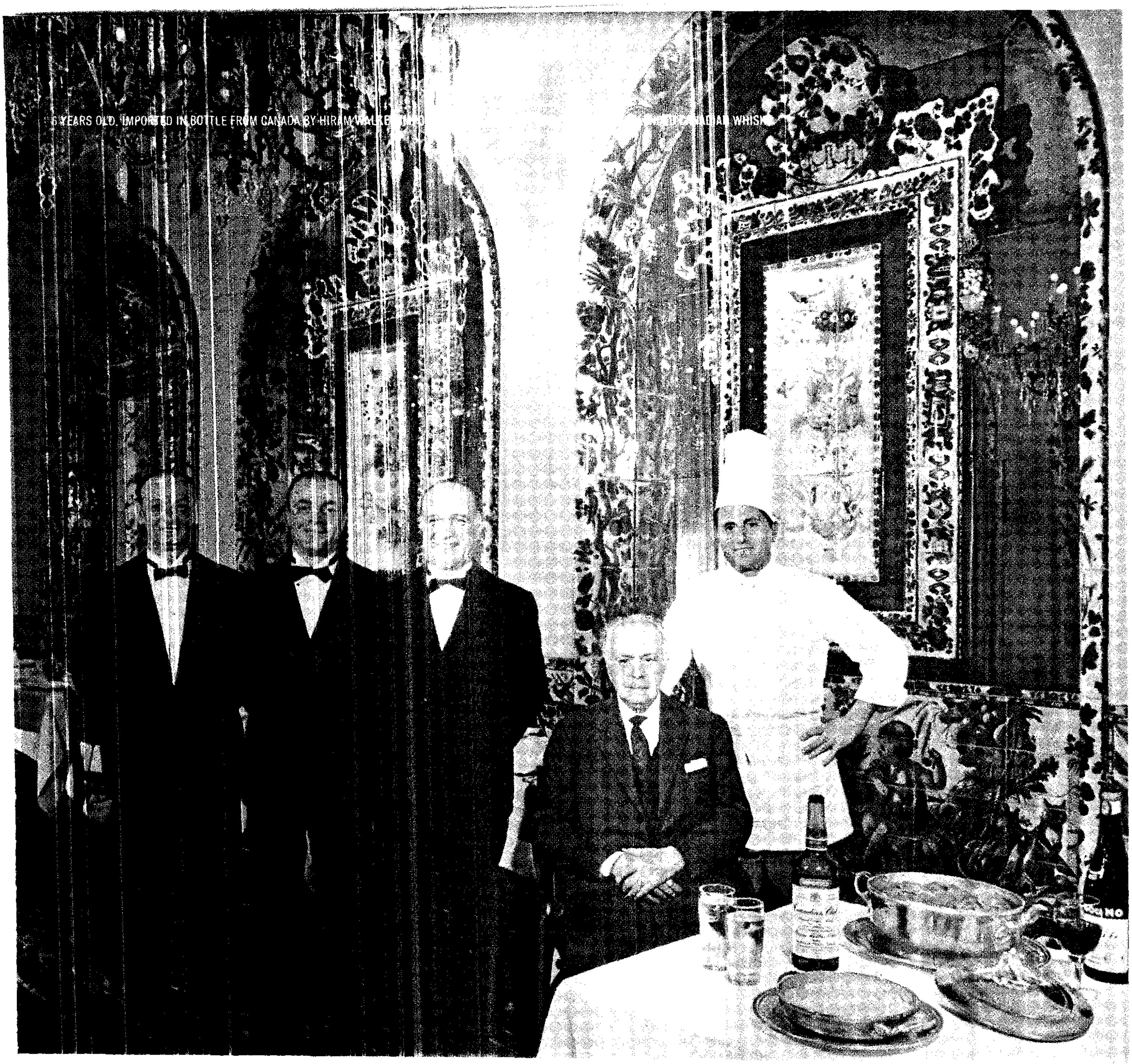
Kubrick's and Harris's agent, Ronnie Lubin, managed to interest Kirk Douglas in doing it, and this was enough to persuade United Artists to back the film, provided it was done on a very low budget in Europe. Kubrick, Calder Willingham, and Jim Thompson wrote the screenplay, and in January of 1957 Kubrick went to Munich to make the film.

Seeing "Paths of Glory" is a haunting experience. The utter desolation, cynicism, and futility of war, as embodied in the arbitrary execution of three innocent French soldiers who have been tried and convicted of cowardice during a meaningless attack on a heavily fortified German position, comes through with simplicity and power. Some of the dialogue is imperfect, Kubrick agrees, but its imperfection almost adds to the strength and sincerity of the theme. The finale of the picture involves a young German girl who has been captured by the French and is being forced to sing a song for a group of drunken French soldiers about to be sent back into battle. The girl is frightened, and the soldiers are brutal. She begins to sing, and the humanity of the moment reduces the soldiers to silence, and then to tears. In the film, the girl was played by a young and pretty German actress, Suzanne Christiane Harlan (known in Germany by the stage name Suzanne Christian), and a year after the film was made, she and Kubrick were married. Christiane comes from a family of opera singers and stage personalities, and most of her life has been spent in the theatre; she was a ballet dancer before she became an actress, and currently she is a serious painter, in addition to managing the sprawling Kubrick household, which now includes three daughters. Later this month, she will have an exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, in London.

"Paths of Glory" was released in November, 1957, and although it received excellent critical notices and broke about even financially, it did not lead to any real new opportunities for Kubrick and Harris. Kubrick returned to Hollywood and wrote two new scripts, which were never used, and worked for six months on a Western for Marlon Brando, which he left before it went into production. (Ultimately, Brando directed it himself, and it became "One-Eyed Jacks.") It was not until 1960 that Kubrick actually began working on a picture again. In that year, Kirk Douglas asked him to take over the direction of "Spartacus," which Douglas was producing and star-



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ring in. Shooting had been under way for a week, but Douglas and Anthony Mann, his director, had had a falling out. On "Spartacus," in contrast to all his other films, Kubrick had no legal control over the script or the final form of the movie. Although Kubrick did the cutting on "Spartacus," Kirk Douglas had the final say as to the results, and the consequent confusion of points of view produced a film that Kubrick thinks could have been better.

While "Spartacus" was being edited, Kubrick and Harris bought the rights to Vladimir Nabokov's novel "Lolita." There was immense pressure from all sorts of public groups not to make "Lolita" into a film, and for a while it looked as if Kubrick and Harris would not be able to raise the money to do it. In the end, though, the money was raised, and the film was made, in London. Kubrick feels that the weakness of the film was its lack of eroticism, which was inevitable. "The important thing in the novel is to think at the outset that Humbert is enslaved by his 'perversion,' " Kubrick says. "Not until the end, when Lolita is married and pregnant and no longer a nymphet, do you realize—along with Humbert—that he loves her. In the film, the fact that his sexual obsession could not be portrayed tended to imply from the start that he was in love with her."

IT was the building of the Berlin Wall that sharpened Kubrick's interest in nuclear weapons and nuclear strategy, and he began to read everything he could get hold of about the bomb. Eventually, he decided that he had about covered the spectrum, and that he was not learning anything new. "When you start reading the analyses of nuclear strategy, they seem so thoughtful that you're lulled into a temporary sense of reassurance," Kubrick has explained. "But as you go deeper into it, and become more involved, you begin to realize that every one of these lines of thought leads to a paradox." It is this constant element of paradox in all the nuclear strategies and in the conventional attitudes toward them that Kubrick transformed into the principal theme of "Dr. Strangelove." The picture was a new departure for Kubrick. His other films had involved putting novels on the screen, but "Dr. Strangelove," though it did have its historical origins in "Red Alert," a serious nuclear suspense story by Peter George, soon turned into an attempt to use a purely intellectual notion as the basis of a film. In this case, the intellectual notion was the

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inevitable paradox posed by following any of the nuclear strategies to their extreme limits. "By now, the bomb has almost no reality and has become a complete abstraction, represented by a few newsreel shots of mushroom clouds," Kubrick has said. "People react primarily to direct experience and not to abstractions; it is very rare to find anyone who can become emotionally involved with an abstraction. The longer the bomb is around without anything happening, the better the job that people do in psychologically denying its existence. It has become as abstract as the fact that we are all going to die someday, which we usually do an excellent job of denying. For this reason, most people have very little interest in nuclear war. It has become even less interesting as a problem than, say, city government, and the longer a nuclear event is postponed, the greater becomes the illusion that we are constantly building up security, like interest at the bank. As time goes on, the danger increases, I believe, because the thing becomes more and more remote in people's minds. No one can predict the panic that suddenly arises when all the lights go out—that indefinable something that can make a leader abandon his carefully laid plans. A lot of effort has gone into trying to imagine possible nuclear accidents and to protect against them. But whether the human imagination is really capable of encompassing all the subtle permutations and psychological variants of these possibilities, I doubt. The nuclear strategists who make up all those war scenarios are never as inventive as reality, and political and military leaders are never as sophisticated as they think they are."

Such limited optimism as Kubrick has about the long-range prospects of the human race is based in large measure on his hope that the rapid development of space exploration will change our views of ourselves and our world. Most people who have thought much about space travel have arrived at the somewhat ironic conclusion that there is a very close correlation between the ability of a civilization to make significant space voyages and its ability to learn to live with nuclear energy. Unless there are sources of energy that are totally beyond the ken of modern physics, it is quite clear that the only source at hand for really elaborate space travel is the nucleus. The chemical methods of combustion used in our present rockets are absurdly inefficient compared to nuclear power. A detailed study has been made of the possibilities of using

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nuclear explosions to propel large spaceships, and, from a technical point of view, there is no reason that this cannot be done; indeed, if we are to transport really large loads to, say, the planets, it is essential that it be done. Thus, any civilization that operates on the same laws of nature as our own will inevitably reach the point where it learns to explore space and to use nuclear energy about simultaneously. The question is whether there can exist any society with enough maturity to peacefully use the latter to perform the former. In fact, some of the more melancholy thinkers on this subject have come to the conclusion that the earth has never been visited by beings from outer space because no civilization has been able to survive its own technology. That there *are* extraterrestrial civilizations in some state of development is firmly believed by many astronomers, biologists, philosophers, physicists, and other rational people—a conclusion based partly on the vastness of the cosmos, with its billions of stars. It is presumptuous to suppose that we are its only living occupants. From a chemical and biological point of view, the processes of forming life do not appear so extraordinary that they should not have occurred countless times throughout the universe. One may try to imagine what sort of transformation would take place in human attitudes if intelligent life should be discovered elsewhere in our universe. In fact, this is what Kubrick has been trying to do in his latest project, "2001: A Space Odyssey," which, in the words of Arthur C. Clarke, the co-author of its screenplay, "will be about the first contact"—the first human contact with extraterrestrial life.

It was Arthur Clarke who introduced me to Kubrick. A forty-eight-year-old Englishman who lives in Ceylon most of the time, Clarke is, in my opinion, by all odds the best science-fiction writer now operating. (He is also an accomplished skin diver, and what he likes about Ceylon, apart from the climate and the isolation, is the opportunities it affords him for underwater exploration.) Clarke, who is highly trained as a scientist, manages to combine scientific insights with a unique sense of nostalgia for worlds that man will never see, because they are so far in the past or in the future, or are in such a distant part of the cosmos. In his hands, inanimate objects like the sun and the moon take on an almost living quality. Personally, he is a large, good-natured man, and about

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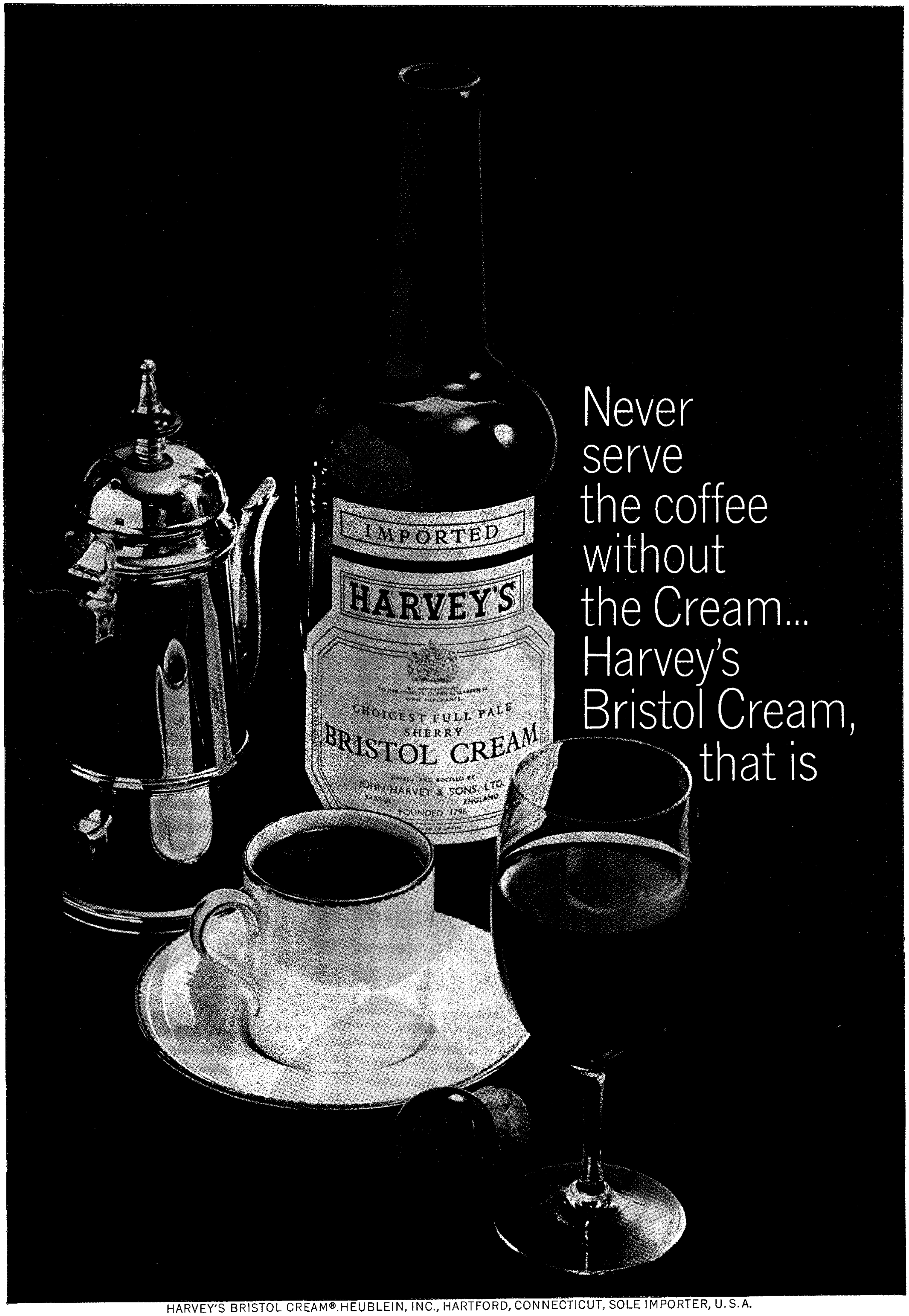
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the only egoist I know who makes conversation about himself somehow delightful. We met in New York a few years back, when he was working on a book about the future of scientific ideas and wanted to discuss some of the latest developments in physics, which I teach. Now I always look forward to his occasional visits, and when he called me up one evening two winters ago, I was very happy to hear from him. He lost no time in explaining what he was up to. "I'm working with Stanley Kubrick on the successor to 'Dr. Strangelove,' " he said. "Stanley is an amazing man, and I want you to meet him." It was an invitation not to be resisted, and Clarke arranged a visit to Kubrick soon afterward.

Kubrick was at that time living, on the upper East Side, in a large apartment whose décor was a mixture of Christiane's lovely paintings, the effects of three rambunctious young children, and Kubrick's inevitable collection of cameras, tape recorders, and hi-fi sets. (There was also a short-wave radio, which he was using to monitor broadcasts from Moscow, in order to learn the Russian attitude toward Vietnam. Christiane once said that "Stanley would be happy with eight tape recorders and one pair of pants.") Kubrick himself did not conform at all to my expectations of what a movie mogul would look like. He is of medium height and has the bohemian look of a riverboat gambler or a Rumanian poet. (He has now grown a considerable beard, which gives his broad features a somewhat Oriental quality.) He had the vaguely distracted look of a man who is simultaneously thinking about a hard problem and trying to make everyday conversation. During our meeting, the phone rang incessantly, a messenger arrived at the door with a telegram or an envelope every few minutes, and children of various ages and sexes ran in and out of the living room. After a few attempts at getting the situation under control, Kubrick abandoned the place to the children, taking me into a small breakfast room near the kitchen. I was immediately impressed by Kubrick's immense intellectual curiosity. When he is working on a subject, he becomes completely immersed in it and appears to absorb information from all sides, like a sponge. In addition to writing a novel with Clarke, which was to be the basis of the script for "2001," he was reading every popular and semi-popular book on science that he could get hold of.

During our conversation, I happened

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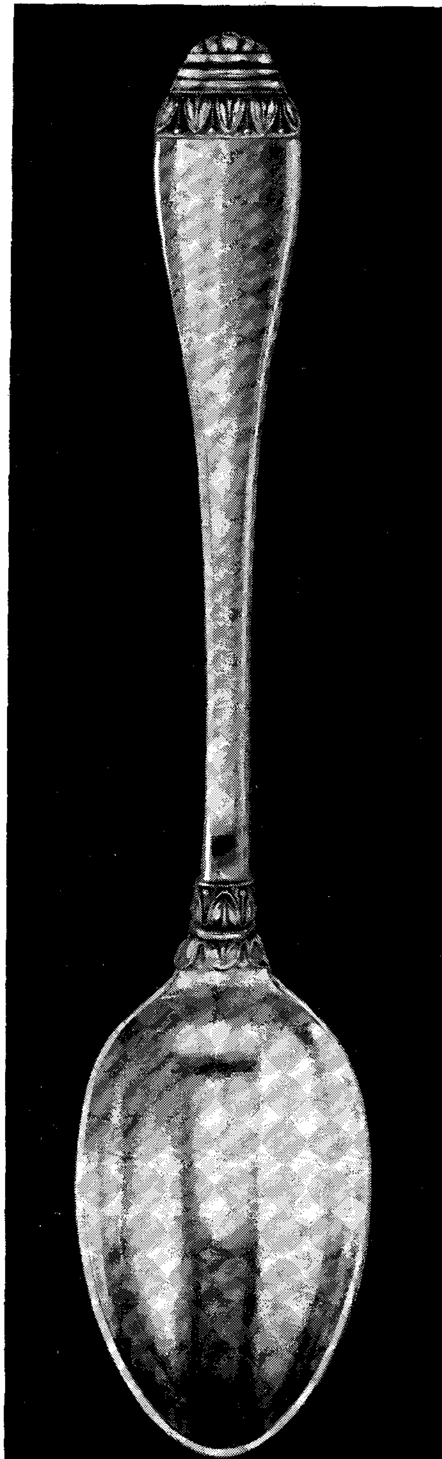

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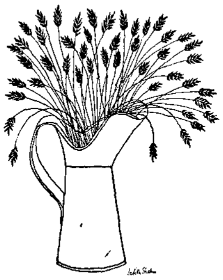
to mention that I had just been in Washington Square Park playing chess. He asked me whom I had been playing with, and I described the Master. Kubrick recognized him immediately. I had been playing a good deal with the Master, and my game had improved to the point where I was almost breaking even with him, so I was a little stunned to learn that Kubrick had played the Master on occasion, and that in his view the Master was a potzer. Kubrick went on to say that he loved playing chess, and added, "How about a little game right now?" By pleading another appointment, I managed to stave off the challenge.



I next saw Kubrick at the end of the summer in London, where I had gone to a physicists' meeting and where he was in the process of organizing the actual filming of "2001." I dropped in at his office in the M-G-M studio in Boreham Wood, outside London, one afternoon, and again was confronted by an incredible disarray—papers, swatches of materials to be used for costumes, photographs of actors who might be used to play astronauts, models of spaceships, drawings by his daughters, and the usual battery of cameras, radios, and tape recorders. Kubrick likes to keep track of things in small notebooks, and he had just ordered a sample sheet of every type of notebook paper made by a prominent paper firm—about a hundred varieties—which were spread out on a large table. We talked for a while amid the usual interruptions of messengers and telephone calls, and then he got back to the subject of chess: How about a little game right now? He managed to find a set of chessmen—it was missing some pieces, but we filled in for them with various English coins—and when he couldn't find a board he drew one up on a large sheet of paper. Sensing the outcome, I remarked that I had never been beaten five times in a row—a number that I chose more or less at random, figuring that it was unlikely that we would ever get to play five games.

I succeeded in losing two rapid games before Kubrick had to go back to London, where he and his family were living in a large apartment in the Dorchester Hotel. He asked me to come along and finish out the five games—the figure appeared to fascinate him—and as soon as he could get the girls off to bed and order dinner for Christiane, himself, and me sent up to the apartment, he produced a second chess set, with all the pieces and a genuine wooden board.

Part of the art of the professional chess player is to unsettle one's opponent as much as possible by small but legitimate annoying incidental activities, such as yawning, looking at one's watch, and snapping one's fingers softly—at all of which Kubrick is highly skilled. One of the girls came into the room and asked, "What's the matter with your friend?"

"He's about to lose another game," said Kubrick.

I tried to counter these pressures by singing "Moon River" over and over, but I lost the next two games. Then came the crucial fifth game, and by some miracle I actually won it. Aware that this was an important psychological moment, I announced that I had been hustling Kubrick and had dropped the first four games deliberately. Kubrick responded by saying that the poor quality of those games had lulled him into a temporary mental lapse. (In the course of making "Dr. Strangelove," Kubrick had all but hypnotized George C. Scott by continually beating him at chess while simultaneously attending to the direction of the movie.) We would have played five more games on the spot, except that it was now two in the morning, and Kubrick's working day on the "2001" set began very early.

"THE SENTINEL," a short story by Arthur Clarke in which "2001" finds its genesis, begins innocently enough: "The next time you see the full moon high in the south, look carefully at its right-hand edge and let your eye travel upward along the curve of the disk. Round about two o'clock you will notice a small dark oval; anyone with normal eyesight can find it quite easily. It is the great walled plain, one of the finest on the moon, known as the Mare Crisium—the Sea of Crises." Then Clarke adds, unobtrusively, "Three hundred miles in diameter, and almost completely surrounded by a ring of magnificent mountains, it had never been explored until we entered it in the late summer of 1996." The story and the style are typical of Clarke's blend of science and fantasy. In this case, an expedition exploring the moon uncovers, on the top of a mountain, a little pyramid set on a carefully hewed-out terrace. At first, the explorers suppose it to be a trace left behind by a primitive civilization in the moon's past. But the

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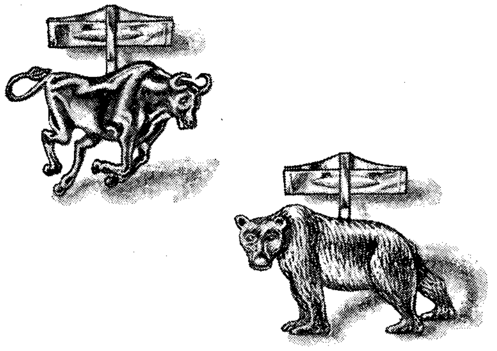

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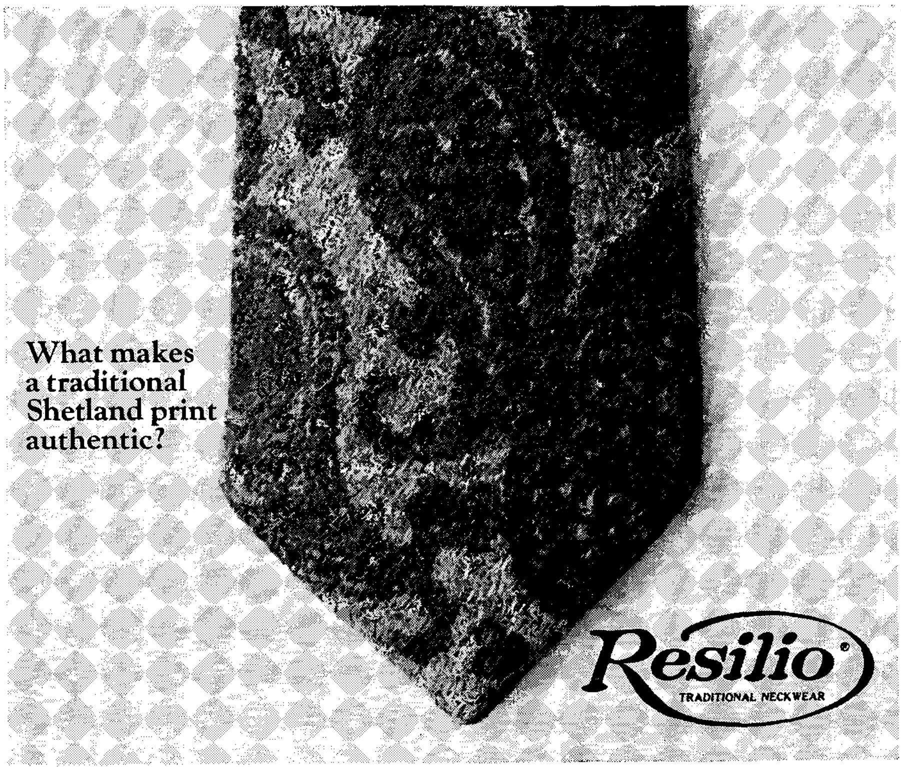

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terrain around it, unlike the rest of the moon's surface, is free of all debris and craters created by falling meteorites—the pyramid, they discover, contains a mechanism that sends out a powerful force that shields it from external disturbances and perhaps signals to some distant observer. When the explorers finally succeed in breaking through the shield and studying the pyramid, they become convinced that its origins are as alien to the moon as they are themselves. The astronaut telling the story says, "The mystery haunts us all the more now that the other planets have been reached and we know that only Earth has ever been the home of intelligent life in our universe. Nor could any lost civilization of our own world have built that machine. . . . It was set there upon its mountain before life had emerged from the seas of Earth."

But suddenly the narrator realizes the pyramid's meaning. It was left by some far-off civilization as a sentinel to signal that living beings had finally reached it:

> Nearly a hundred thousand million stars are turning in the circle of the Milky Way, and long ago other races on the worlds of other suns must have scaled and passed the heights that we have reached. Think of such civilizations, far back in time against the fading afterglow of Creation, masters of a universe so young that life as yet had come only to a handful of worlds. Theirs would have been a loneliness we cannot imagine, the loneliness of gods looking out across infinity and finding none to share their thoughts.
>
> They must have searched the star-clusters as we have searched the planets. Everywhere there would be worlds, but they would be empty or peopled with crawling, mindless things. Such was our own Earth, the smoke of the great volcanoes still staining the skies, when that first ship of the peoples of the dawn came sliding in from the abyss beyond Pluto. It passed the frozen outer worlds, knowing that life could play no part in their destinies. It came to rest among the inner planets, warming themselves around the fire of the sun and waiting for their stories to begin.
>
> These wanderers must have looked on Earth, circling safely in the narrow zone between fire and ice, and must have guessed that it was the favorite of the sun's children. Here, in the distant future, would be intelligence; but there were countless stars before them still, and they might never come this way again.
>
> So they left a sentinel, one of millions they have scattered throughout the universe, watching over all worlds with the promise of life. It was a beacon that down the ages has been patiently signalling the fact that no one had discovered it.

The astronaut concludes:

> I can never look now at the Milky Way without wondering from which of those

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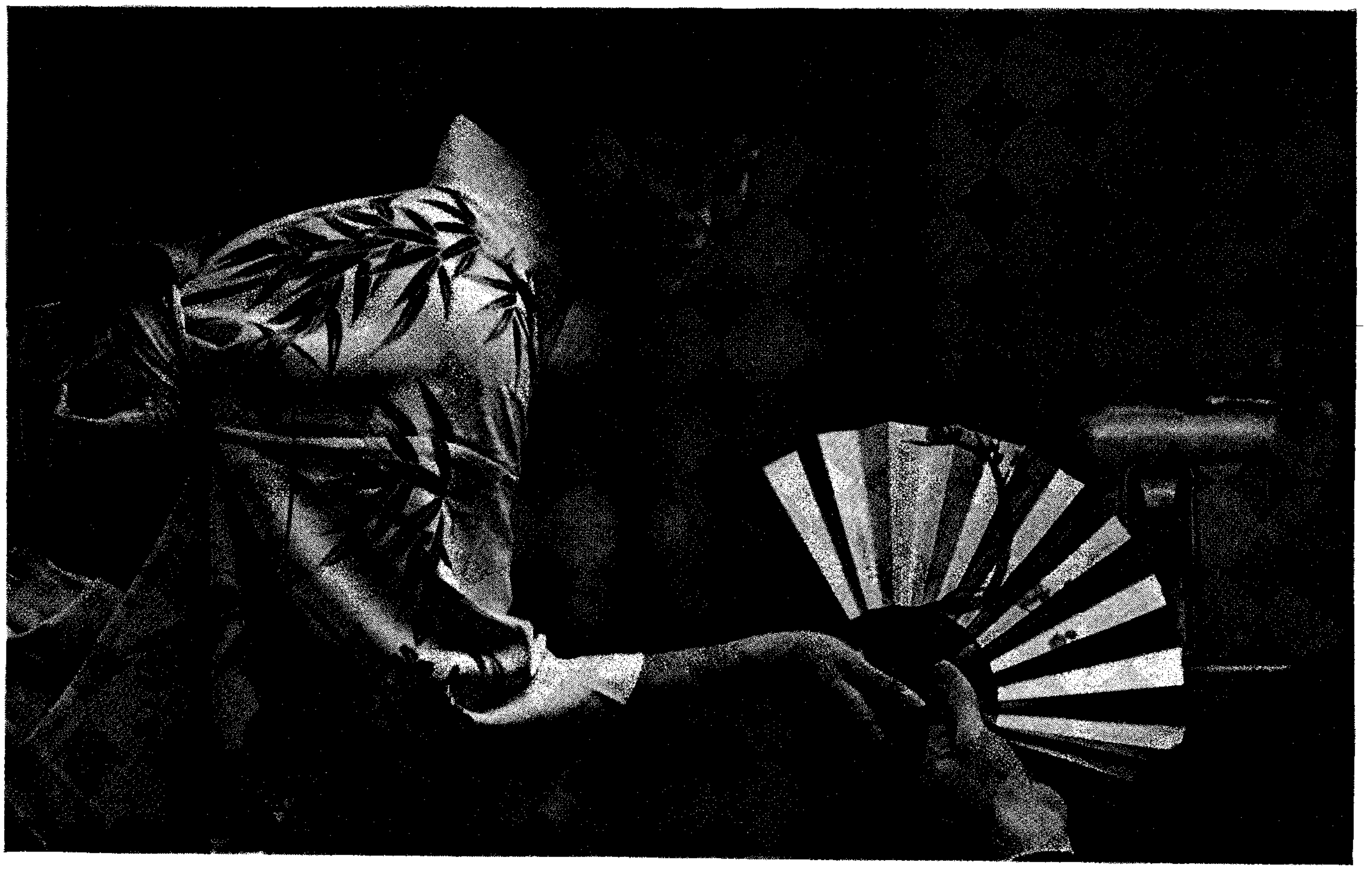

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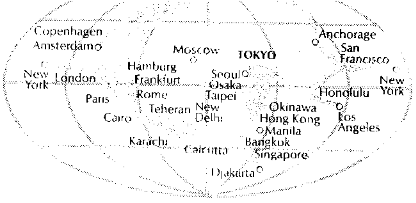
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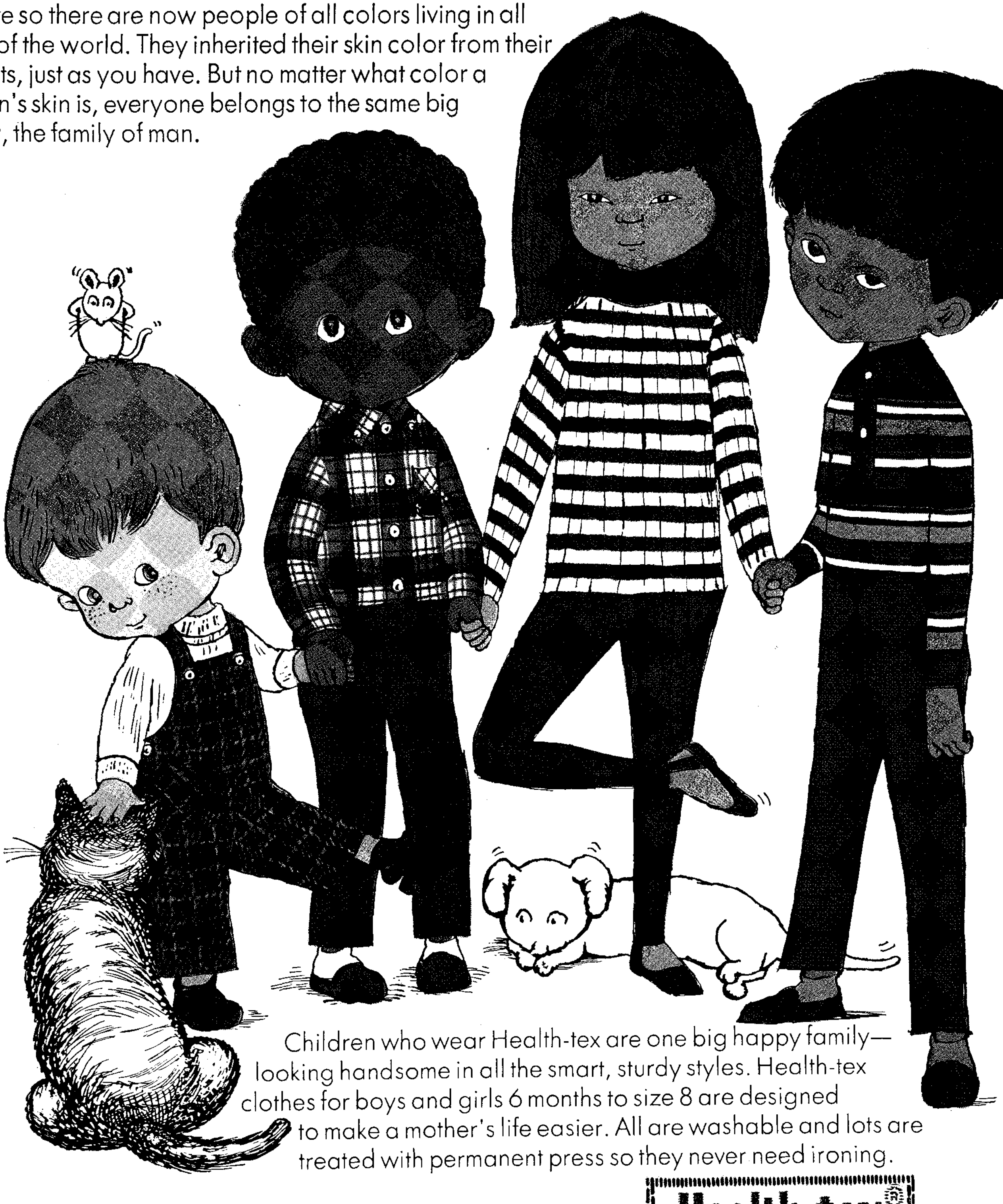

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STANTOGS

banked clouds of stars the emissaries are coming. If you will pardon so commonplace a simile, we have set off the fire alarm and have nothing to do but to wait.

I do not think we will have to wait for long.

Clarke and Kubrick spent two years transforming this short story into a novel and then into a script for "2001," which is concerned with the discovery of the sentinel and a search for traces of the civilization that put it there—a quest that takes the searchers out into the far reaches of the solar system. Extraterrestrial life may seem an odd subject for a motion picture, but at this stage in his career Kubrick is convinced that any idea he is really interested in, however unlikely it may sound, can be transferred to film. "One of the English science-fiction writers once said, 'Sometimes I think we're alone, and sometimes I think we're not. In either case, the idea is quite staggering,' " Kubrick once told me. "I must say I agree with him."

By the time the film appears, early next year, Kubrick estimates that he and Clarke will have put in an average of four hours a day, six days a week, on the writing of the script. (This works out to about twenty-four hundred hours of writing for two hours and forty minutes of film.) Even during the actual shooting of the film, Kubrick spends every free moment reworking the scenario. He has an extra office set up in a blue trailer that was once Deborah Kerr's dressing room, and when shooting is going on, he has it wheeled onto the set, to give him a certain amount of privacy for writing. He frequently gets ideas for dialogue from his actors, and when he likes an idea he puts it in. (Peter Sellers, he says, contributed some wonderful bits of humor for "Dr. Strangelove.")

In addition to writing and directing, Kubrick supervises every aspect of his films, from selecting costumes to choosing the incidental music. In making "2001," he is, in a sense, trying to second-guess the future. Scientists planning long-range space projects can ignore such questions as what sort of hats rocket-ship hostesses will wear when space travel becomes common (in "2001" the hats have padding in them to cushion any collisions with the ceiling that weightlessness might cause), and what sort of voices computers will have if, as many experts feel is certain, they learn to talk and to respond to voice commands (there is a talking computer in "2001" that arranges for the astronauts' meals, gives them medical treatments, and even plays chess with them during a long space mission to

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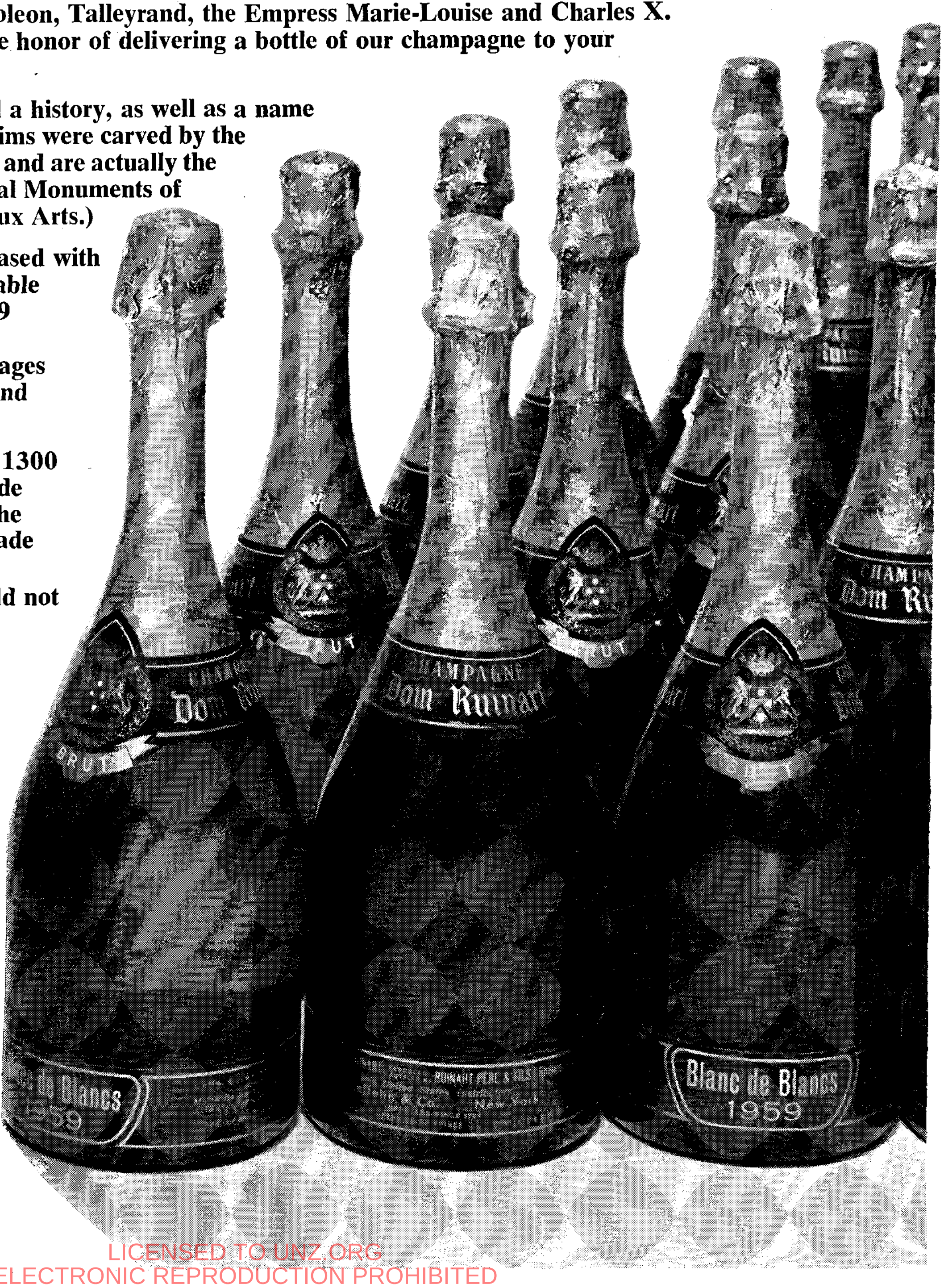

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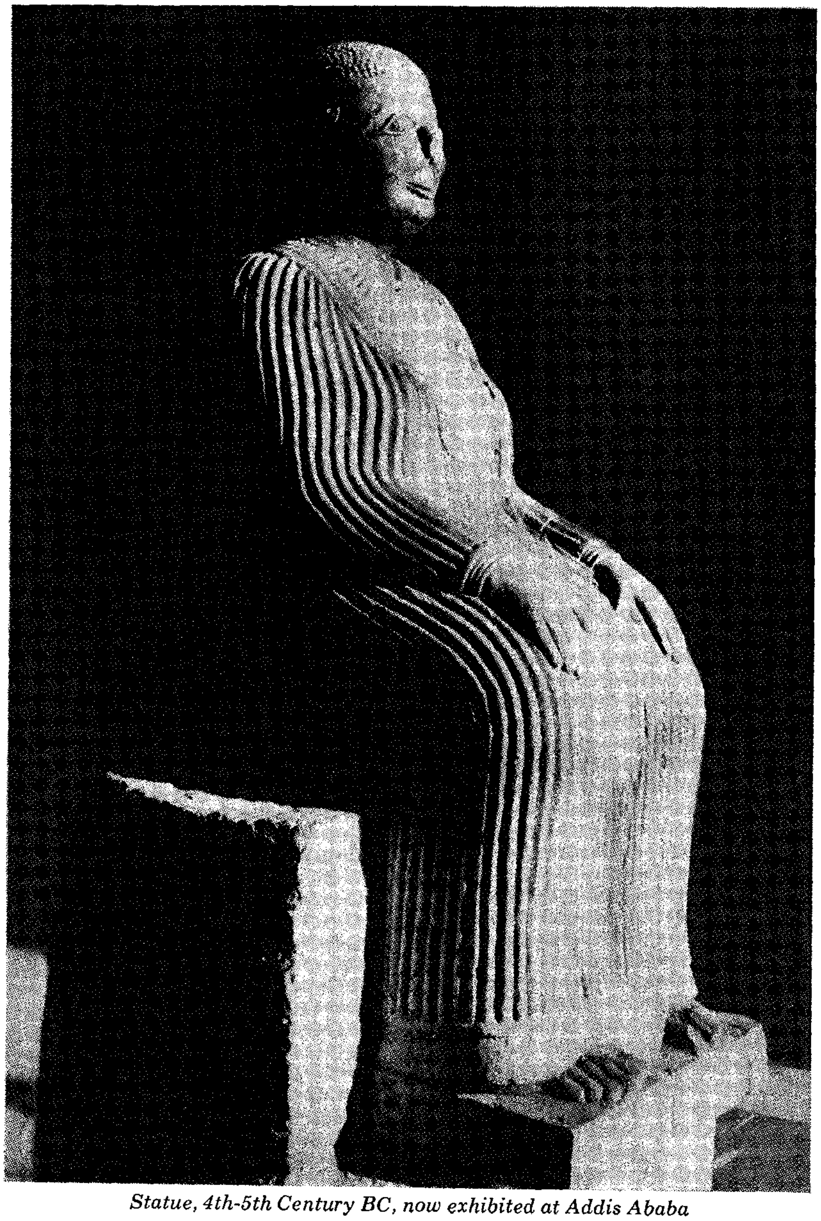
Jupiter—"Maybe it ought to sound like Jackie Mason," Kubrick once said), and what kind of time will be kept aboard a spaceship (Kubrick chose Eastern Standard, for the convenience of communicating with Washington). In the sort of planning that NASA does, such matters can be dealt with as they come up, but in a movie everything is immediately visible and explicit, and questions like this must be answered in detail. To help him find the answers, Kubrick has assembled around him a group of thirty-five artists and designers, more than twenty special-effects people, and a staff of scientific advisers. By the time the picture is done, Kubrick figures that he will have consulted with people from a generous sampling of the leading aeronautical companies in the United States and Europe, not to mention innumerable scientific and industrial firms. One consultant, for instance, was Professor Marvin Minsky, of M.I.T., who is a leading authority on artificial intelligence and the construction of automata. (He is now building a robot at M.I.T. that can catch a ball.) Kubrick wanted to learn from him whether any of the things that he was planning to have his computers do were likely to be realized by the year 2001; he was pleased to find out that they were.

Kubrick told me he had seen practically every science-fiction film ever made, and any number of more conventional films that had interesting special effects. One Saturday afternoon, after lunch and two rapid chess games, he and Christiane and I set out to see a Russian science-fiction movie called "Astronauts on Venus," which he had discovered playing somewhere in North London. Saturday afternoon at a neighborhood movie house in London is like Saturday afternoon at the movies anywhere; the theatre was full of children talking, running up and down the aisles, chewing gum, and eating popcorn. The movie was in Russian, with English subtitles, and since most of the children couldn't read very well, let alone speak Russian, the dialogue was all but drowned out by the general babble. This was probably all to the good, since the film turned out to be a terrible hodgepodge of pseudo science and Soviet propaganda. It featured a talking robot named John and a talking girl named Masha who had been left in a small spaceship orbiting Venus while a party of explorers—who thought, probably correctly, that she would have been a nuisance below—went off to explore. Although Kubrick reported that the effects used were crude, he insisted



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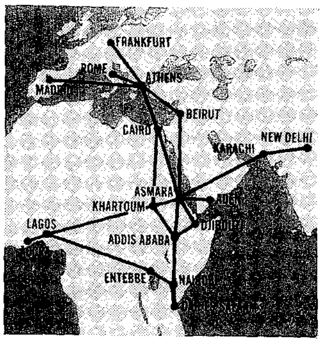

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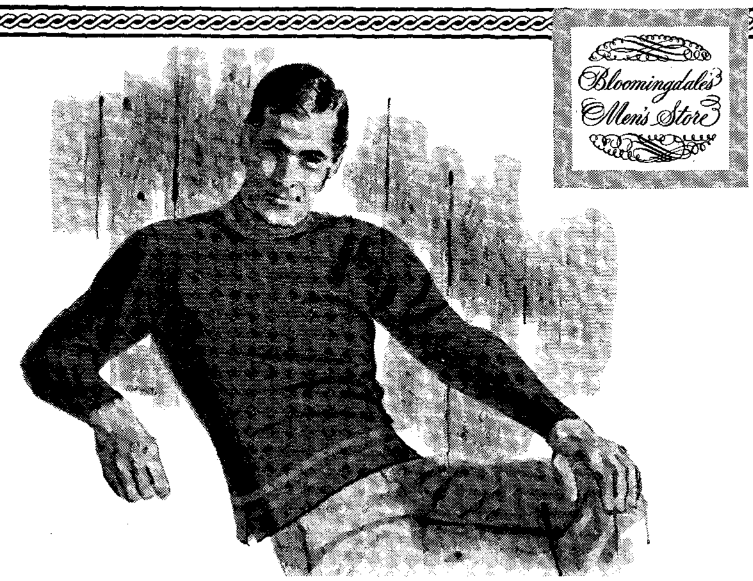
that we stick it out to the end, just in case.

BEFORE I left London, I was able to spend a whole day with Kubrick, starting at about eight-fifteen, when an M-G-M driver picked us up in one of the studio cars. (Kubrick suffers automobiles tolerably well, but he will under almost no circumstances travel by plane, even though he holds a pilot's license and has put in about a hundred and fifty hours in the air, principally around Teterboro Airport; after practicing landings and takeoffs, flying solo cross-country to Albany, and taking his friends up for rides, he lost interest in flying.) Boreham Wood is a little like the area outside Boston that is served by Route 128, for it specializes in electronics companies and precision industry, and the M-G-M studio is hardly distinguishable from the rather antiseptic-looking factories nearby. It consists of ten enormous sound stages concealed in industrial-looking buildings and surrounded by a cluster of carpenter shops, paint shops, office units, and so on. Behind the buildings is a huge lot covered with bits and pieces of other productions—the façade of a French provincial village, the hulk of a Second World War bomber, and other debris. Kubrick's offices are near the front of the complex in a long bungalow structure that houses, in addition to his production staff, a group of youthful model-makers working on large, very detailed models of spacecraft to be used in special-effects photography; Kubrick calls their realm "Santa's Workshop." When we walked into his private office, it seemed to me that the general disorder had grown even more chaotic since my last visit. Tacked to a bulletin board were some costume drawings showing men dressed in odd-looking, almost Edwardian business suits. Kubrick said that the drawings were supposed to be of the business suit of the future and had been submitted by one of the innumerable designers who had been asked to furnish ideas on what men's clothes would look like in thirty-five years. "The problem is to find something that looks different and that might reflect new developments in fabrics but that isn't so far out as to be distracting," Kubrick said. "Certainly buttons will be gone. Even now, there are fabrics that stick shut by themselves."

Just then, Victor Lyndon, Kubrick's associate producer (he was also the associate producer of "Dr. Strangelove" and, most recently, of "Dar-



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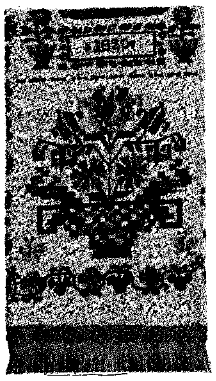
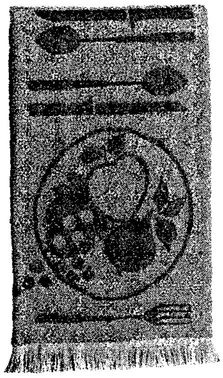


Kitchen Sampler



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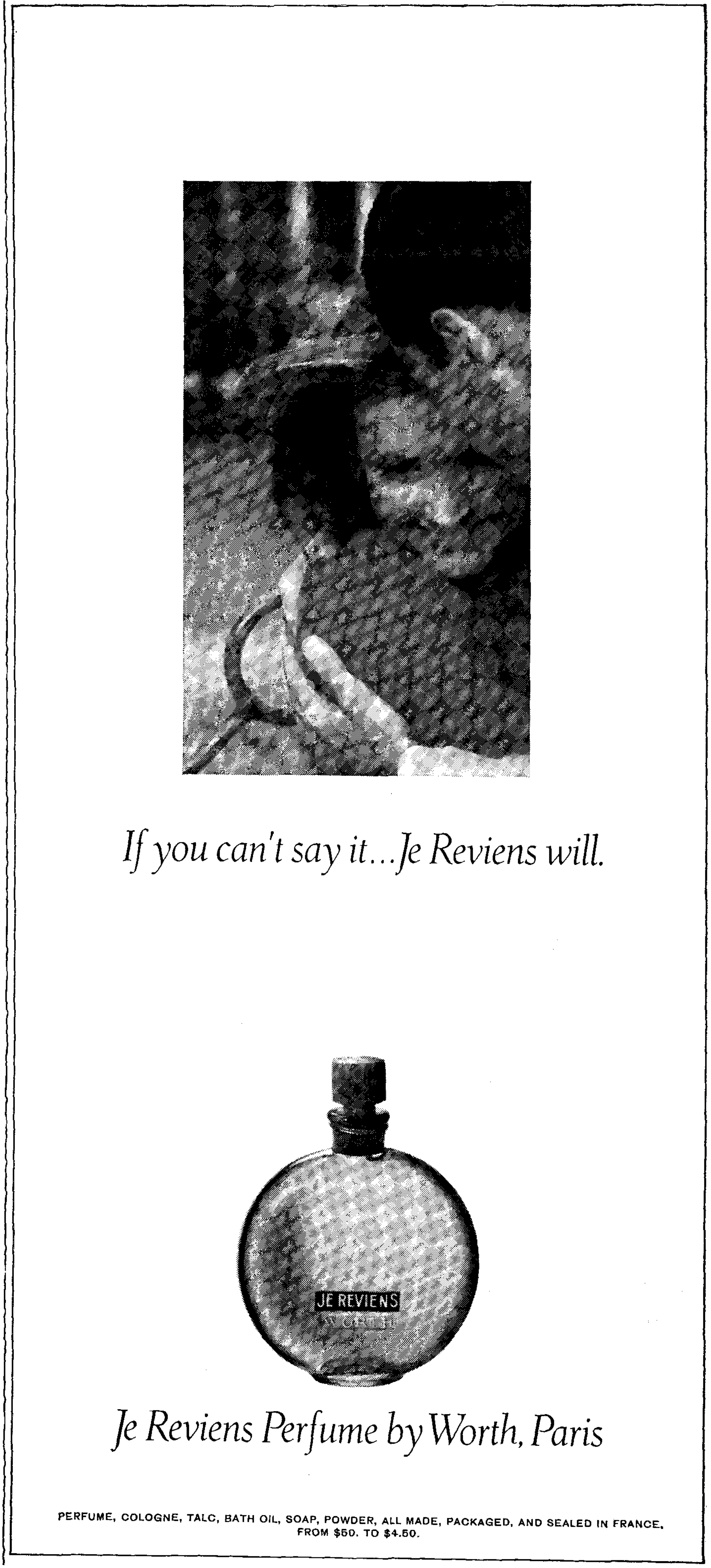
ling"), came in. A trim, athletic-looking man of forty-six, he leans toward the latest "mod" styling in clothes, and he was wearing an elegant green buttonless, self-shutting shirt. He was followed by a young man wearing hair down to his neck, a notably non-shutting shirt, and boots, who was introduced as a brand-new costume designer. (He was set up at a drawing table in Santa's Workshop, but that afternoon he announced that the atmosphere was too distracting for serious work, and left; the well-known British designer Hardy Amies was finally chosen to design the costumes.) Lyndon fished from a manila envelope a number of shoulder patches designed to be worn as identification by the astronauts. (The two principal astronauts in the film were to be played by Keir Dullea, who has starred in "David and Lisa" and "Bunny Lake Is Missing," and Gary Lockwood, a former college-football star and now a television and movie actor.) Kubrick said that the lettering didn't look right, and suggested that the art department make up new patches using actual NASA lettering. He then consulted one of the small notebooks in which he lists all the current production problems, along with the status of their solutions, and announced that he was going to the art department to see how the drawings of the moons of Jupiter were coming along.

The art department, which occupies a nearby building, is presided over by Tony Masters, a tall, Lincolnesque man who was busy working on the Jupiter drawings when we appeared. Kubrick told me that the department, which designs and dresses all sets, was constructing a scale model of the moon, including the back side, which had been photographed and mapped by rocket. Looking over the Jupiter drawings, Kubrick said that the light in them looked a little odd to him, and suggested that Masters have Arthur Clarke check on it that afternoon when he came out from London.

Our next stop was to pick up some papers in the separate office where Kubrick does his writing—a made-over dressing room in a quiet part of the lot. On our way to it, we passed an outbuilding containing a number of big generators; a sign reading "DANGER!—11,500 VOLTS!" was nailed to its door. "Why eleven thousand five *hundred*?" Kubrick said. "Why not twelve thousand? If you put a sign like that in a movie, people would think it was a fake." When we reached the trailer, I could see that it was used as



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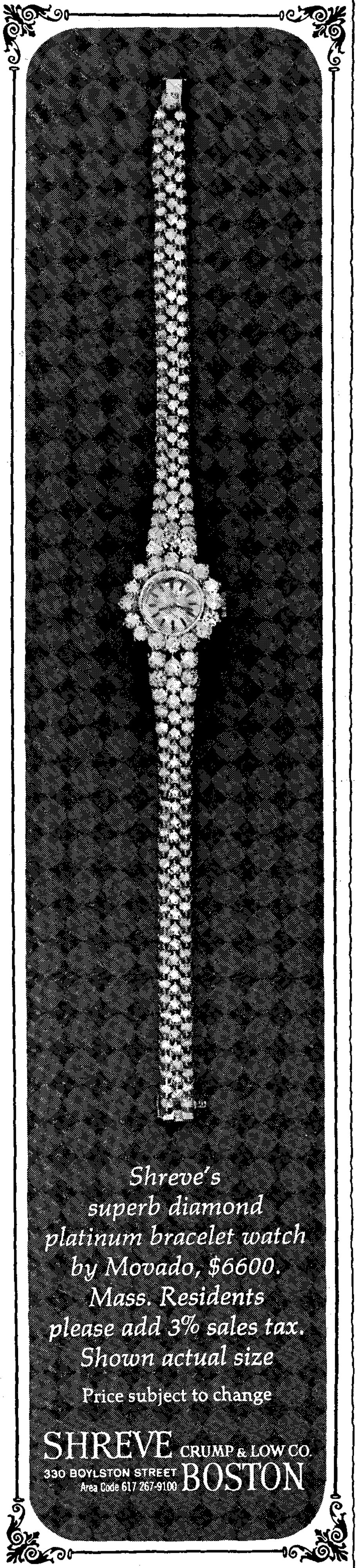

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much for listening as for writing, for in addition to the usual battery of tape recorders (Kubrick writes rough first drafts of his dialogue by dictating into a recorder, since he finds that this gives it a more natural flow) there was a phonograph and an enormous collection of records, practically all of them of contemporary music. Kubrick told me that he thought he had listened to almost every modern composition available on records in an effort to decide what style of music would fit the film. Here, again, the problem was to find something that sounded unusual and distinctive but not so unusual as to be distracting. In the office collection were records by the practitioners of *musique concrète* and electronic music in general, and records of works by the contemporary German composer Carl Orff. In most cases, Kubrick said, film music tends to lack originality, and a film about the future might be the ideal place for a really striking score by a major composer.

We returned to the main office, and lunch was brought in from the commissary. During lunch, Kubrick signed a stack of letters, sent off several cables, and took a long-distance call from California. "At this stage of the game, I feel like the counterman at Katz's delicatessen on Houston Street at lunch hour," he said. "You've hardly finished saying 'Half a pound of corned beef' when he says 'What else?,' and before you can say 'A sliced rye' he's saying 'What else?' again."

I asked whether he ever got things mixed up, and he said rarely, adding that he thought chess playing had sharpened his naturally retentive memory and gift for organization. "With such a big staff, the problem is for people to figure out what they should come to see you about and what they should *not* come to see you about," he went on. "You invariably find your time taken up with questions that aren't important and could have easily been disposed of without your opinion. To offset this, decisions are sometimes taken without your approval that can wind up in frustrating dead ends."

As we were finishing lunch, Victor Lyndon came in with an almanac that listed the average temperature and rainfall all over the globe at every season of the year. "We're looking for a cool desert where we can shoot some sequences during the late spring," Kubrick said. "We've got our eye on a location in Spain, but it might be pretty hot to work in comfortably, and we might have trouble controlling the lighting. If we don't go to Spain, we'll have to build an entirely new set right here. More work for Tony Masters and his artists." (Later, I learned that Kubrick did decide to shoot on location.)

After lunch, Kubrick and Lyndon returned to a long-standing study of the space-suit question. In the film, the astronauts will wear space suits when they are working outside their ships, and Kubrick was very anxious that they should look like the space suits of thirty-five years from now. After numerous consultations with Ordway and other NASA experts, he and Lyndon had finally settled on a design, and now they were studying a vast array of samples of cloth to find one that would look right and photograph well. While this was going on, people were constantly dropping into the office with drawings, models, letters, cables, and various props, such as a model of a lens for one of the telescopes in a spaceship. (Kubrick rejected it because it looked too crude.) At the end of the day, when my head was beginning to spin, someone came by with a wristwatch that the astronauts were going to use on their Jupiter voyage (which Kubrick rejected) and a plastic drinking glass for the moon hotel (which Kubrick thought looked fine). About seven o'clock, Kubrick called for his car, and by eight-thirty he had returned home, put the children to bed, discussed the day's events with his wife, watched a news broadcast on television, telephoned Clarke for a brief discussion of whether nuclear-powered spacecraft would pollute the atmosphere with their exhausts (Clarke said that they certainly would today but that by the time they actually come into use somebody will have figured out what to do about poisonous exhausts), and taken out his chess set. "How about a little game?" he said in a seductive tone that the Master would have envied.

ON December 29, 1965, shooting of the film began, and in early March the company reached the most intricate part of the camerawork, which was to be done in the interior of a giant centrifuge. One of the problems in space travel will be weightlessness. While weightlessness has, because of its novelty, a certain glamour and amuse-

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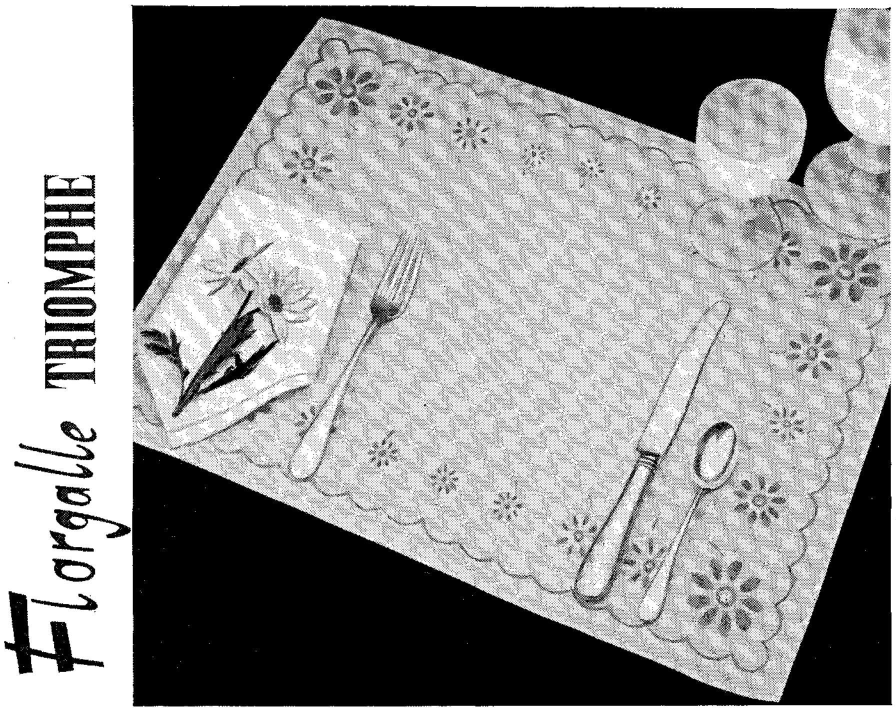

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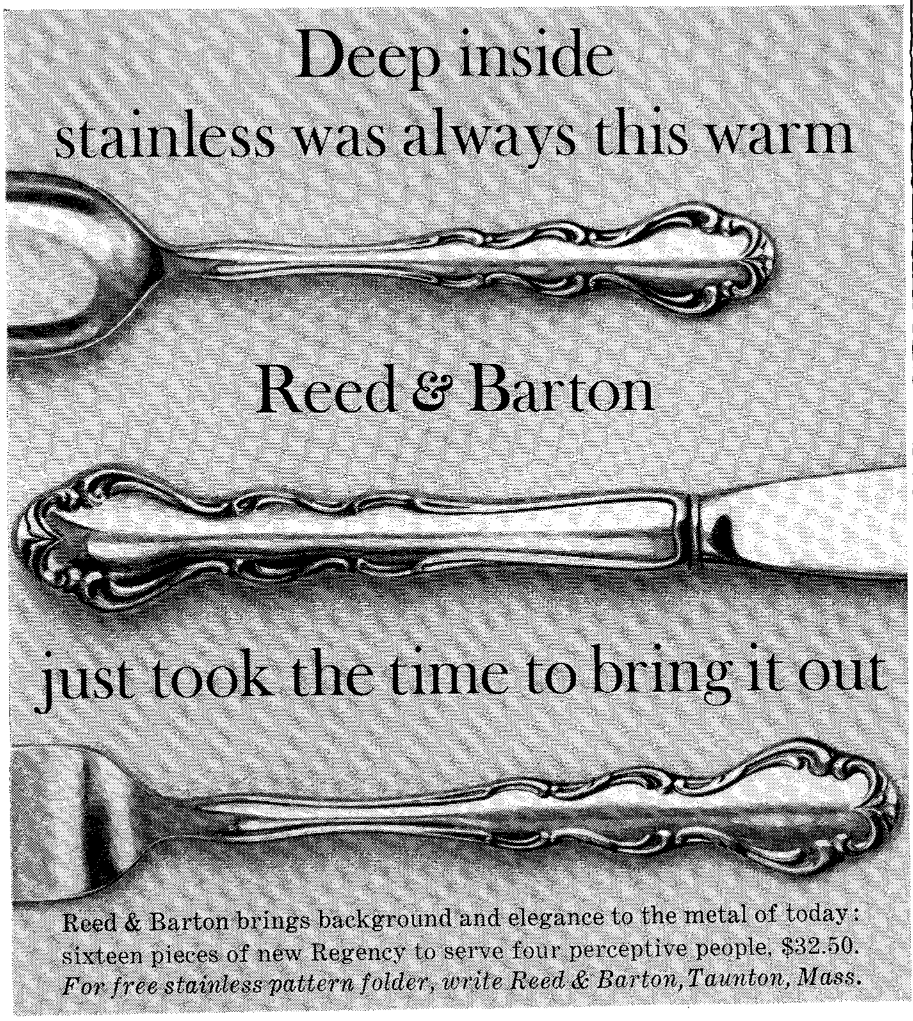
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ment, it would be an extreme nuisance on a long trip, and probably a health hazard as well. Our physical systems have evolved to work against the pull of gravity, and it is highly probable that all sorts of unfortunate things, such as softening of the bones, would result from exposure to weightlessness for months at a time. In addition, of course, nothing stays in place without gravity, and no normal activity is possible unless great care is exercised; the slightest jar can send you hurtling across the cabin. Therefore, many spacecraft designers figure that some sort of artificial gravity will have to be supplied for space travellers. In principle, this is very easy to do. An object on the rim of a wheel rotating at a uniform speed is subjected to a constant force pushing it away from the center, and by adjusting the size of the wheel and the speed of its rotation this centrifugal force can be made to resemble the force of gravity. Having accepted this notion, Kubrick went one step further and commissioned the Vickers Engineering Group to make an actual centrifuge, large enough for the astronauts to live in full time. It took six months to build and cost about three hundred thousand dollars. The finished product looks from the outside like a Ferris wheel thirty-eight feet in diameter and can be rotated at a maximum speed of about three miles an hour. This is not enough to parallel the force of gravity—the equipment inside the centrifuge has to be bolted to the floor—but it has enabled Kubrick to achieve some remarkable photographic effects. The interior, eight feet wide, is fitted out with an enormous computer console, an electronically operated medical dispensary, a shower, a device for taking an artificial sunbath, a recreation area, with a ping-pong table and an electronic piano, and five beds with movable plastic domes—hibernacula, where astronauts who are not on duty can, literally, hibernate for months at a time. (The trip to Jupiter will take two hundred and fifty-seven days.)

I had seen the centrifuge in the early stages of its construction and very much wanted to observe it in action, so I was delighted when chance sent me back to England in the early spring. When I walked through the door of the "2001" set one morning in March, I must say that the scene that presented itself to me was overwhelming. In the middle of the hangarlike stage stood the centrifuge, with cables and lights hanging from every available inch of its steel-girdered superstructure. On the floor to one side

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of its frame was an immense electronic console (not a prop), and, in various places, six microphones and three television receivers. I learned later that Kubrick had arranged a closed-circuit-television system so that he could watch what was going on inside the centrifuge during scenes being filmed when he could not be inside himself. Next to the microphone was an empty canvas chair with "Stanley Kubrick" painted on its back in fading black letters. Kubrick himself was nowhere to be seen, but everywhere I looked there were people, some hammering and sawing, some carrying scripts, some carrying lights. In one corner I saw a woman applying makeup to what appeared to be an astronaut wearing blue coveralls and leather boots. Over a loudspeaker, a pleasantly authoritative English voice—belonging, I learned shortly, to Derek Cracknell, Kubrick's first assistant director—was saying, "Will someone bring the Governor's Polaroid on the double?" A man came up to me and asked how I would like my tea and whom I was looking for, and almost before I could reply "One lump with lemon" and "Stanley Kubrick," led me, in a semi-daze, to an opening at the bottom of the centrifuge. Peering up into the dazzlingly illuminated interior, I spotted Kubrick lying flat on his back on the floor of the machine and staring up through the viewfinder of an enormous camera, in complete concentration. Keir Dullea, dressed in shorts and a white T shirt, and covered by a blue blanket, was lying in an open hibernaculum on the rising curve of the floor. He was apparently comfortably asleep, and Kubrick was telling him to wake up as simply as possible. "Just open your eyes," he said. "Let's not have any stirring, yawning, and rubbing."

One of the lights burned out, and while it was being fixed, Kubrick unwound himself from the camera, spotted me staring openmouthed at the top of the centrifuge, where the furniture of the crew's dining quarters was fastened to the ceiling, and said, "Don't worry—that stuff is bolted down." Then he motioned to me to come up and join him.

No sooner had I climbed into the centrifuge than Cracknell, who turned out to be a cheerful and all but imperturbable youthful-looking man in tennis shoes (all the crew working in the centrifuge were wearing tennis shoes, not only to keep from slipping but to help them climb the steeply curving sides; indeed, some of them were working while clinging to the bolted-down fur-

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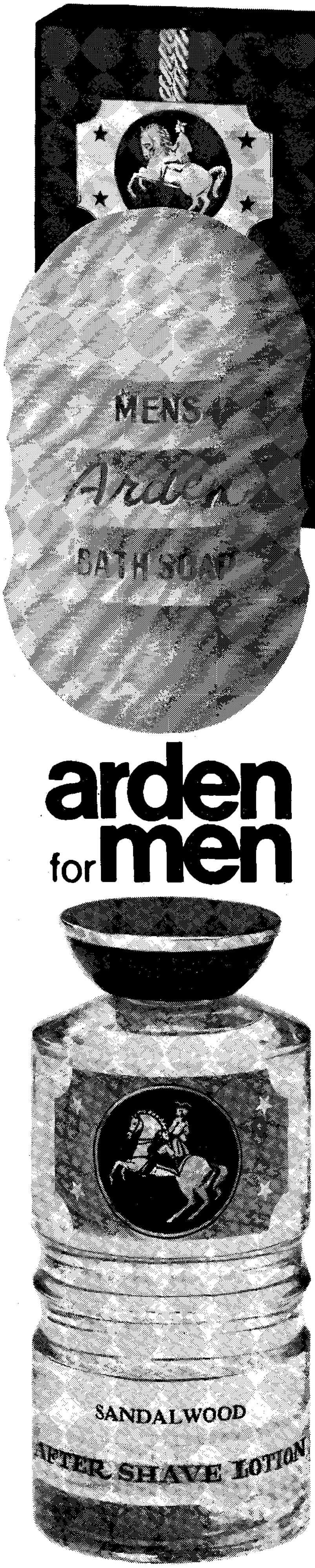

niture halfway up the wall), said, "Here's your Polaroid, Guv," and handed Kubrick the camera. I asked Kubrick what he needed the Polaroid for, and he explained that he used it for checking subtle lighting effects for color film. He and the director of photography, Geoffrey Unsworth, had worked out a correlation between how the lighting appeared on the instantly developed Polaroid film and the settings on the movie camera. I asked Kubrick if it was customary for movie directors to participate so actively in the photographing of a movie, and he said succinctly that he had never watched any other movie director work.

The light was fixed, and Kubrick went back to work behind the camera. Keir Dullea was reinstalled in his hibernaculum and the cover rolled shut. "You better take your hands from under the blanket," Kubrick said. Kelvin Pike, the camera operator, took Kubrick's place behind the camera, and Cracknell called for quiet. The camera began to turn, and Kubrick said, "Open the hatch." The top of the hibernaculum slid back with a whirring sound, and Keir Dullea woke up, without any stirring, yawning, or rubbing. Kubrick, playing the part of the solicitous computer, started feeding him lines.

"Good morning," said Kubrick. "What do you want for breakfast?"

"Some bacon and eggs would be fine," Dullea answered simply.

Later, Kubrick told me that he had engaged an English actor to read the computer's lines in the serious dramatic scenes, in order to give Dullea and Lockwood something more professional to play against, and that in the finished film he would dub in an American-accented voice. He and Dullea went through the sequence four or five times, and finally Kubrick was satisfied with what he had. Dullea bounced out of his hibernaculum, and I asked him whether he was having a good time. He said he was getting a great kick out of all the tricks and gadgets, and added, "This is a happy set, and that's something."

When Kubrick emerged from the centrifuge, he was immediately surrounded by people. "Stanley, there's a black pig outside for you to look at," Victor Lyndon was saying. He led the way outside, and, sure enough, in a large truck belonging to an animal trainer was an enormous jet-black pig. Kubrick poked it, and it gave a suspicious grunt.

"The pig looks good," Kubrick said to the trainer.

"I can knock it out with a tranquil-

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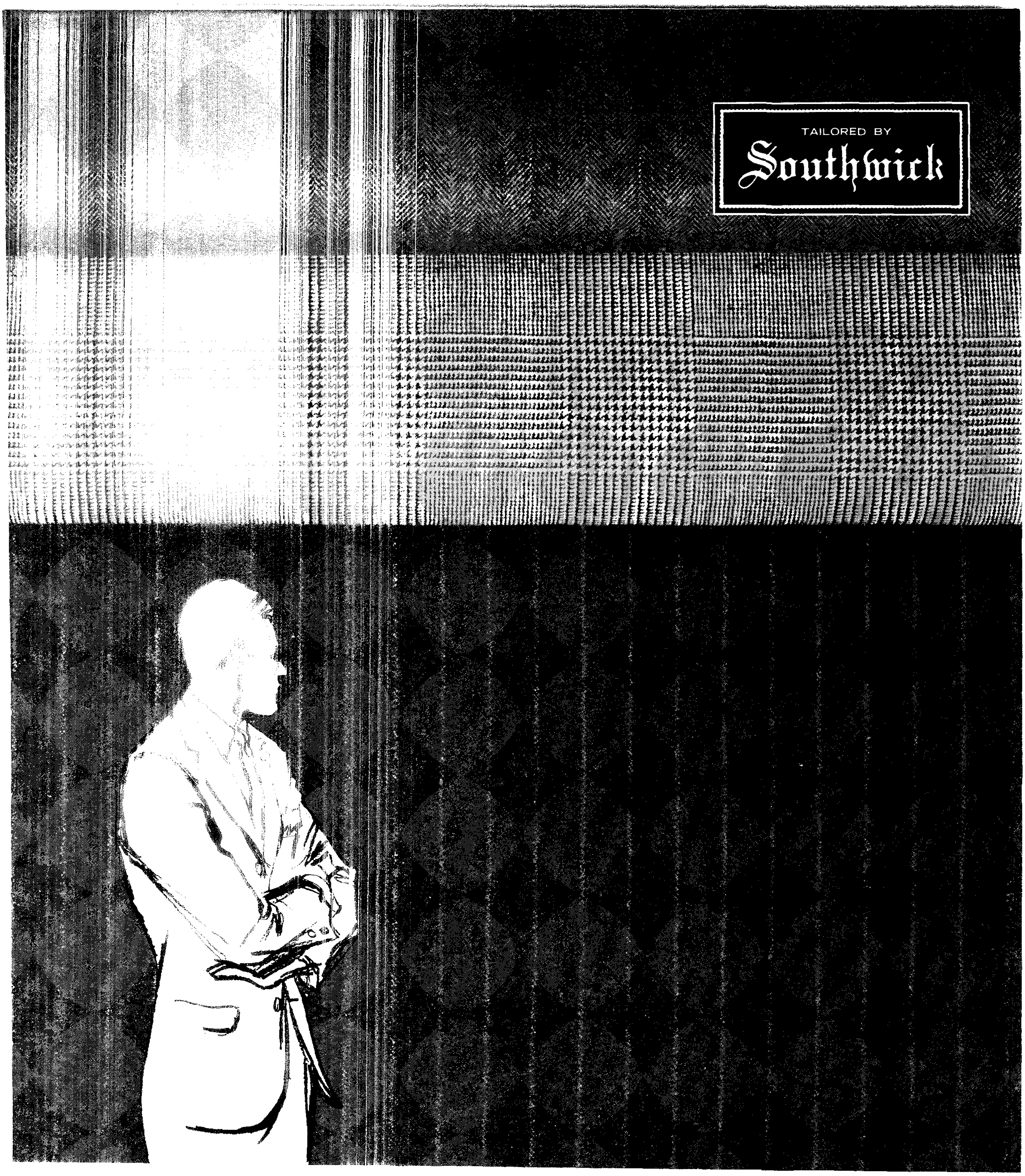

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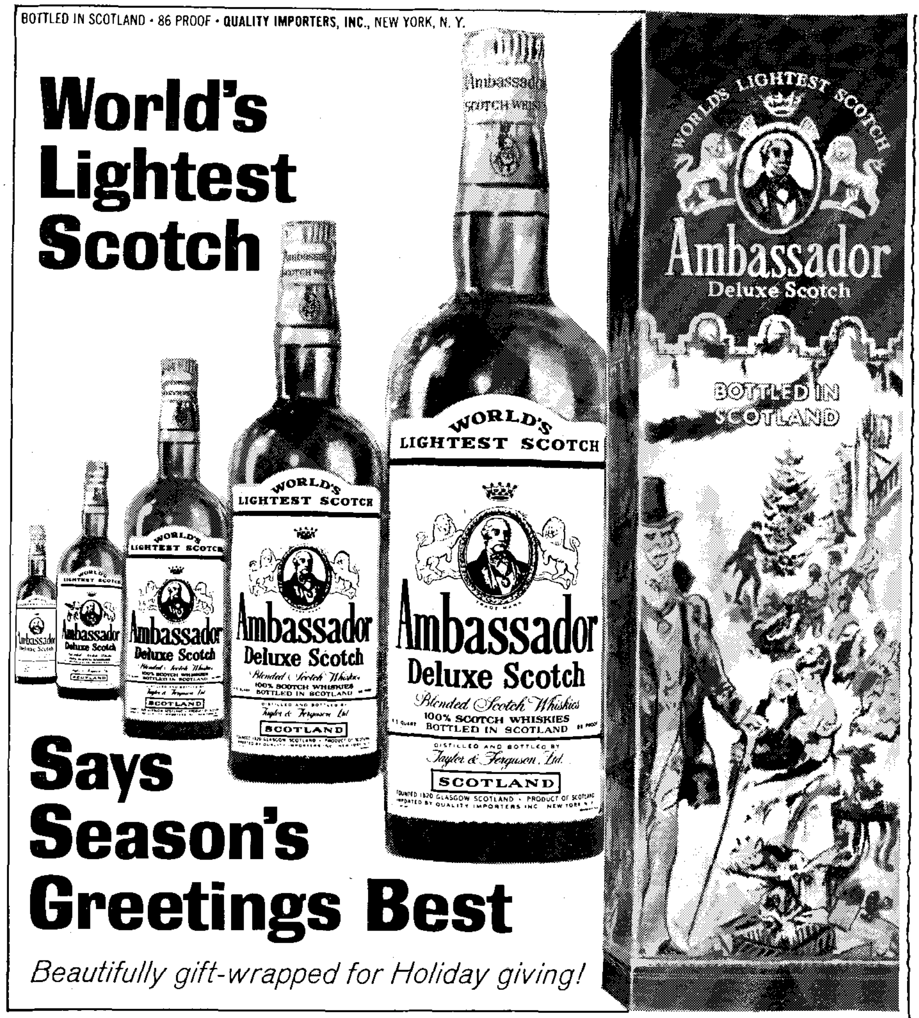
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lizer for the scenes when it's supposed to be dead," the trainer said.

"Can you get any tapirs or anteaters?" Kubrick asked.

The trainer said that this would not be an insuperable problem, and Kubrick explained to me, "We're going to use them in some scenes about prehistoric man."

At this point, a man carrying a stuffed lion's head approached and asked Kubrick whether it would be all right to use.

"The tongue looks phony, and the eyes are only marginal," Kubrick said, heading for the set. "Can somebody fix the tongue?"

Back on the set, he climbed into his blue trailer. "Maybe the company can get back some of its investment selling guided tours of the centrifuge," he said. "They might even feature a ride on it." He added that the work in the machine was incredibly slow, because it took hours to rearrange all the lights and cameras for each new sequence. Originally, he said, he had planned on a hundred and thirty days of shooting for the main scenes, but the centrifuge sequences had slowed them down by perhaps a week. "I take advantage of every delay and breakdown to go off by myself and think," he said. "Something like playing chess when your opponent takes a long time over his next move."

At one o'clock, just before lunch, many of the crew went with Kubrick to a small projection room near the set to see the results of the previous day's shooting. The most prominent scene was a brief one that showed Gary Lockwood exercising in the centrifuge, jogging around its interior and shadowboxing to the accompaniment of a Chopin waltz—picked by Kubrick because he felt that an intelligent man in 2001 might choose Chopin for doing exercise to music. As the film appeared on the screen, Lockwood was shown jogging around the complete interior circumference of the centrifuge, which appeared to me to defy logic as well as physics, since when he was at the top he would have needed suction cups on his feet to stay glued to the floor. I asked Kubrick how he had achieved this effect, and he said he was definitely, absolutely not going to tell me. As the scene went on, Kubrick's voice could be heard on the sound track, rising over the Chopin: "Gain a little on the camera, Gary! . . . Now a flurry of lefts and rights! . . . A little more vicious!" After the film had run its course, Kubrick appeared quite pleased with

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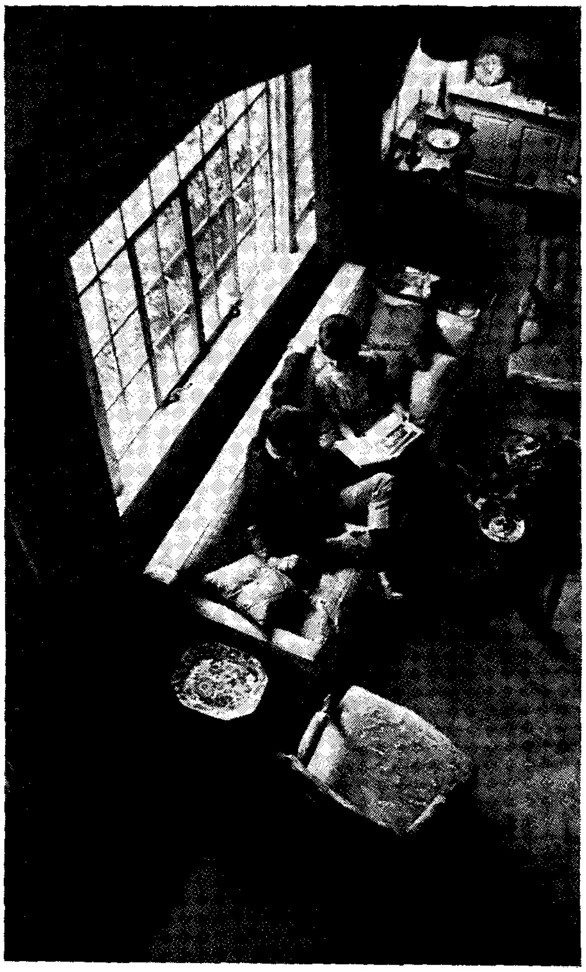

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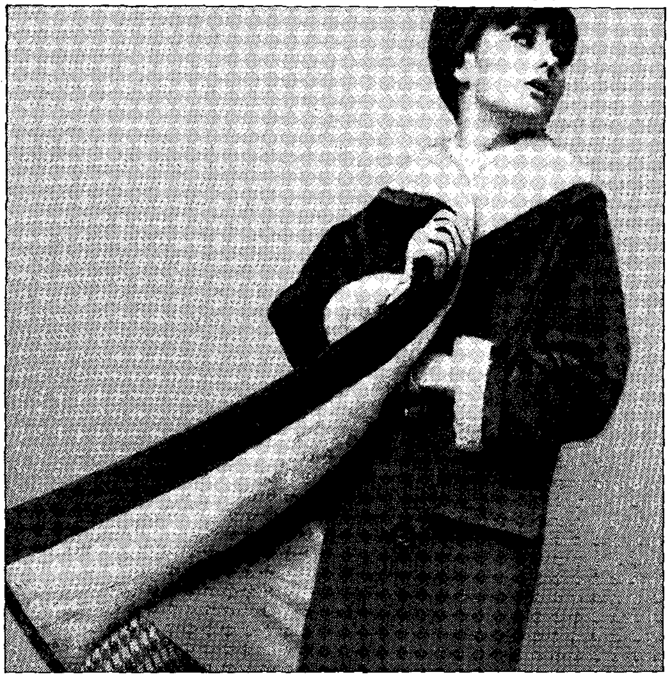

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the results, remarking, "It's nice to get two minutes of usable film after two days of shooting."

Later that afternoon, I had a chance to see a publicity short made up of some of the most striking material so far filmed for "2001." There were shots of the space station, with people looking out of the windows at the earth wheeling in the distance; there was an incredible sequence, done in red, showing a hostess on a moon rocket appearing to walk on the ceiling of the spaceship; there was a solemn procession of astronauts trudging along on the surface of the moon. The colors and the effects were extremely impressive.

WHEN I got back to the set, I found Kubrick getting ready to leave for the day. "Come around to the house tomorrow," he said. "I'll be working at home, and maybe we can get in a little game. I still think you're a complete potzer. But I can't understand what happens every fifth game."

He had been keeping track of our games in a notebook, and the odd pattern of five had indeed kept reappearing. The crucial tenth game had been a draw, and although I had lost the fifteenth, even Kubrick admitted that he had had an amazingly close call. As for the games that had not been multiples of five, they had been outright losses for me. We had now completed nineteen games, and I could sense Kubrick's determination to break the pattern.

The next morning, I presented myself at the Kubricks' house, in Hertfordshire, just outside London, which they have rented until "2001" is finished. It is a marvellous house and an enormous one, with two suits of armor in one of the lower halls, and rooms all over the place, including a panelled billiard room with a big snooker table. Christiane has fixed up one room as a painting studio, and Kubrick has turned another into an office, filled with the inevitable tape recorders and cameras. They moved their belongings from New York in ninety numbered dark-green summer-camp trunks bought from Boy Scout headquarters—the only sensible way of moving, Kubrick feels. The house is set in a lovely bit of English countryside, near a rest home for horses, where worthy old animals are sent to live out their declining years in tranquillity. Heating the house poses a major problem. It has huge picture windows, and Arthur Clarke's brother Fred, who is a heating engineer, has pointed out to Kubrick that glass con-

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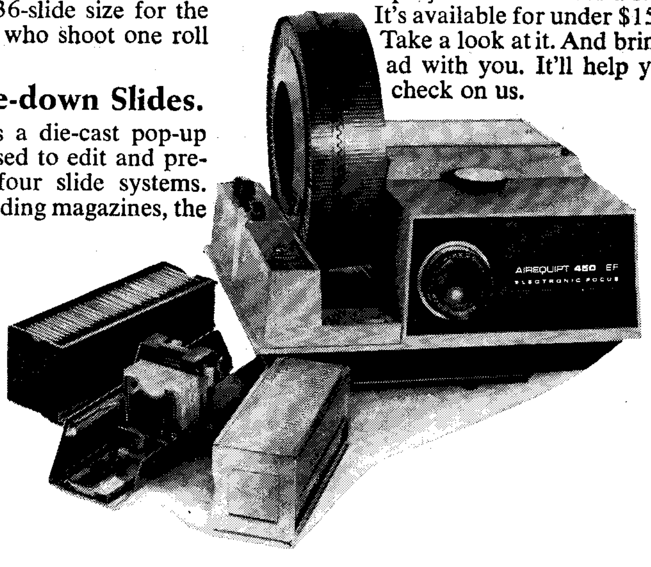

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ducts heat so effectively that he would not be much worse off (except for the wind) if the glass in the windows were removed entirely. The season had produced a tremendous cold spell, and in addition to using electric heaters in every corner of the rooms, Kubrick had acquired some enormous thick blue bathrobes, one of which he lent me. Thus bundled up, we sat down at the inevitable chessboard at ten in the morning for our twentieth game, which I proceeded to win on schedule. "I can't understand it," Kubrick said. "I know you are a potzer, so why are you winning these fifth games?"

A tray of sandwiches was brought in for lunch, and we sat there in our blue bathrobes like two figures from Bergman's "The Seventh Seal," playing on and taking time out only to munch a sandwich or light an occasional cigar. The children, who had been at a birthday party, dropped in later in the day in their party dresses to say hello, as did Christiane, but the games went on. I lost four in a row, and by late afternoon it was time for the twenty-fifth game, which, Kubrick announced, would settle the matter once and for all. We seesawed back and forth until I thought I saw a marvellous chance for a coup. I made as if to take off one of Kubrick's knights, and Kubrick clutched his brow dramatically, as though in sharp pain. I then made the move ferociously, picking off the knight, and Kubrick jumped up from the table.

"I knew you were a potzer! It was a trap!" he announced triumphantly, grabbing my queen from the board.

"I made a careless mistake," I moaned.

"No, you didn't," he said. "You were hustled. You didn't realize that I'm an actor, too."

It was the last chess game we have had a chance to play, but I did succeed in beating him once at snooker.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

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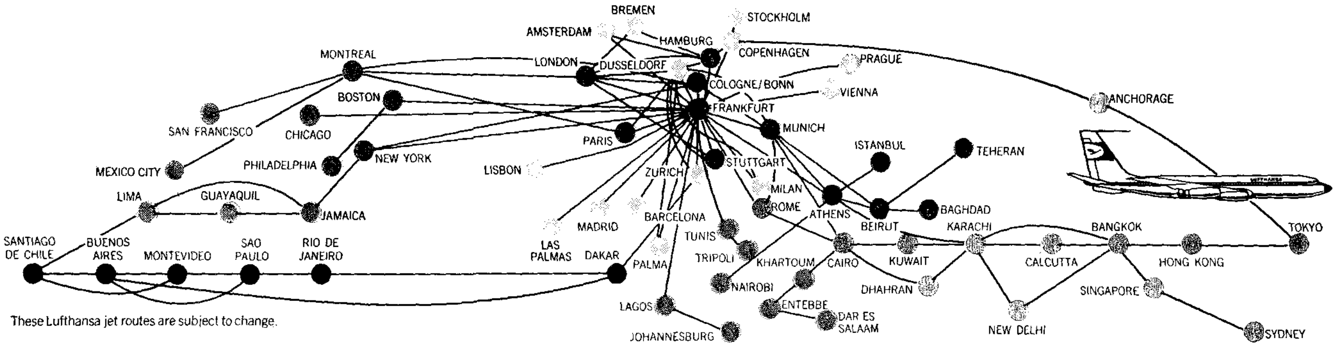
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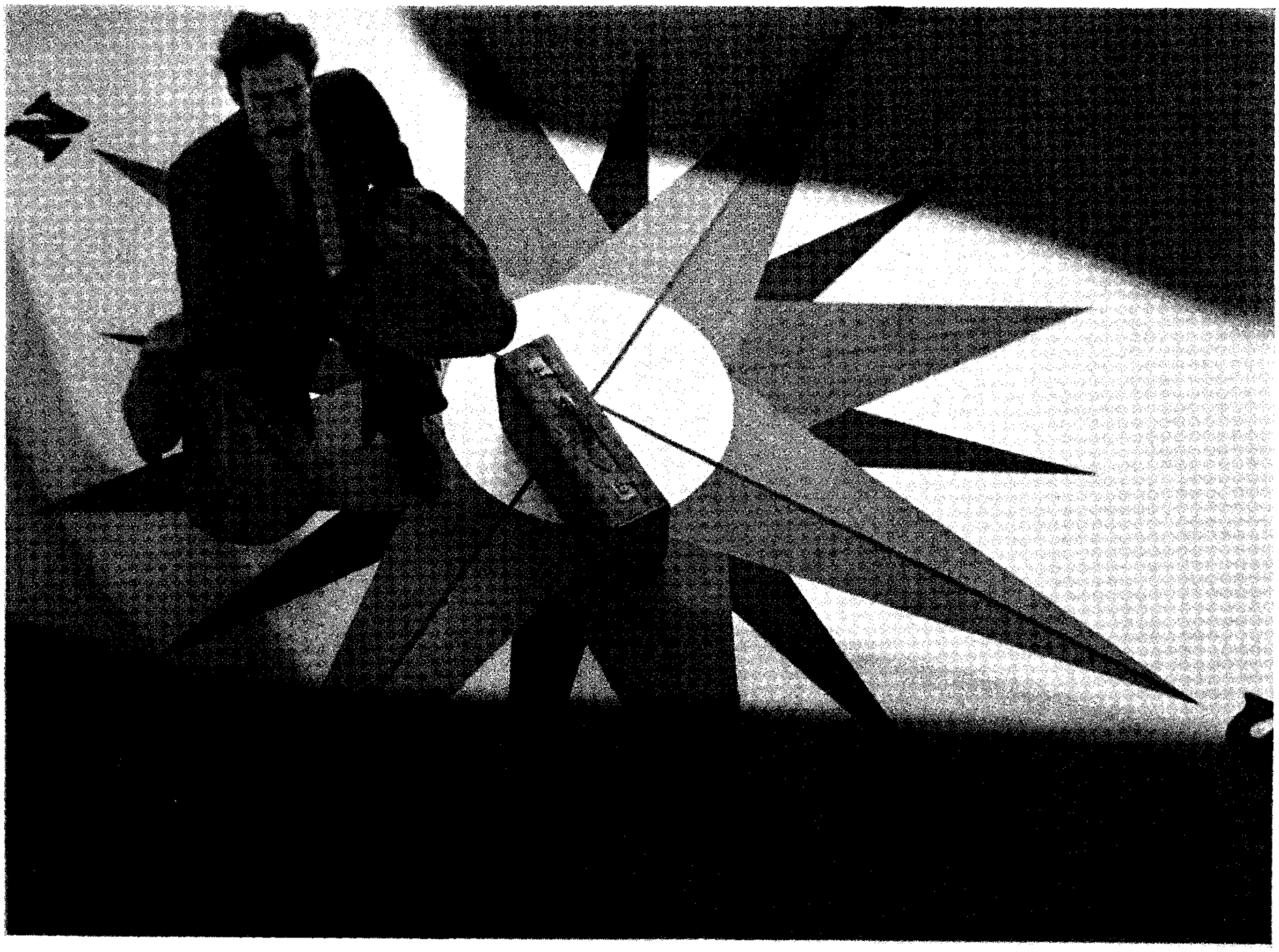

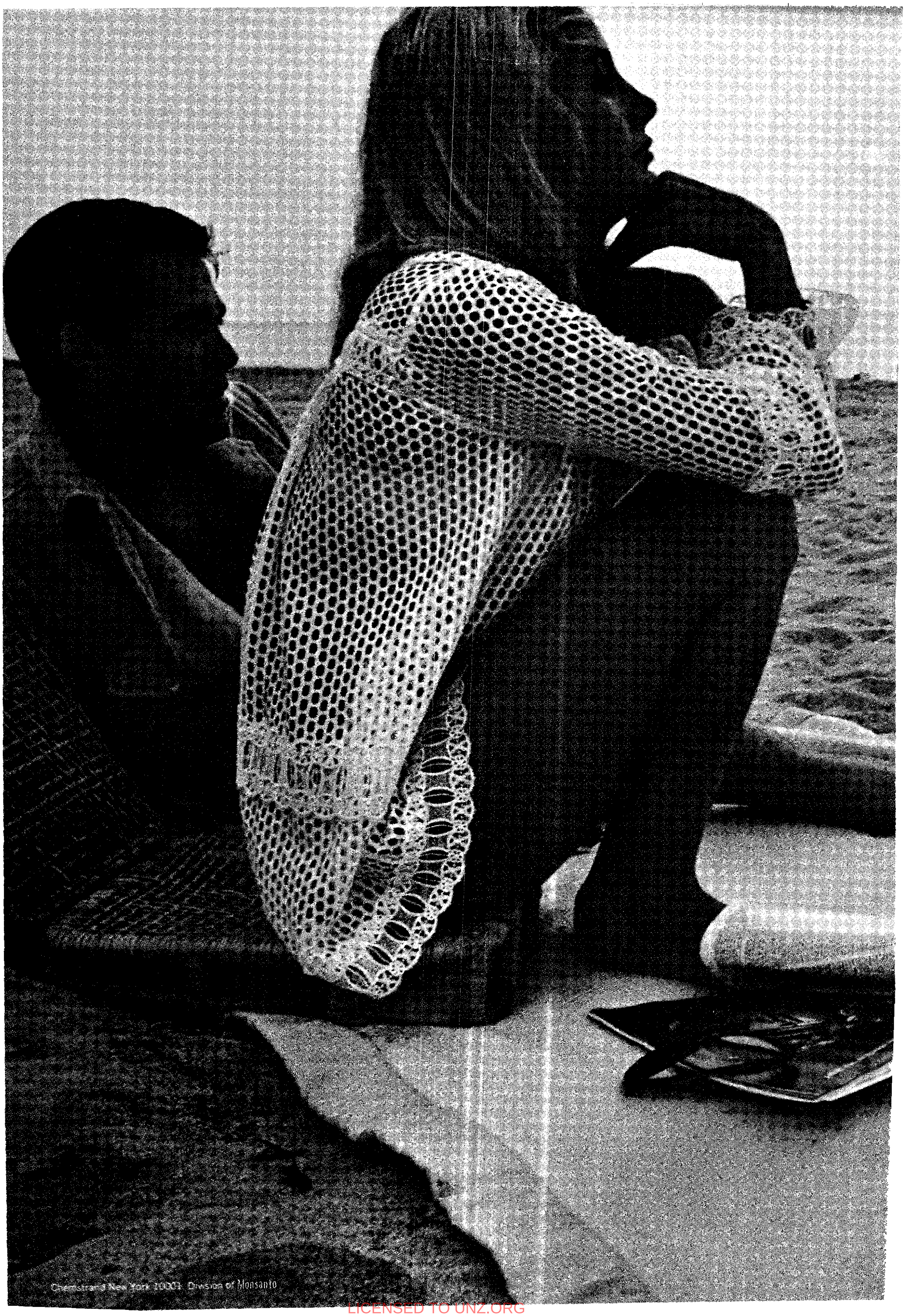

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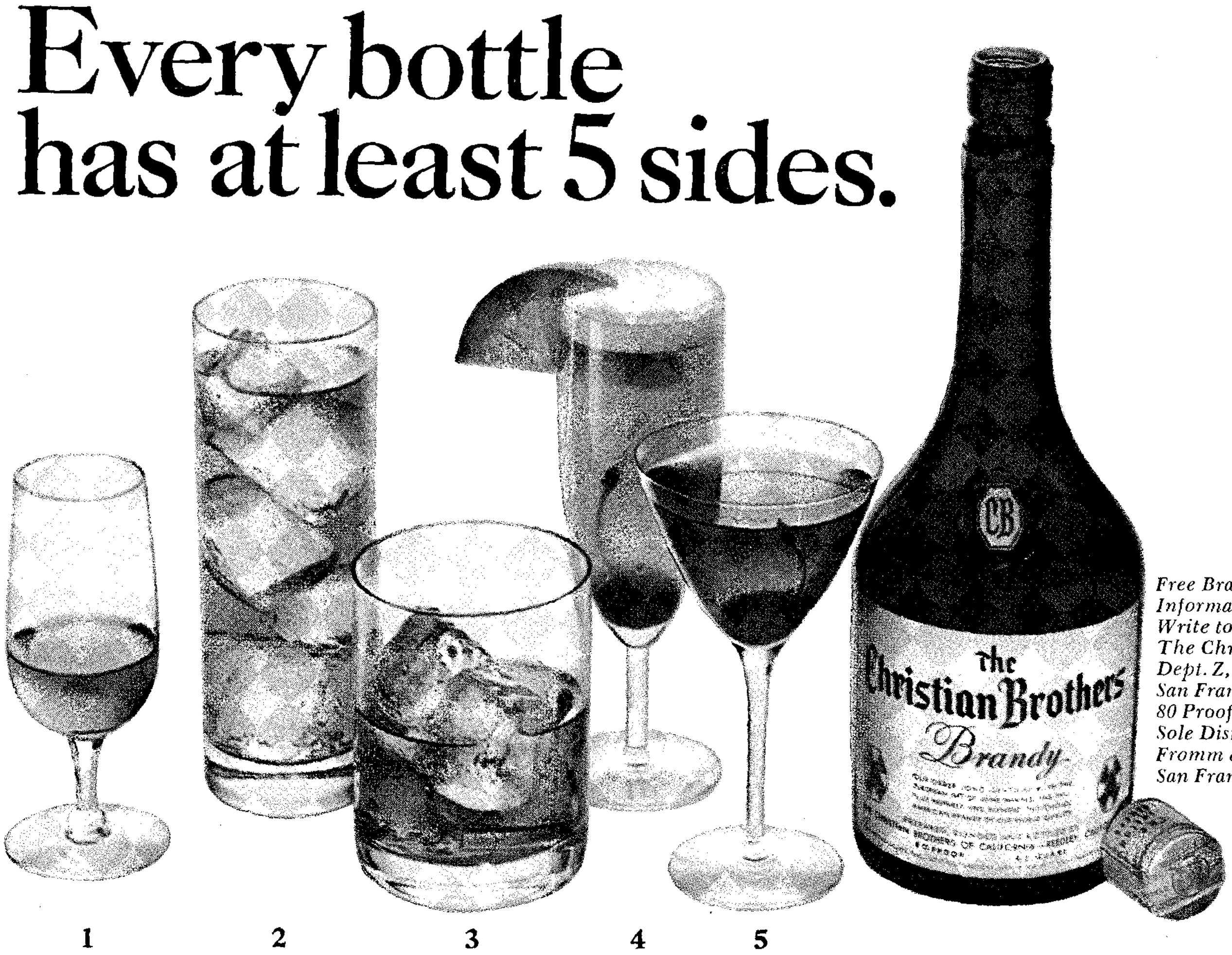

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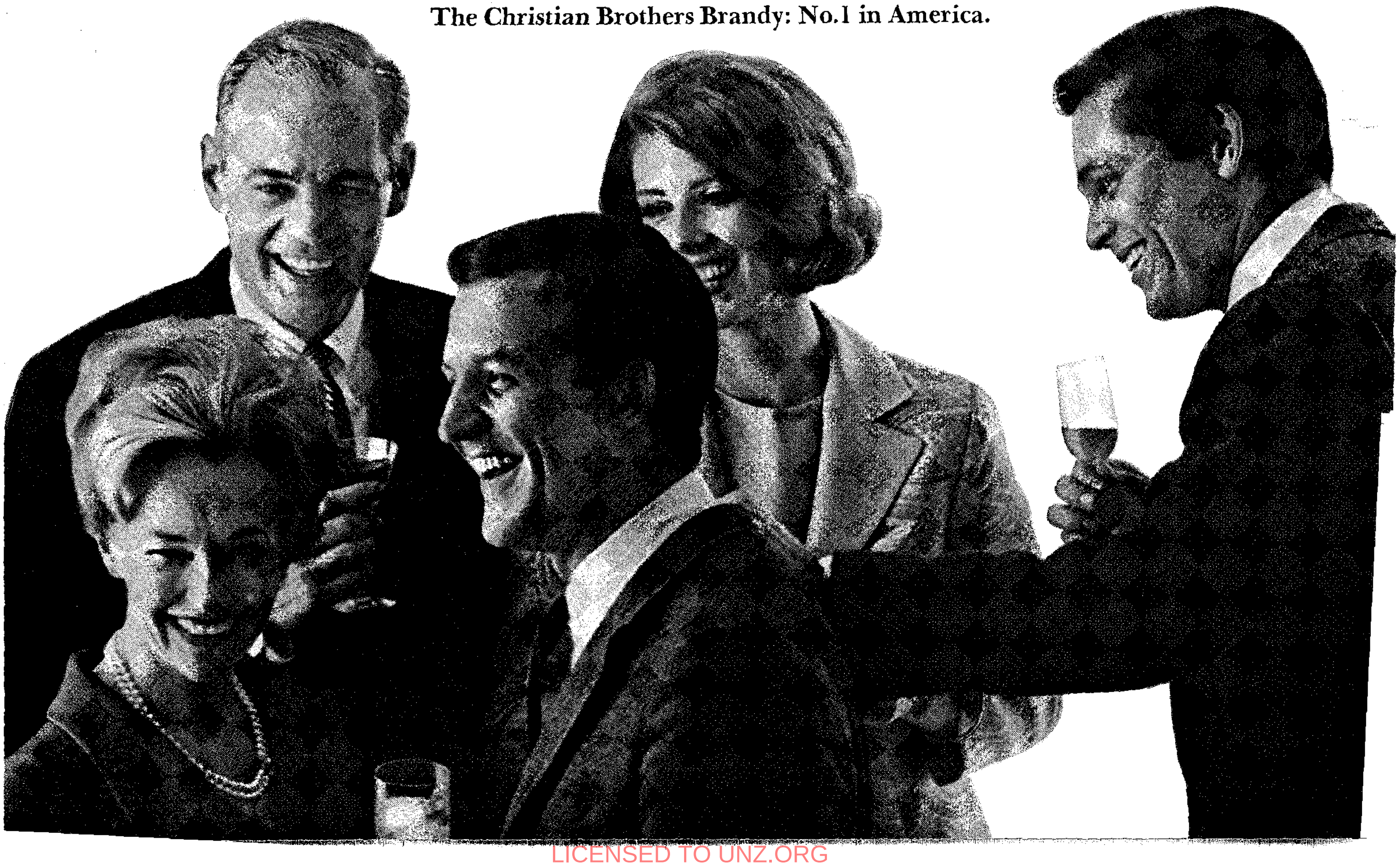
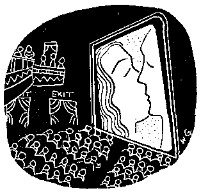


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dead End

"CUL-DE-SAC," the latest work from the hand of the brilliant young director Roman Polanski, is the quintessence of fashionable, phony movie-making, and I am all the more impatient with it because of my admiration for Mr. Polanski's "Knife in the Water," which enjoyed a deserved success here a couple of years ago. His first feature-length movie, shot in his native Poland and having the benefit of a brusque, continuously exciting plot, "Knife in the Water" concerned a test of strength between an aging intellectual and a tough young hitchhiker, with the intellectual's sullen, voluptuous wife as a possible prize; the test, conducted mainly in terms of a weekend sail on a remote Polish lake, gave the director an opportunity to deal with some of the oldest and most imperious emotions we know—fear, lust, rage, and jealousy—which he depicted with insouciant conviction, as if, despite their humble origins in prehistory, they were still worth paying strict attention to. The most notable thing about Polanski's second movie, "Repulsion," which he made in England, was a lessening of this conviction. Like Hitchcock, and perhaps in homage to him, Polanski shifted his attention from the emotions of his characters to the emotions of his audience; he was plainly out to shock us at any cost, and the cost proved high. The heroine of "Repulsion" was a pretty girl who skittered hysterically away from any promise of a sexual relation, but we never learned why, the significant action of the movie having taken place before the movie began. Polanski cavalierly pretended to provide a clue to her madness by ending the movie with a stop-shot of a faded family photograph, in which the girl stares woebegonely out at us, already a victim. But a victim of what? Of whom? The family photograph is no "Rosebud"—indeed, it compounds the cheat of the movie by affecting to explain everything and explaining nothing.

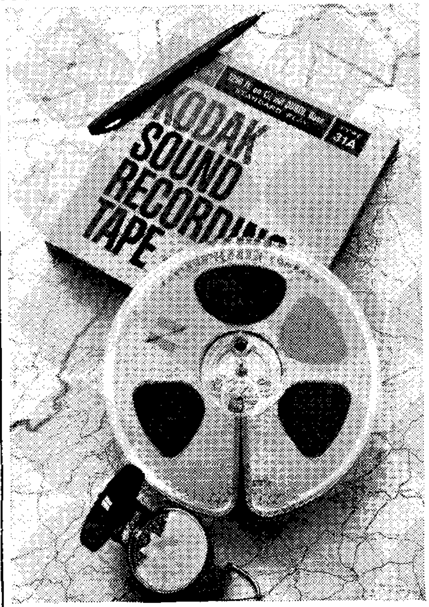


In "Cul-de-Sac," also made in England, the lack of conviction is complete. A slick, gaudily Gothic movie, it seems bent on making our flesh creep, but not through the manipulation, however perverse, of any recognizable human emotion. The setting is an ancient castle on the Northumberland coast owned by an ugly, bald, middle-aged homosexual. He is married to a beautiful French girl, whose notion of connubial bliss appears to consist of dressing her husband up in one of her nightgowns and rouging and powdering his dreadful face. To the castle come a grizzled American gangster and a Cockney colleague, who soon dies. The American holds the couple captive; while the husband whimpers and flutters cravenly about, the wife feeds him and the gangster bottle after bottle of homemade vodka. The authors of the screenplay are Gerald Brach and Polanski, and the contempt they feel for us is remarkably frank. Nothing is so preposterous that they do not count on us to swallow it; gross absurdity is piled on gross absurdity—our fault if we choke. Why has the homosexual married the girl? Why, more important, has she married him? What is an American gangster doing in Northumberland? What job have he and his colleague just pulled off, or failed to pull off? Why do they appear to be starving? Why does the colleague die? But to ask such questions of "Cul-de-Sac" is to irritate oneself in vain. The movie is scintillating claptrap, and I can't help feeling that it would be as heartless of us to admire the scintillation as it was heartless of Brach and Polanski to invent the claptrap.

The chief performers in this odious freak show are Donald Pleasence, Lionel Stander, and Françoise Dorléac. Pleasence and Stander overact outrageously, and Miss Dorléac provides a certain balance by not troubling to act at all.

TWO other movies that you will do well not to see are "The Liquidator," with Rod Taylor and Trevor Howard, and "Not With *My* Wife, You Don't!," with Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi, and George C. Scott. The former is still another hopped-up melodrama of international intrigue, played for laughs that never come, and the latter is what is called, I believe, a sex comedy. It was produced, directed, and in part written by Norman Panama, and it has no sex and is not comic. Poor Mr. Scott must often have wished he were back in "The Bible," quarrelling with God and giving Isaac the scare of his young life.

—BRENDAN GILL



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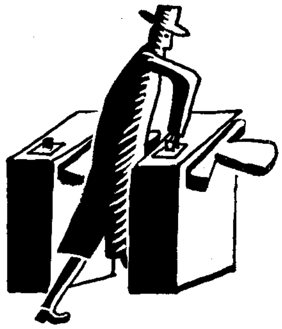
OTHER EVENTS

Selling Something

SUB-ADULT mystics, under-educated cynics, doctrinaire propagandists, and pop philosophers have this in common: they like to think and talk of paradox. Not the Existential, or logical, paradox that has haunted the twentieth-century mind. Not any genuine paradox at all. But a kind of muzzy half truth—with a heady whiff of portent—that conceals a simple failure to distinguish between levels of discourse. Boredom is the state of utmost fascination. The ultimate plan is to be completely random. The form of the creative work is to be entirely indeterminate. The facts are irrelevant to the real truth of the matter. The audience is the performance. Even, the medium is the message. All these are ideas that it can be useful or amusing to entertain at the level of metaphor. Taken at all literally, however, they belong beside earnest efforts to overhear one hand clapping or to find a married bachelor. They involve a serious misunderstanding of the way language works. A sign that you have met a dealer in false paradox (usually a kind of walking absurdity himself—a proselytizing Nihilist or a publicity man from the Underground) is not merely that he trots out an entire repertory of pseudo-enigmas, while you are bored. Should you take the trouble to argue, should you demolish his position—top to bottom, root and feather, in every detail—then, *then* he will draw himself up to his full intellectual height. "That," he will say, with a look of truly imbecile condescension, "is the whole point." This is, of course, the moment to leave him and find more interesting company—which is what most people do, and which is why the paying audience at such events as the recent "9 Evenings: Theatre and Engineering," at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, is small. All nine evenings were grounded, one way or another, in false paradox; all were dull—poor in invention and shoddy in execution; and all were attended by the sort of audience for whom "That is the whole point" constitutes a crushing rejoinder to any argument.



The first evening consisted of "Physical Things," by Steve Paxton, in which the "performance" was the audience's entry into the Armory by way of an inflated plastic bag, a series of plastic tunnels, and a plastic tower ("This piece," the author wrote in the program notes, "is not an airplane, is pretty much the opposite of an airplane, but much of the rest of it is analogous"); "Grass Field," by Alex Hay, in which the performer (Mr. Hay), whose body was wired for sound to be broadcast to the audience, distributed some peach-colored bedsheets about the floor and then, with the help of an assistant dressed in a peach-colored suit and a peach-colored shirt, gathered them up again ("The work activity is the random placement of 100 numbered six-foot squares"); and "Solo," by Deborah Hay, in which dancers took up positions on and off carts that were operated by remote control (" 'Solo' is a white, even, clear event in space. . . . I am interested in creating a middle ground between seeing and not seeing").

The second evening consisted of "Open Score," by Robert Rauschenberg, in which a tennis game, played with rackets wired for light and for sound, caused lights to go off until, in complete darkness, a number of performers gathered and were projected to the audience on three television screens ("The conflict of not being able to see an event that is taking place right in front of one except through a reproduction is the sort of double exposure of action. A screen of light and a screen of darkness"), and "Bandoneon!," by David Tudor, in which noises played on a bandoneon were translated electronically into blobs on a television screen (" 'Bandoneon!' uses no composing means; when activated, it composes itself out of its own composite instrumental nature"). On later evenings, there were five more pieces, by Yvonne Ranier, John Cage, Lucinda Childs, Robert Whitman, and Oyvind Fahlstrom, which were described by their authors in program notes of a similar intellectual quality. Normally, it would be unfair to hold artists accountable for what they say about their work, since exposition and criticism are not the artist's medium. But these statements actually *constituted* the works in question. For the

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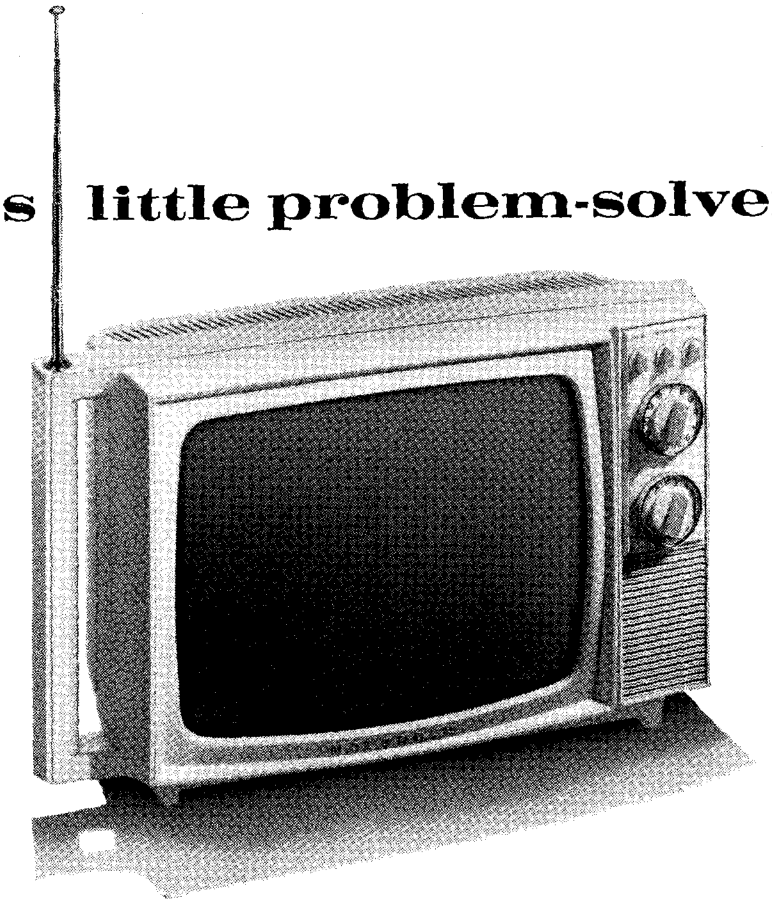

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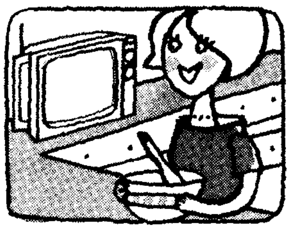

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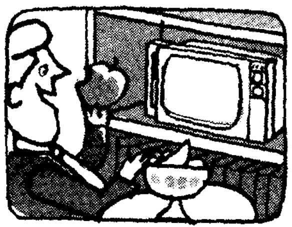

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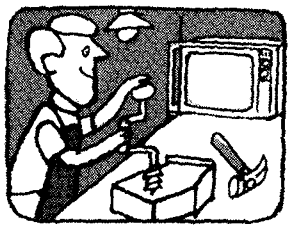
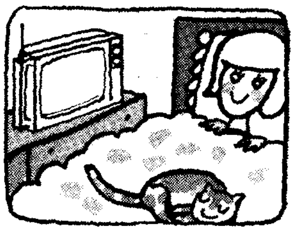
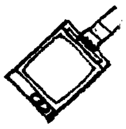


Workroom apprentice



Late-show entertainer



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rest, they relied upon technical gadgetry (which, despite pretentious descriptions by the engineers and fawning tributes from the artists, was not very sophisticated to begin with and did not, in any case, work) and felicitous accidents (of which there were, in the course of the nine evenings, none). It could be argued that the statements—and the performances, too—were presented in a mood of irony. But someone's witless ironies are hardly worth the price of admission, and irony as a blanket excuse for tedium, incompetence, and graceless nonchalance begins to rank with the argument from the whole point. No. It became clear as each work was performed a first and then a second time that something quite distinct from philosophy or theatre (or, for that matter, engineering) was being staged at the Armory—and drawing its own special little audience.

The First Armory Show (and other *succès de scandale*, like Marcel Duchamp's historic urinal) seems to have created a permanent cadre of viewers, critics, and collectors determined never to be caught again outside the swim of art. They are marked by a terrible anxiety to ferret out the New (as others, of the opposite turn of mind, seek out antiques), as though everything were not in some sense new, while values are expressed in other terms. But an audience whose judgment is steeped in overeager avant-gardism and numbed by the Kahlil Gibrans of false paradox becomes submissive to performers in some very curious ways. There was, for instance, the seating in the Armory itself: all the center tiers, front to back, comprising by far the best third of the house, were allotted to "the press." This arrangement reflected a quite common set of pop priorities (one's name in print, regardless of the circumstances: life's purest joy) and one of the more fashionable false equations (bad notices: the highest accolade). It also reflected an attitude toward the paying audience, which could hardly see. Then, bland and flaccid though the performances may have been, it soon appeared that there was considerable lust for mayhem in them. They had a character at once soft, shapeless, and incongruously vicious—like an enraged bread pudding or a feral pulp. The audience, entering so docilely through those plastic bags, submitting to interminable pauses and interminably repeated exercises, yielded from the first to the authors' whims and predilections. Thereafter, the pulp that was performed exercised its power over the pulp that watched. Inflicting the amplified sounds of a performer's

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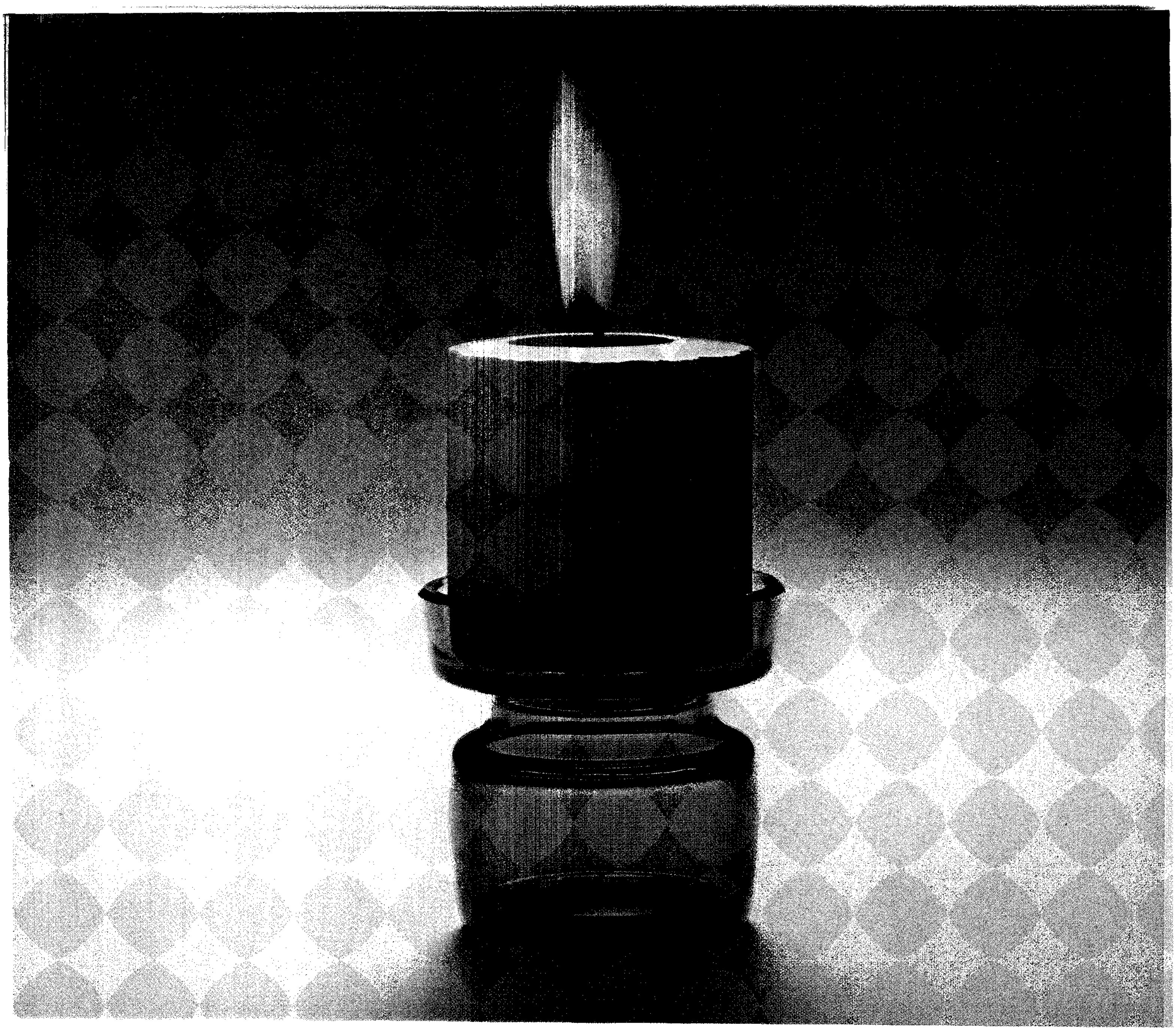

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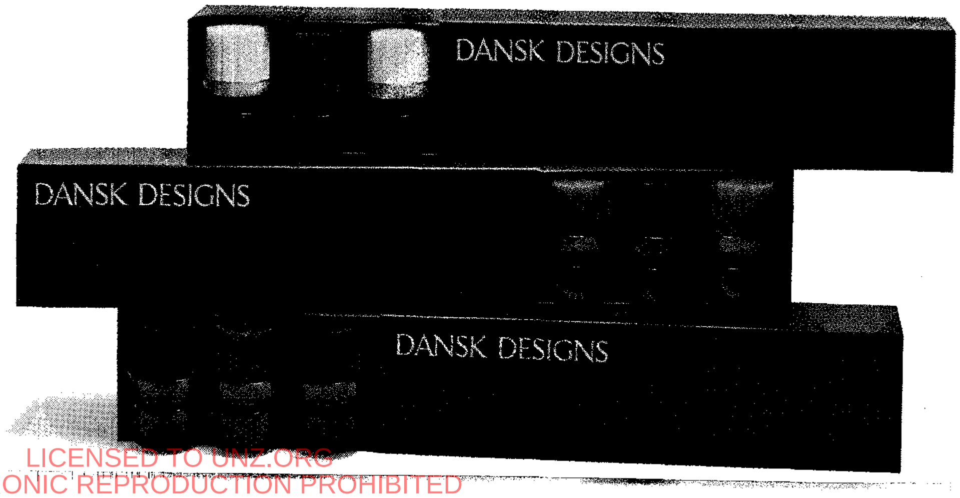

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wired pulse and digestive system, flashing glaring lights (in the tennis piece) directly into the audience's eyes, turning the volume up (in the Whitman piece) to an unbearable pitch, and (in the Fahlstrom) staging a rough fight on the floor and then spraying the audience with choking incense—the inspiration, such as it was, seemed to derive from children's play gone suddenly nasty, or from scientific tests run on little human populations, or (and here a few program-note references to "Total Theatre" reinforced the impression) the gas chambers. It was a case not of the emperor's wearing no clothes but of the revolutionaries' wearing epaulets and spurs. As the evenings focussed into minor orgies of pure spite, as a bust of President Johnson, for example, was used to bludgeon a pane of glass, the occasion began to seem less theatrical than political—as, say, a lynching or a burning in effigy (or a recent highly praised piece of sadistic theatrical drivel, an ugly, dead-ear parody of Shakespeare and contemporary life, "MacBird") is political. It would not have been altogether surprising in this company if the incense had been lethal and the current in the electrodes reversed.

Mixed media were and are, in any case, better suited to propaganda than to art; they do not enlighten, they incite or numb. A rare, appropriate mixture of media—with audience participation—occurred one evening a few weeks ago at Town Hall, in a performance by the San Francisco Mime Troupe. Six actors—three of them Negro, three white—put on a minstrel show in blackface. Among its successes were a silent movie that depicted an entire country pursuing, fleeing from, making love to, and being bombed by—in short, being defined in terms of—a watermelon; an intermission during which the minstrels invited white girls in the audience to dance with them; and, in a stroke of brilliance, a rendition by the minstrels, their white interlocutor, and the audience of "Ol' Black Joe." (The expressions on the faces of members of the audience as they did or did not choose to sing along were a study in the affective possibilities of theatre.) The Mime production, however, entitled "Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel," was not only committed satire but conscious propaganda, designed to cause an audience to go out and take social action. The Cage piece in the "9 Evenings," on the other hand (during its second performance, when the loudspeakers actually functioned), caused the audience to advance toward the performers as though mesmerized,

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and then, as the noise level increased, to lie about the floor in a parody of sleep or catatonia.

The degree to which theatre is "total"—that is, mixed, mindless, and engulfing—is, of course, precisely the degree to which it is no longer theatre at all but simply environment, or even ideology in motion, like a hall of mirrors, a storm at sea, a riot, or, under controlled conditions, a brainwashing. And, in the end, the audience at the "9 Evenings," small as it was, seemed less an audience than a constituency—a supine constituency in whose interests it somehow was that distinctions should be *blurred, that intelligence should* be numbed, that brutality of spirit should be subsidized, and that creativity should be reducible to felicitous accident. It is possible that in political terms this constituency has not been sufficiently taken into account. Aesthetically, it has no consequence except as a temptation to artists in a state of nervous exhaustion who long for acceptance by an undiscriminating public. But if one of the major struggles of the age is to rise above the disintegration of false values to new and genuine distinctions of value, and if another is to defend consciousness against induced states whose rewards rival those of consciousness, and if art, insofar as it can be said to be on any side at all, is necessarily on the side of consciousness, then "9 Evenings: Theatre and Engineering," blurring distinctions and beating its audience into a trance of boredom, was not art, bad art, or anti-art—any more than the performance of the corner dope peddler, whether or not his merchandise is cut, can be called "9 Evenings of Dance and Biochemistry."

THE same constituency, or an overlapping one, seems to drift through the night life of the city in search of events that seem more or less to carry the imprimatur of art: down into the discothèques run by whip-wielding pop press agents, with inferior rock-'n'-roll bands and an inept use of film and strobe lights; up into the lofts of the financial district for improvised but uninventive happenings; even out into the fresh air of the parks for flirtations with religions of the East. Until recently, for American occultists the flight from consciousness—or, at least, from consciousness as it is commonly understood—took place in Zen, stressing the contemplation of paradox as a path to beatitude. Now it is Krishna Consciousness. On each of the past few Sunday afternoons, between two and five, a crowd has gathered in Tompkins

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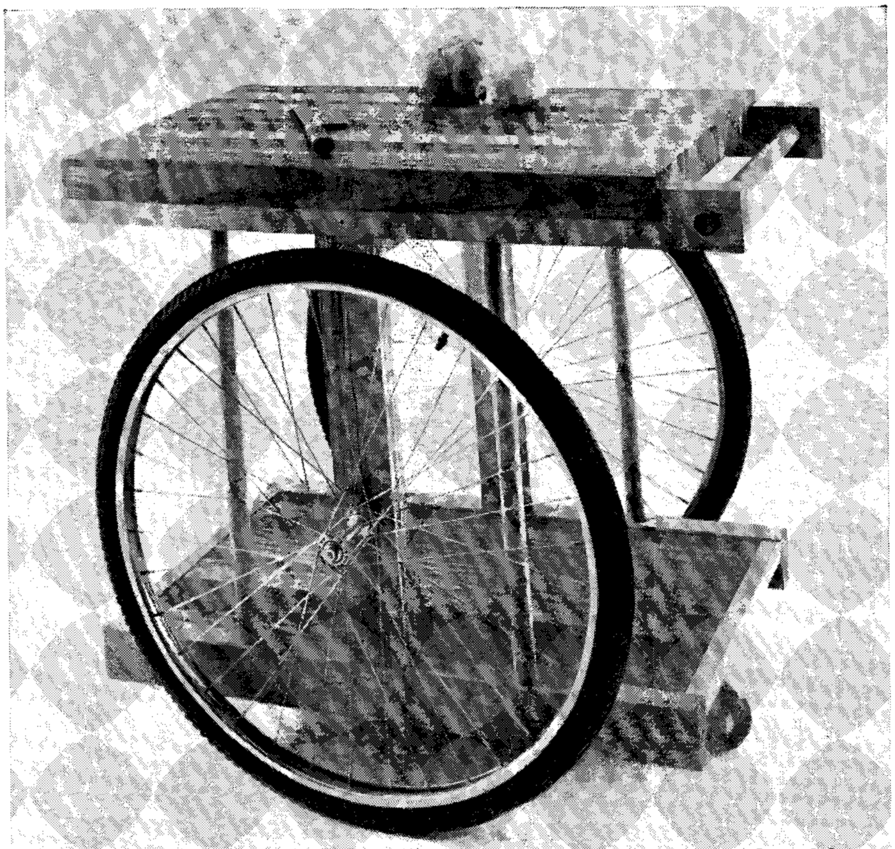

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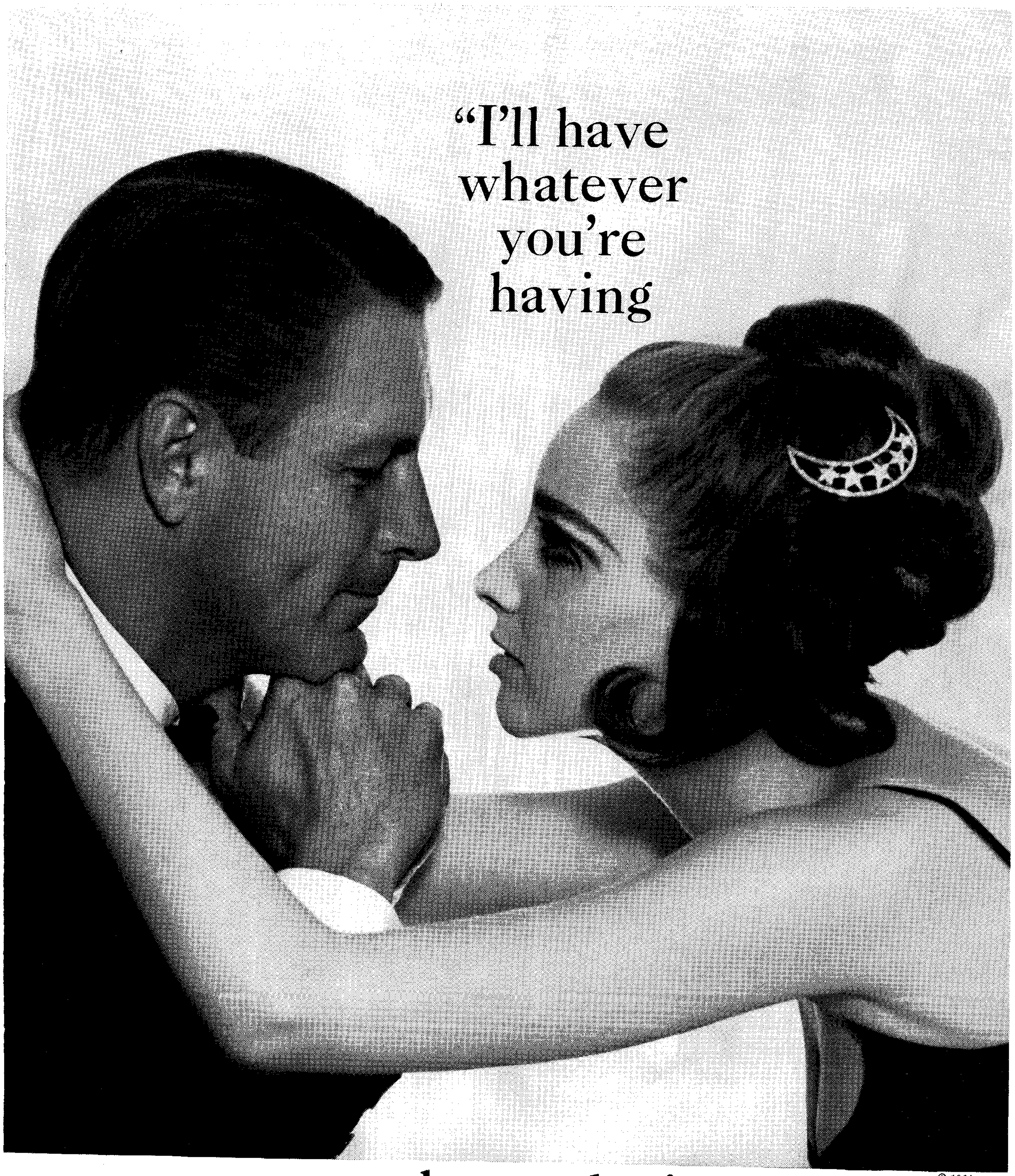
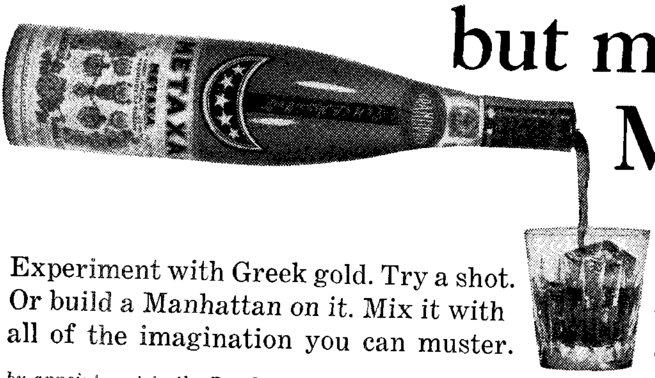
Square Park to join a swami and a group of his disciples in chanting a single mantra: "Hare Krishna-Hare Krishna-Krishna Krishna-Hare Hare Hare Rama-Hare Rama-Rama Rama-Hare Hare." Most members of the crowd pronounce the words quite differently from the way the swami does, but they chant enthusiastically. The swami himself, dressed, by coincidence, in a peach-colored robe, and seated on a green mohair cushion on a straw mat near the center of the park, chants softly and beats a bongo drum. His disciples, playing finger cymbals and chanting, surround him. The crowd that gathers is miscellaneous: a girl in a kilt and a low-cut blouse, carrying a loaf of bread and an ostrich feather; a young man in blue jeans, a Fordham sweatshirt, and sneakers; a girl in sweater and tights, with a caste spot on her forehead (the spot has an Op design in black and white). As the group becomes quite dense, and the chanting proceeds, several members are inspired to dance. Arms raised, they form a little circle in the center of the throng. The girl in the kilt dances a kind of hora. She is soon joined by a large girl in slacks, with pennies in her loafers, doing a sedate Frug. The swami's immediate disciples are doing a dance of their own. In the crowd, and occasionally taking a turn at the finger cymbals, are some members of the New York fashion, film, museum, and publishing worlds. They leave after a while. The chanting continues. A boy from City College, apparently misunderstanding the point of the chant, tries to speed it up. The swami goes on imperturbably at his own pace. The poets Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky arrive (having given their own recital the preceding night at Town Hall) and join the chanting, offering an almost uninterrupted pantomime of inner happiness. They go off to drive a friend to the airport, quietly promising not to miss the last appearance of a rock-'n'-roll group called the Byrds at the Village Gate. They also arrange to meet another old friend, Dr. Timothy Leary, the following day. The chanting continues without them. The idea, once again, is mindlessness. ("Turn On," says a leaflet passed among the crowd, meaning with chants, not drugs. "End All Bring-downs. . . . Stay High Forever. No More Coming Down. Practice Krishna Consciousness.") But there is no hostility here. It is the reverse of the "9 Evenings." The audience is attuned to an equal passivity of intellect, but in this case the performance goes off in


"I'll have whatever you're having



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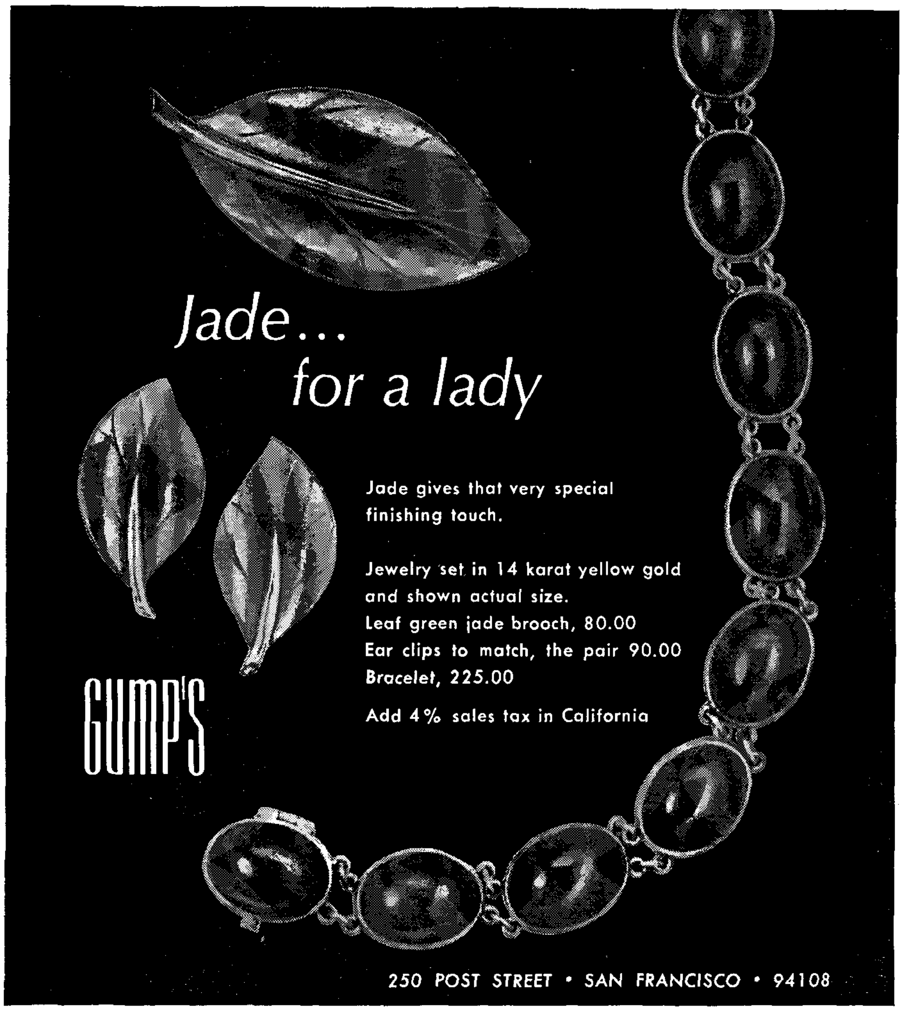
mildness and apparent fellow-feeling. Here benign monotony brings on the trance. The old people who have come to the park to talk and sun themselves, and the children who have come to play, look in on the group briefly and then remain aloof. At four-forty-five, the swami looks at a clock in a plastic case beside him, puts it in a sack, and delivers a short speech. He and his disciples leave. The genuine religious experience is over. What remains is the constituency—the residue of a vaguely anesthetic cultural event.

LAST Wednesday afternoon, there was, and each Wednesday afternoon for the next four weeks there will be, a showing at the Museum of Modern Art of public-relations films and television commercials that the museum and an organization called the American Television Commercials Festival consider in some way distinguished. In the initial Wednesday's showing, the humor of Cracker Jack "Card Game" (produced for Doyle, Dane, Bernbach by Rose-Magwood Productions), Alka-Seltzer "Stomachs" (produced for Jack Tinker & Partners by TeleVideo), and First Pennsylvania Bank "Karate" (produced for N. W. Ayer & Son by Rose-Magwood); the photography and design in Chemical Bank "New York Woman" (produced for Benton & Bowles by Cahill, Kacine & Heimann), Eastern Airlines "Birds" (produced for Young & Rubicam by EUE/Screen Gems), and Jamaica Tourist Board (produced for Doyle, Dane, Bernbach by EUE/Screen Gems); and the superior inventiveness, wit, and craftsmanship of Clark's Teaberry Gum "Shuffle" (produced for Leo Burnett by the N. Lee Lacy Association) and, particularly, Mellon Bank of Pittsburgh (produced for Fuller & Smith & Ross by Freberg, Ltd.)—all these drew strong approval from an active and opinionated audience, which, in the course of a dull stretch near the program's end, walked out. The quality of the productions would seem to provide evidence for the suspicion that talent has, in our time, at least in part and temporarily, abandoned art for other interests. It may not be so. One thing is clear, however: the producers of television commercials create a more promising marriage of Art and Engineering than the participants in the "9 Evenings" ever could. They are honest about what a deliberate combination of art and technology must be for. It is for selling something. And that, of course, is the whole point. —RENATA ADLER



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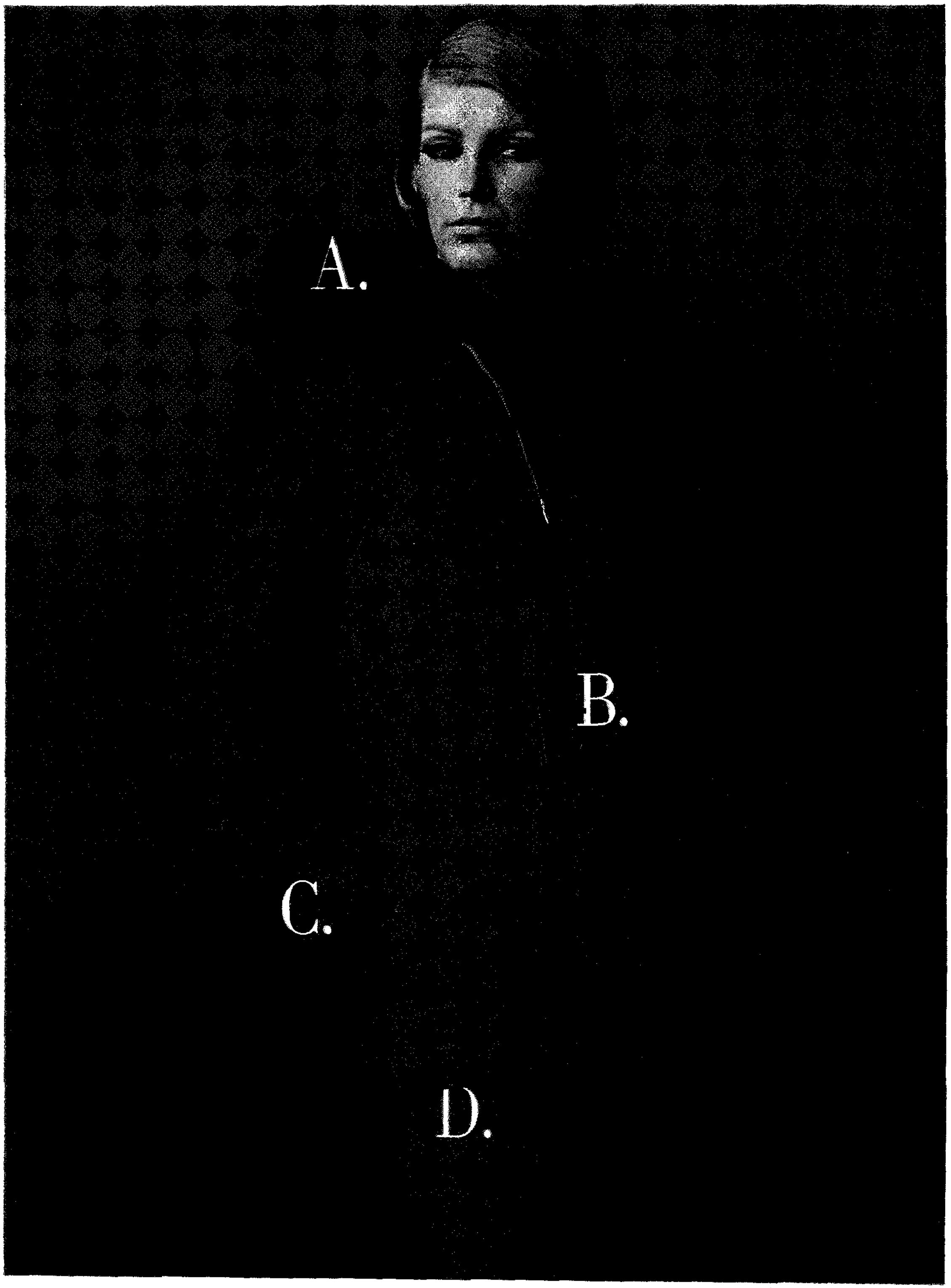

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Czech Enchantment

UNLIKE our British cousins, we seem to have let the operas of one indisputably important composer—the Czech Leoš Janáček—fall into neglect. It is true that "Jenufa," which I suspect is his masterpiece, was performed forty-odd years ago at the Metropolitan, but it has had precious few, if any, performances hereabouts since then. We have, in recent years, heard student performances of "Katya Kabanova" and "The Cunning Little Vixen." Both these works appear to me to be written in a sort of musical shorthand, and neither made an overwhelming impression, but this may have been because the productions were inadequate. "Jenufa," however, is easily recognizable as a great opera. One of the difficulties of performing it in what is now known as the West is that Janáček's musical phraseology is so closely wedded to the Czech language that his libretto is untranslatable, and it is not always easy to lay hands on a competent group of singers who can sing in Czech. On Tuesday evening of last week, Thomas Scherman, showing admirable enterprise, revived "Jenufa" in Philharmonic Hall with the Little Orchestra Society and a cast consisting mostly of Americans who had familiarized themselves with the Czech language sufficiently to sing in it. The Austrian soprano Maria Kouba, who had sung the principal role many times in German, was not prepared to learn it all over again in its original language. The result was a not always happy linguistic mixture. Nevertheless, we got a chance to hear "Jenufa" with *most* of its parts in the original, and this was far better than not hearing it at all.

Janáček was roughly contemporary with Puccini, and his music shows the earmarks of its period—realism and consideration for the lower classes—along with influences from the two greatest influencers in nineteenth-century music, Moussorgsky and Wagner. It is entirely tonal and quite eloquent, as passionate as Puccini, distinctly Slavic in melodic and harmonic matters part of the time, and distinctly Wagnerian elsewhere. The Wagnerian influence—something that can be found in nearly every composer of stature since Wagner's time, and that can be traced in Czech music as far back as Smetana—appears in Janáček's work in subdued, poetic form. There are whole passages in the second act of "Jenufa" that obviously derive from "Siegfried," and yet they are totally unlike anything in "Siegfried." The Janáček style is highly personal. It seems to be built in blocks, which succeed each other by adroit modulations. Analyze a block and you find that it consists of a single chord with all sorts of ornamentation. The orchestration, which contributes a great deal to the variety of this ornamentation, is masterly, and, in its continuous shifting of tone color, gives a peculiar iridescence to the score. Often that wonderfully pure Czech chorale style, which is found, for instance, in the slow movement of Dvořák's Cello Concerto, makes its appearance. "Jenufa" is, solely from the musical point of view, an exceedingly original opera and an utterly enchanting one.

Its story, though complex in detail, is easily outlined. It is that of a young woman in a small Moravian town who bears an illegitimate child by the local rake, with whom she is in love. The rake has a half brother who is hopelessly in love with her, but she cannot bring herself to return his affection. Because of the disgrace of all this, the girl, Jenufa, is hidden away during her pregnancy by her elderly, well-meaning foster mother, Kostelnicka, who takes the child from her and drowns it in the nearby river. The child's body is discovered, and Jenufa recognizes it. The town considers Jenufa's plight scandalous, but the rake's half brother is built of sterner stuff. He is still in love with Jenufa, and he still wants to marry her. Touched by his devotion, she throws herself upon his tender mercies, believing that at last she has discovered true love. Kostelnicka, overcome by remorse, confesses that she drowned the child, and is led off to prison. There is a very Slavic flavor about the whole thing, Dostoevski is in the background, and the story has an authentic East European atmosphere—an atmosphere that would be slightly suffocating if it were not for the haunting beauty of the music. "Jenufa" is an opera of great emotional subtlety. I hope that before long we

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shall have another fully staged performance of it. In it, Janáček shows himself to be one of the finest of all neglected composers.

The cast the other night sang for the most part quite well. Other roles were taken by Ivo Zidek (a real Czech making his American début), Henry Nason, Jean Sanders, Carroll Freeman, Corinne Jensen, and Chloe Owen, the last named producing quite an impression—dramatically, at least—as Kostelnicka.

DOMENICO CIMAROSA is known mainly nowadays for his *opera buffa* "Il Matrimonio Segreto," written in 1792 and occasionally still trotted out by one opera company or another. On Monday of last week, in Town Hall, the Clarion Music Society, under the baton of Newell Jenkins, presented another Cimarosa opera. This was "Le Astuzie Femminili," carefully resurrected and happily translated by our leading musical satirist, Anna Russell, under the English title "The Ladies' Game, or How to Get Your Way with Men Without Them Finding Out." It was done in concert form, with minimal stage decorations, some of them painted on what looked like window shades, and all of them hung in place by the cast. Eighteenth-century Italian *opera buffa* generally revolves around a set of stock characters and situations (the elderly man who wants to marry the young woman because she is to inherit money and is thwarted by the young man who is really in love with her, etc., etc.; the variations are innumerable), and "Le Astuzie Femminili" is no exception; in fact, I have just described its main situation. The music, which is of Mozart's period, is not Mozartean, but it is lively, and an able cast sang it neatly. I found the proceedings amusing and the music sparkling. The cast included Joan Marie Moyna, Elisabeth Farmer, Claramae Turner, Stanley Kolk, David Smith, and Andrew Foldi.

LAST Thursday night, I made my way uptown to the Manhattan School of Music to hear Mahler's Tenth Symphony as reconstructed by J. H. Wheeler, under the baton of Jonel Perlea. You will remember that this is the symphony Mahler left in an uncompleted but nevertheless pretty well-sketched-out form. Two reconstructions of it exist—that of the British musicologist Deryck Cooke, which was performed here a year ago by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia

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Orchestra, and that of Mr. Wheeler, which I had not yet heard and was curious about. Unfortunately, my memory of the Cooke version is too dim to permit intelligent comparisons. Mr. Wheeler's version seemed to re-create the typical Mahler idiom in the last three movements, which are the ones that were left in the most skeletal form, but I found the final movement slightly incoherent. At any rate, the work, despite some flaws of omission and guesswork, is a magnificent example of Mahler's most mature style, with a noble Bruckneresque first theme for the first movement, two typical demonic scherzos, a movement of somewhat similar demonic character labelled "Purgatorio," and a long finale full of lamentation. Mr. Perlea's conception of the work was obviously that of the great conductor he is. But the Tenth is a terribly ambitious affair for a student orchestra to undertake—even as gifted a student orchestra as that of the Manhattan School. There were frequent lapses in intonation in the violins and violas in the first and second movements, and the bite of Mahler's satirical passages was not always felt.

ONE performance remains to be reported on, though it took place the weekend before last and is no longer exactly news. This is the production of "Tosca" by the New York City Opera. The company's wonder-boy director Tito Capobianco had shaken up the staging, and the result was one of the most theatrically effective "Tosca"s I have ever seen. The sets and costumes, by Donald Oenslager, were realistic (which is right for "Tosca") and pleasing. Anton Guadagno, an experienced Italian conductor, presided, and managed everything to near perfection. Most of the dramatic shaking up took place in the second act, in which the murder of Scarpia was made a bit more deliberate than usual because the knife was not a table knife but apparently one Scarpia had discovered in the possession of Cavaradossi and carelessly turned over to Tosca for inspection. The Tosca was Jeannine Crader, young and affecting in the role. (She did "Vissi d'arte" lying on her stomach à la Jeritza.) Sherrill Milnes was a superb Scarpia. David Smith was the most convincing Angelotti I have ever encountered. A new Mexican tenor, Salvador Novoa, showed distinct possibilities as Cavaradossi, though his approach was just a bit unsophisticated.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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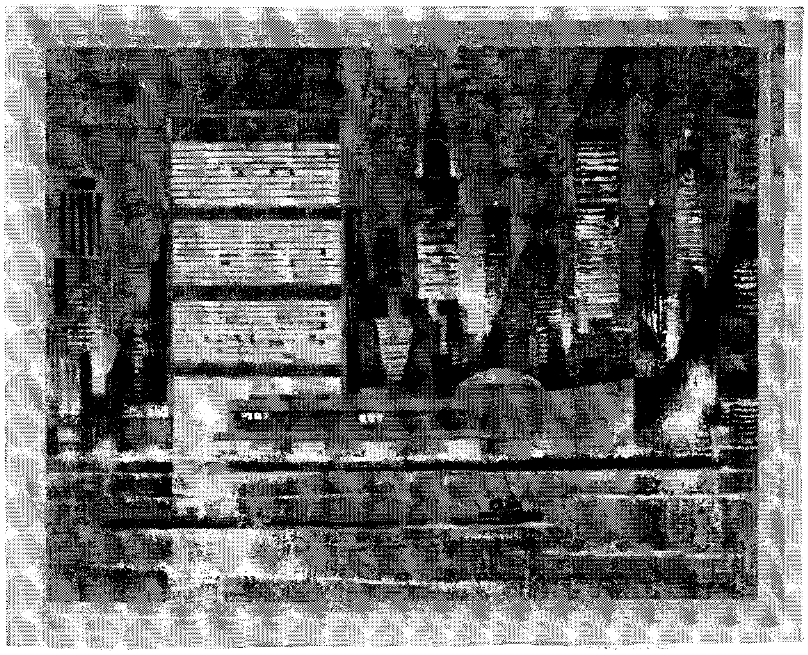

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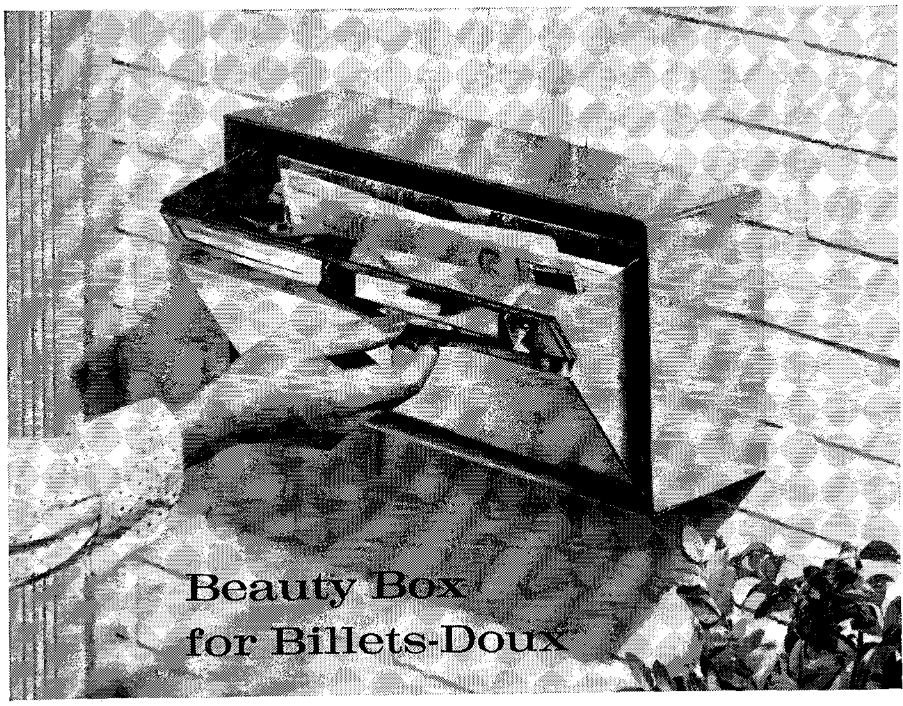

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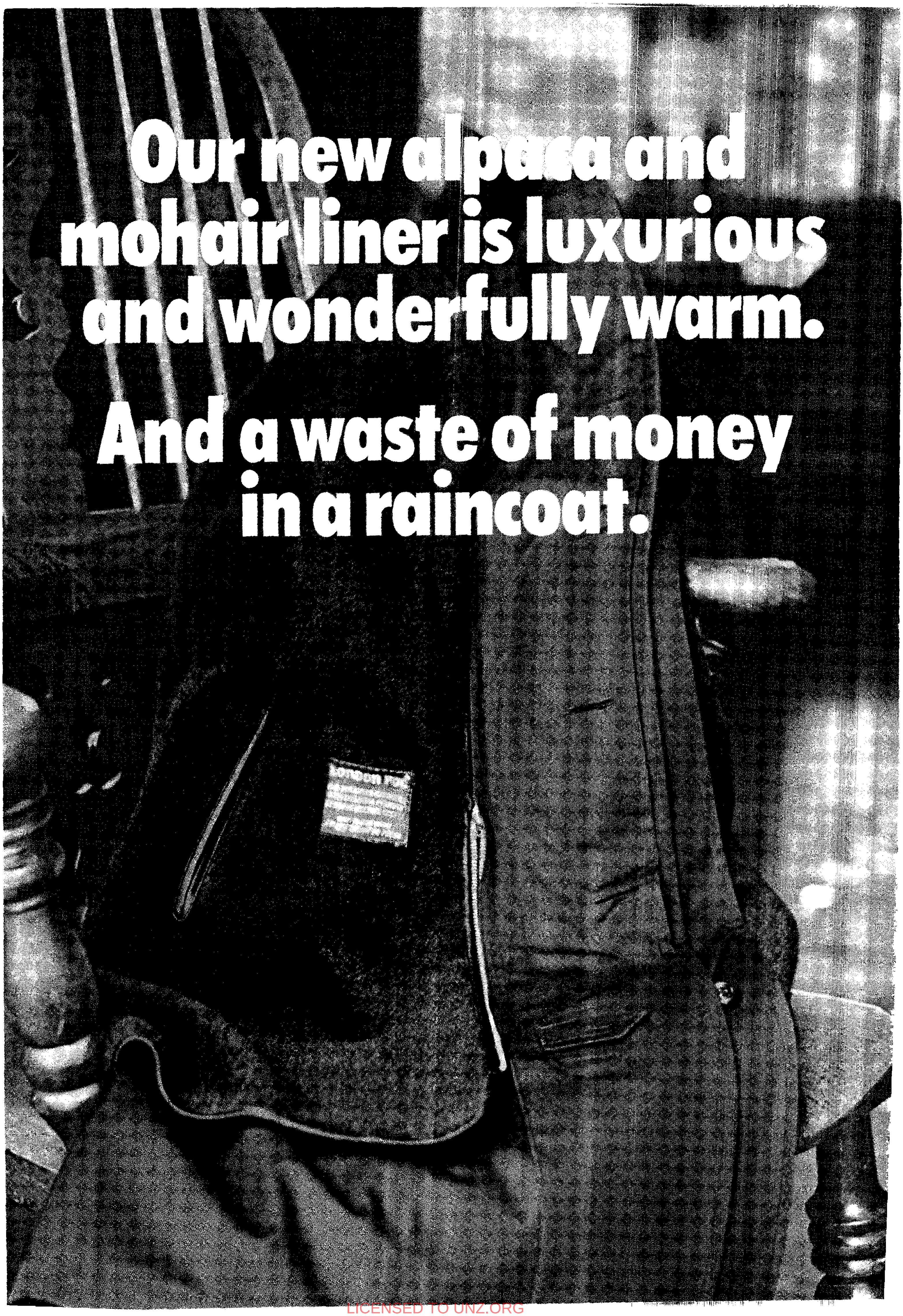
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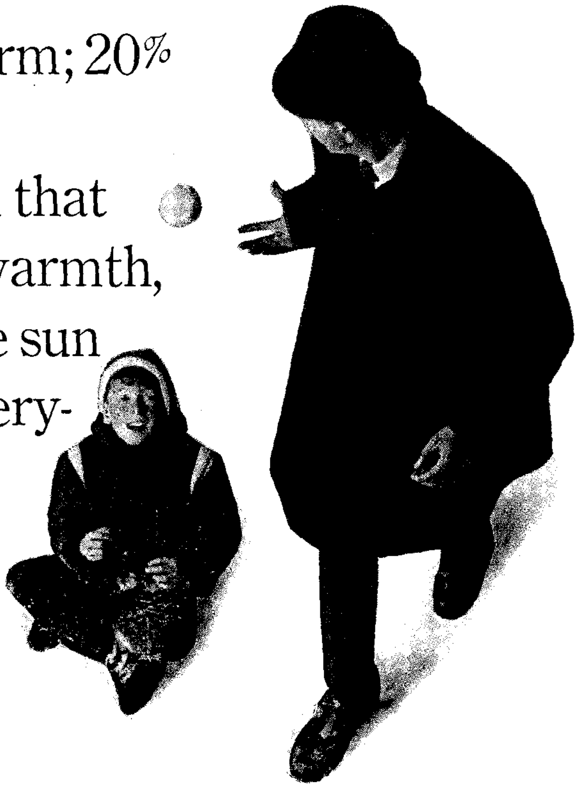

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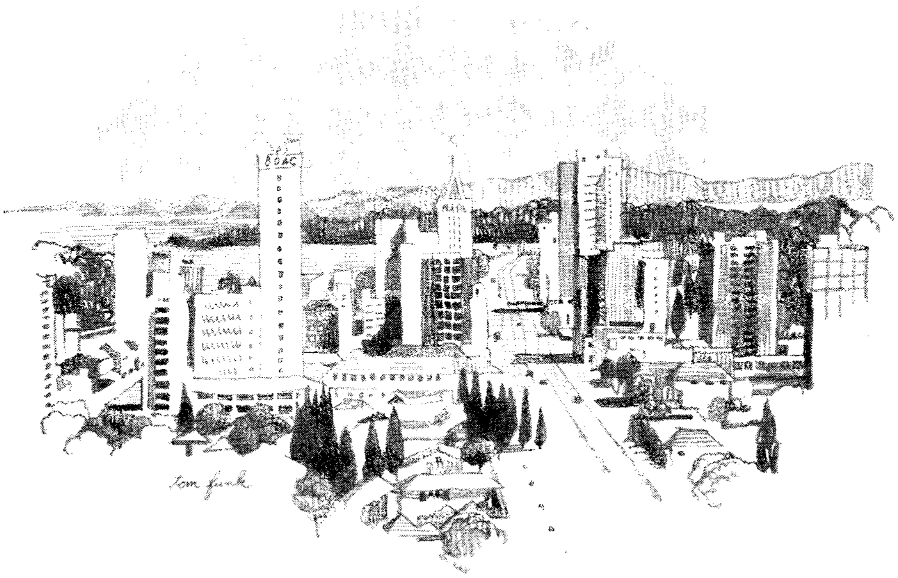

THE word that dominates political discussions among white Rhodesians is "chaos." In the Rhodesian definition, chaos is what would follow if the country's four million Africans took control of the government from its quarter-million whites, what has already arrived in just about any African country where Africans do rule, and what is bound to come sooner or later to neighboring Zambia, where, only two years after independence, the telephone system is already said to be in dreadful shape. The avoidance of chaos emerges from white Rhodesian conversation as the final function of government. It is also the one principle that is reason enough for any course of action. A Rhodesian newspaper editor told me that the censorship imposed by the government on the day of its Unilateral Declaration of Independence from Britain was not fought in the courts because a decision that an illegal government had no right to impose censorship might have been extended to mean that it had no right to do anything else, resulting in chaos. The Queen instructed all loyal civil servants to carry on with their tasks after U.D.I., according to a British diplomat, because "our policy has never been to create chaos." (The Rhodesian government, which sometimes rejects even chaos-avoidance schemes if they come from the British, censored the Queen's instructions.) If there is no immediate threat of chaos, people in Rhodesia will make do by battling confusion, embarrassment, or anything distressing. Sir Humphrey Gibbs, who is still considered the Governor of Rhodesia by the British, is officially considered nonexistent by the Rhodesians. "I confirm that censor officers have received instructions to delete any reference to Sir Humphrey Gibbs," the Minister of Information has written to the editor of the *Rhodesia Herald*, the daily paper of Salisbury. Sir Humphrey does not cause embarrassment by inviting people to celebrate the Queen's Birthday with him if they are likely to be invited to a similar celebration by the man the new government considers his replacement, Clifford Dupont, who is officially called the Officer Administering the Government by the Rhodesians and unofficially called the Mini-Governor by the British. Under the Law and Order Maintenance Act, a thorough master list for avoiding anything approaching chaos, a maximum five-year prison sentence is provided for anyone who tries to "excite disaffection." The penalty for spreading "fear, alarm, and despondency" is seven years.

Rhodesians are proud of how well order has been maintained. Even the struggle for independence is easily forgotten in Salisbury, a shiny, basically postwar creation that rises Phoenix, Arizona-like from a plateau of dry scrubland in northeastern Rhodesia. Nearly a year after Harold Wilson said that the British policy of economic sanctions would end the rebellion in "weeks rather than months," downtown Salisbury remains a pleasant place to shop. The high price of petrol has had a salutary effect on the parking situation; the goods in stock will satisfy anyone who is not extremely fussy about particular brands of jam or particular types of breakfast food; and the salespeople, their natural openness enhanced by a drop in retail trade, are extraordinarily friendly. Most of the "I Hate Harold" signs have disappeared from car windows by now. Some months after the Unilateral Declaration of Independence, Salisbury pop-music fans showed an immediate liking for a folk tune called "The U.D.I. Song" ("And you can call us rebels and you can call us rogues/We were founded by an Englishman by the name of Cecil Rhodes"). However, someone who goes to the Rhodesian Parliament in Salisbury hoping to hear a debate on independence is more likely to hear a statistical justification for building a new mortuary in Fort Victoria or a discussion on what can be done to prevent the marketing of immature groundnuts. In the midst of this routine tranquillity, the peace of a foreign visitor is disturbed only by the constant demands of white Rhodesians that he admit how peaceful it is. It comes as rather a shock to walk over to the High Court, a block or two away from the shopping center, and see a soporific, bewigged prosecutor turn to a trembling young African in the dock and ask tonelessly, "Do you remember going into town with the intention of throwing a grenade at Meikles Hotel?"

The second most popular word in Rhodesia is "intimidation," followed by "civilized." The word "politics" is fourth, although it is perhaps not properly counted since it is usually mentioned as something people are not interested in. Intimidation has been defined by one of the lonely opponents of the regime as "what one African does to another." It is often spoken of as the single political asset of African nationalism—since Africans are the people who are said to be uninterested in politics. Intimidation is always given as the reason that the leaders of both nationalist parties—the Zimbabwe African Peoples Union (ZAPU) and the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU)—must be kept in restriction camps without trial: If the leaders were out, the parties would intimidate each other's supporters; if they were tried for intimidating supporters, they would intimidate the witnesses. "Civilized" is often used politically as a code word for "white"—the Prime Minister, Ian Smith, likes to assure white crowds that government will be kept in "civilized hands"—but "civilized" is also what the Africans must become before they are ready to rule. (The two uses may not be contradictory; in the eyes of some white Rhodesians, Africans will become ready to rule on about the same day they become white.) "Christian Civilization" is also a popular phrase in Rhodesia. It is said to be what Rhodesians are currently defending against

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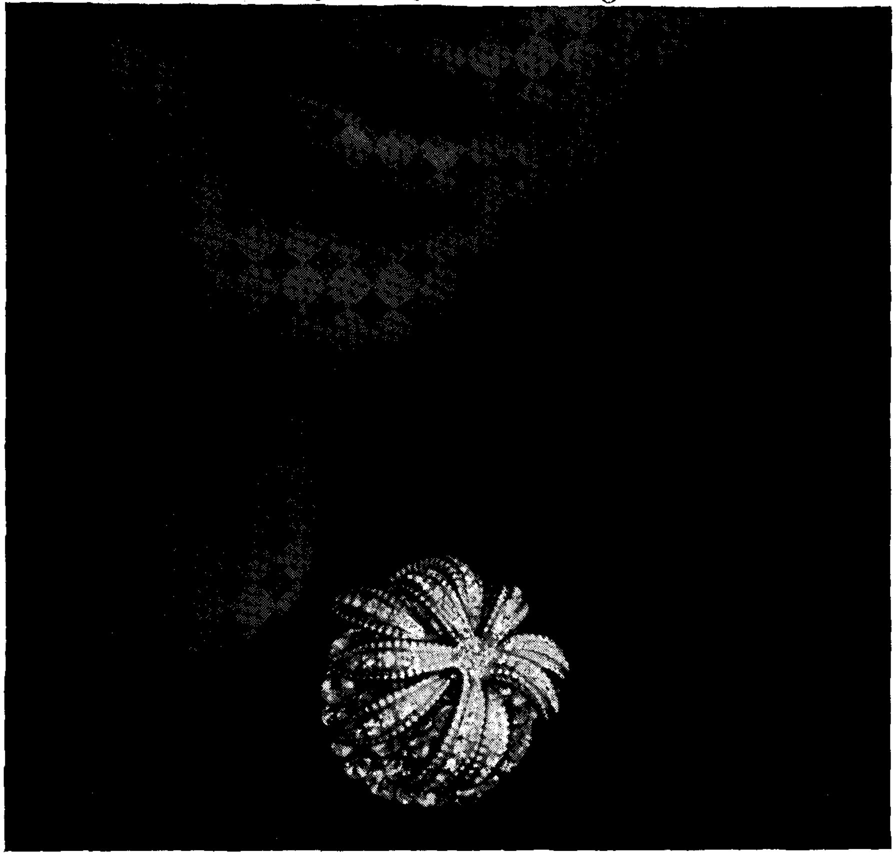

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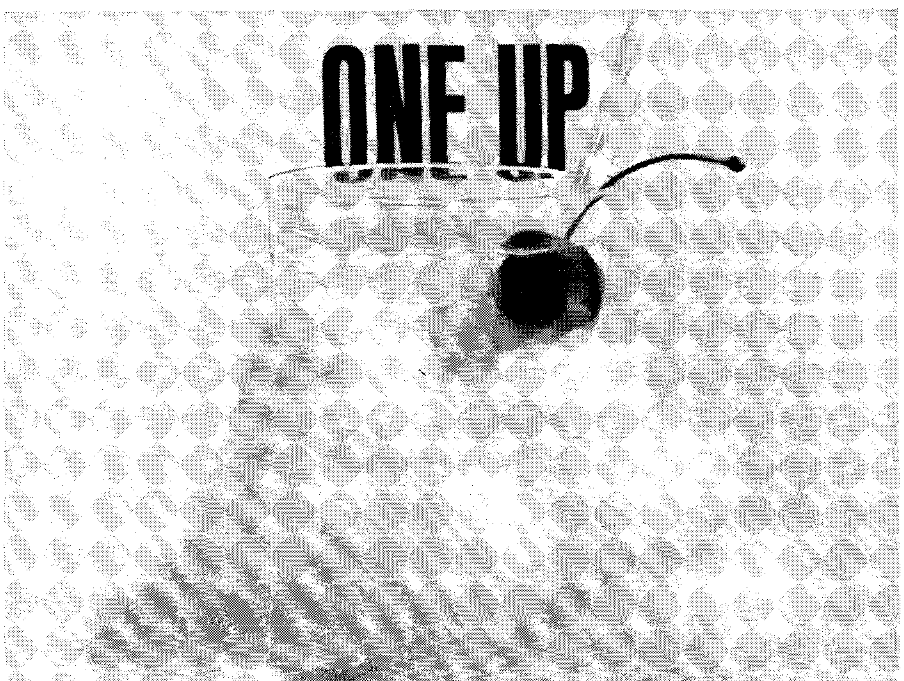

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Communism, but people who begin to define it further often just pause, sweep a hand toward the skyline of Salisbury, and say "all of this."

THE tendency of nearly all white Rhodesians to express their political views with the same words used in the same way can be viewed as a triumph of human adaptability; a few years ago, they all supposedly believed something quite different. During the fifties, in the early days of the Federation composed of Rhodesia, Zambia, and Malawi—then known as Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland—the fashionable words were not "chaos" and "intimidation" but "partnership" and "multi-racialism." Rhodesians were considered racial moderates. The ruling party—the United Rhodesian Party, which later merged into the United Federal Party—promised a peaceful transition to black rule, and a number of public facilities were desegregated in order to "remove the pinpricks" in the meantime. Analyses of what caused Rhodesians to change depend on what the analyst believes they were like in the first place. It is possible to see the political leaders of the fifties as sincerely moderate men trying to lead a basically moderate electorate forward gradually; they could also be considered cynical men who had no serious intention of sharing any real power with blacks but knew that multi-racial rhetoric was necessary in order to form a federation that would give Southern Rhodesia the benefit of Northern Rhodesian copper. Rhodesians who were sympathetic to the U.F.P. often say that the turning point in white opinion came in the elections of 1962, when Sir Edgar Whitehead, the moderate U.F.P. Prime Minister, talked too openly about modifying the Land Apportionment Act, which divides all land in Rhodesia on the basis of race, and was upset by the Rhodesian Front, an amalgam of right-wing groups whose backlash campaign included a picture showing the legs of black and white schoolgirls walking together above the caption "Rhodesia is *Not* Ready For This!" Rhodesians who consider themselves liberals tend to believe that the most significant event came in 1958, when Garfield Todd, the relatively liberal Southern Rhodesian Prime Minister in the first few years of the Federation, was ousted by his own party in favor of Whitehead for proposing some mild liberalization of the franchise—an event, they say, that revealed to Africans the true feelings of whites about partnership and began

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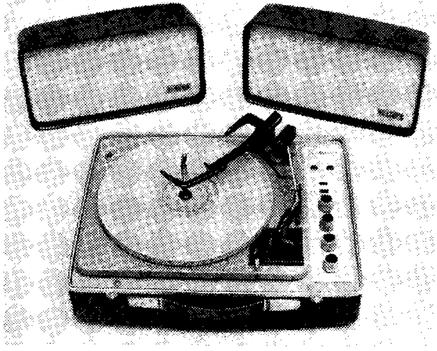

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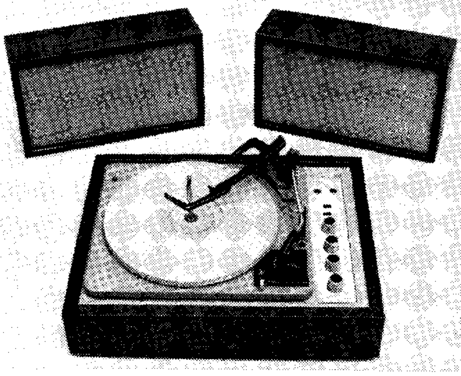

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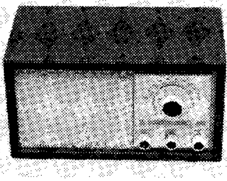

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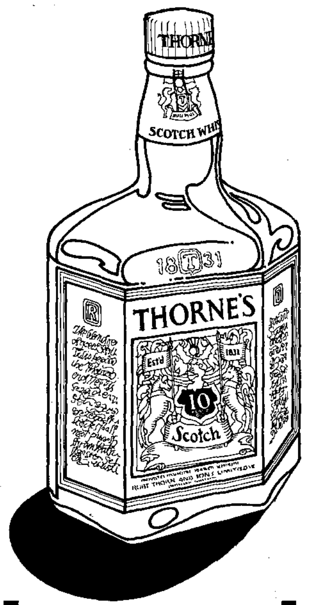
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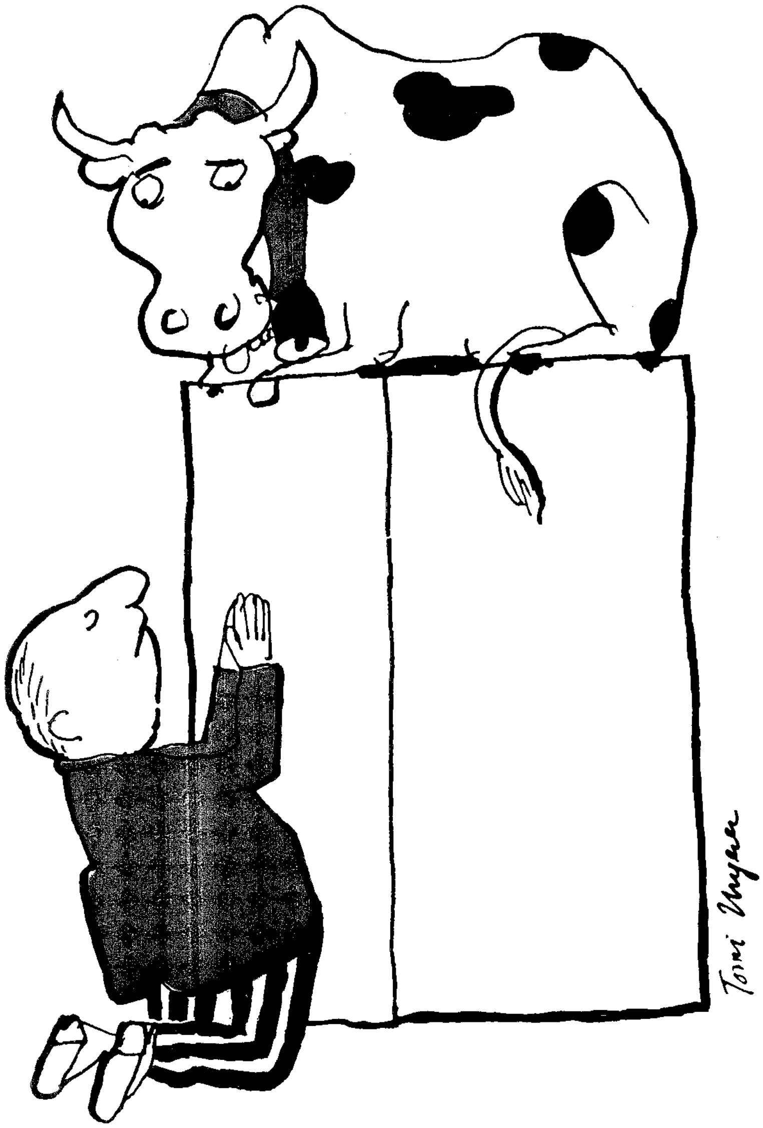
a custom of replacing each Prime Minister with someone to his right. Some whites say that the battle over the writing of a new constitution in 1961 was the event that most antagonized Rhodesian whites because the African nationalists at first seemed to accept and then boycotted a constitution that would have given them control of fifteen Parliamentary seats, thus revealing *their* true feelings about partnership; some African nationalists say the whites missed their last chance for black cooperation in 1961 by offering a meaningless fifteen seats when the nationalists would have settled happily for a "blocking third" of the Parliament. Rhodesian Front supporters, among others, tend to think that the main factors that hardened white opinion in Rhodesia were the independence of the Congo, which sent a stream of terrified white refugees into Salisbury; the independence of Zambia and Malawi, which broke up the Federation; and the independence of any other African country that could provide stories of chaos not being avoided.

In the 1965 elections, Smith's Rhodesian Front won every seat it contested. (It did not contest the fifteen seats reserved for voters with limited education and income.) U.D.I. was presented as the only alternative to Britain's forcing almost immediate black rule—and chaos—on the Rhodesian people. There is no evidence that these were really the alternatives. Rhodesia had been a "self-governing colony" since 1923, with its own armed forces and complete autonomy in practically everything except foreign affairs. Britain had retained the right to veto any discriminatory legislation, but it did not exercise that right one time in forty-two years—and not, Africans are quick to point out, because of any lack of discriminatory legislation. The 1961 Constitution would have supposedly given Africans a Parliamentary majority in twenty or thirty years, but the whites maintained partial control of voter eligibility through control of education, and they had the authority to gerrymander electoral districts. In the opinion of most political observers, they could have remained in power almost indefinitely. Rhodesians who opposed U.D.I.—including virtually the entire business community—argued that bringing on world condemnation and economic sanctions just to avoid what was already being avoided would be an act of folly. The Rhodesian Front insisted that Britain could not be trusted, that foreign capital would not begin coming to Rhodesia until the future



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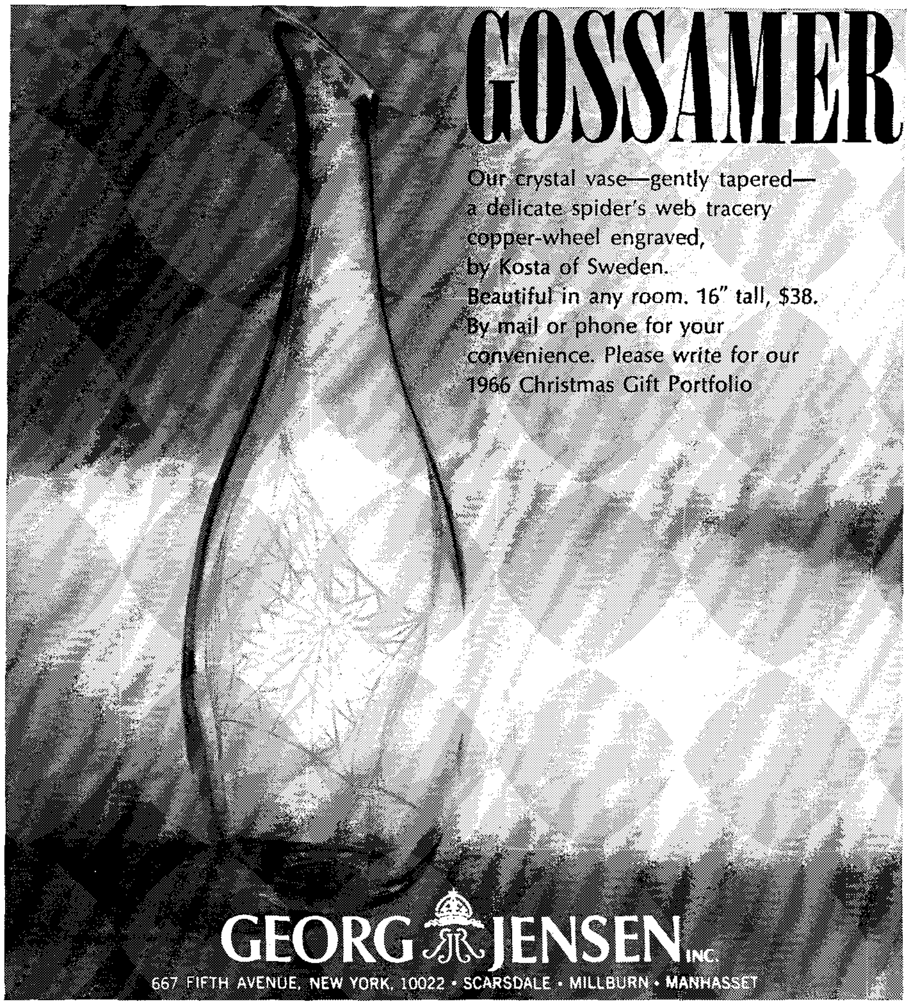
was settled once and for all, and that Rhodesians could not stand by and see uncivilized Africans given independence while people who had always ruled themselves remained vulnerable to British whims.

The Rhodesians assured themselves a role as the world's most convenient race villains—the illegality of U.D.I. having provided a lever that is lacking for international action against any other race villains—but they are still left with some of the trappings from the days when they were heroes. The country's only university—University College, in Salisbury—remains multiracial, even if some of its lecturers have been deported and more than a third of its faculty will have left by the end of the academic year. There are a dozen or so Africans in Parliament, even if their behavior is what might be expected from Africans who could be persuaded to run for office in an election boycotted by Africans. Groups of Africans can usually be seen drinking in two or three of the large hotels in Salisbury, even though they are no longer served at hotels in any other city. The government has done some re-segregation—it informed private boarding schools, for instance, that an exception to the Land Apportionment Act permitting them to enroll a few African students would no longer be allowed—but it suffers most of the leftover integration as something that blunts criticism abroad without particularly alarming anyone at home. Apparently, the Rhodesian Front, like the African nationalists, has come to realize that the split between the races in Rhodesia has gone too far for such matters to make any difference. Neither side believes that the situation could be changed now by integrating a few more hotels, or even by modifying or repealing the Land Apportionment Act. There is only one issue remaining between blacks and whites in Rhodesia, and that is who will rule.

In order to defend Christian Civilization, white Rhodesians have had to give up a number of institutions that are often considered to be among its characteristics, such as trial by jury, a free press, an independent university, and the right of opposition. (They have even had to give up a few Christians; missionary groups, such as the American Methodists, that are considered too sympathetic to African aspirations have had a number of missionaries ejected and a number of others refused entry.) Independence and full press censorship came to Rhodesia simultane-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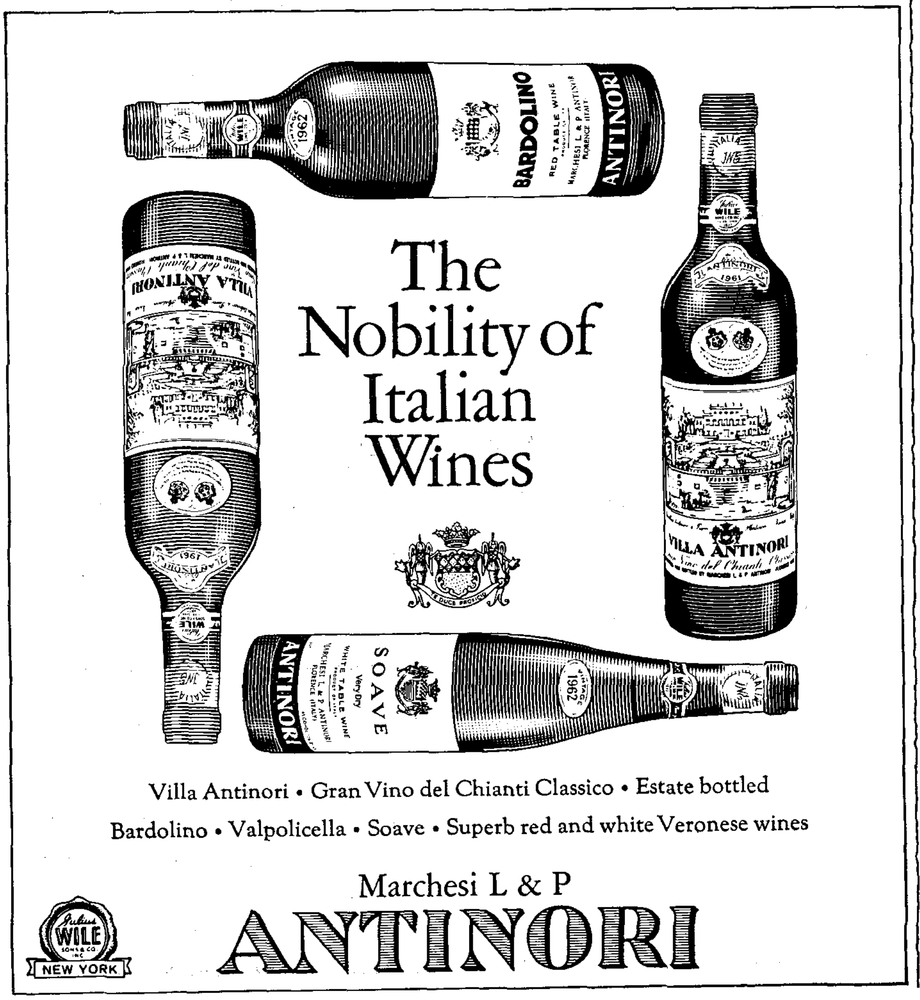
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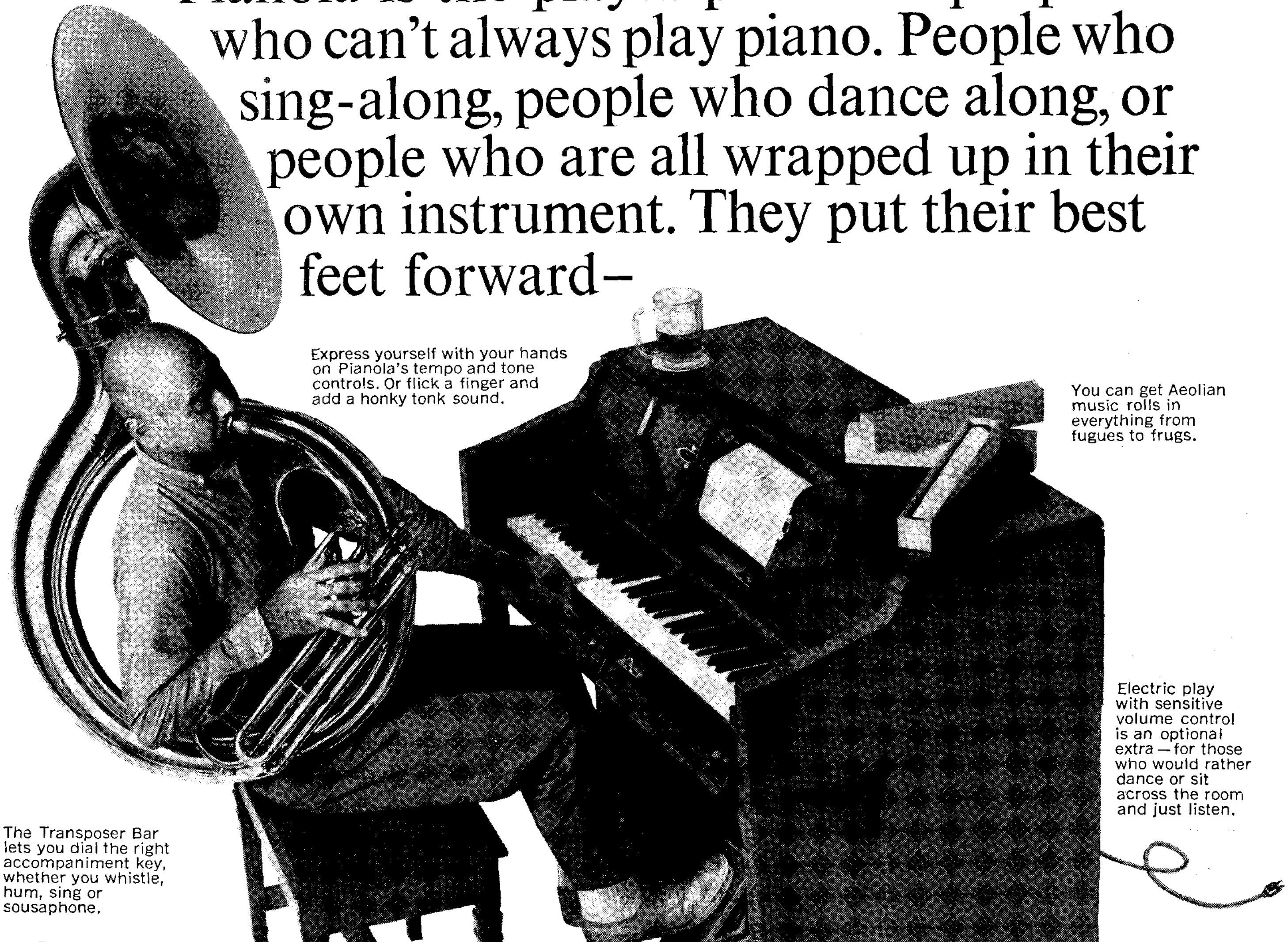

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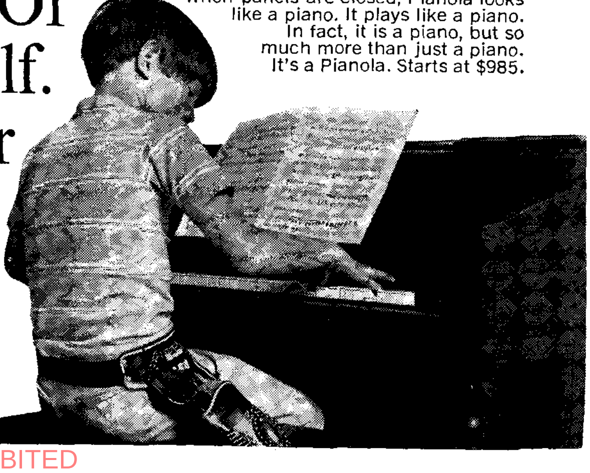

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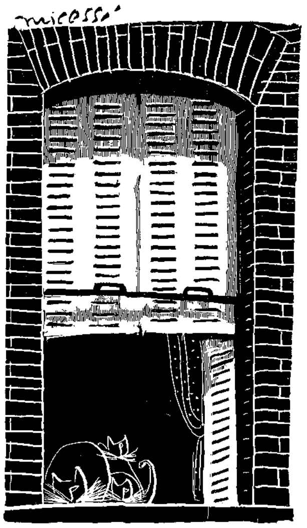
ously last November 11th, providing Rhodesian editors with the biggest story in the history of the country on the day they got their first taste of being limited as to what they could print. Censorship is now routine. The government divides up the work equitably among some of its trusted civil servants, and the papers provide the duty censor with an office in order to avoid constant trips to the Ministry of Information. A government censor talks about his night for censoring the *Herald* the same way other people talk about their night for bridge.

The two daily and two Sunday papers of Rhodesia (all of them owned by the same company) at first left white spaces in the place of any article or picture that was cut, and they ran a front-page box every day notifying the readers that everything in the paper had been subjected to government censorship. Then, after a while, the editors bowed to a decision by management that only token white spaces, an inch or two high, be left—a decision reached partly on the theory that there was no use going out of one's way to antagonize a government that had the right to take over newspapers or ban them completely. Full white spaces were left only in the leader (editorial) columns. The papers did defy the government last winter when it demanded that the token white spaces and the censorship box be done away with completely, and the government backed down. A reader becomes accustomed to the token white spaces rather easily. There is normally one in the letter column, and sometimes one on the front page. Sooner or later, they begin to look like the Stop Press spaces that British papers often run, or like the result of sloppy makeup.



"Don't people object to not being considered intelligent enough to decide what to read and what to believe?" a censor was asked not long ago.

"Not at all," he said. "For every letter we've had complaining about censorship, we must have had a hundred saying that it's not strong enough. Well, that's democracy, isn't it?"

Newspaper people in Salisbury say that the Rhodesian Front started lobbying in the democratic way for censorship as soon as it took office. The arguments it used—designed to exploit the unpopularity of any monopoly press—are now repeated by practically any white Rhodesian asked about censorship, and they always sound reasonable: It would be different, the citizens say, if there were papers to present another point of view, but a press monopoly is a form of censorship itself, and the monopoly company is not even Rhodesian. (It is South African.) The nation is struggling for its existence, and it would be folly to give any information to the enemy or any ammunition to those who want to destroy morale and stir up trouble at home. The papers were not in favor of U.D.I.; they are therefore not just anti-government but anti-Independent Rhodesia. Would America have permitted papers to back Hitler during the war?

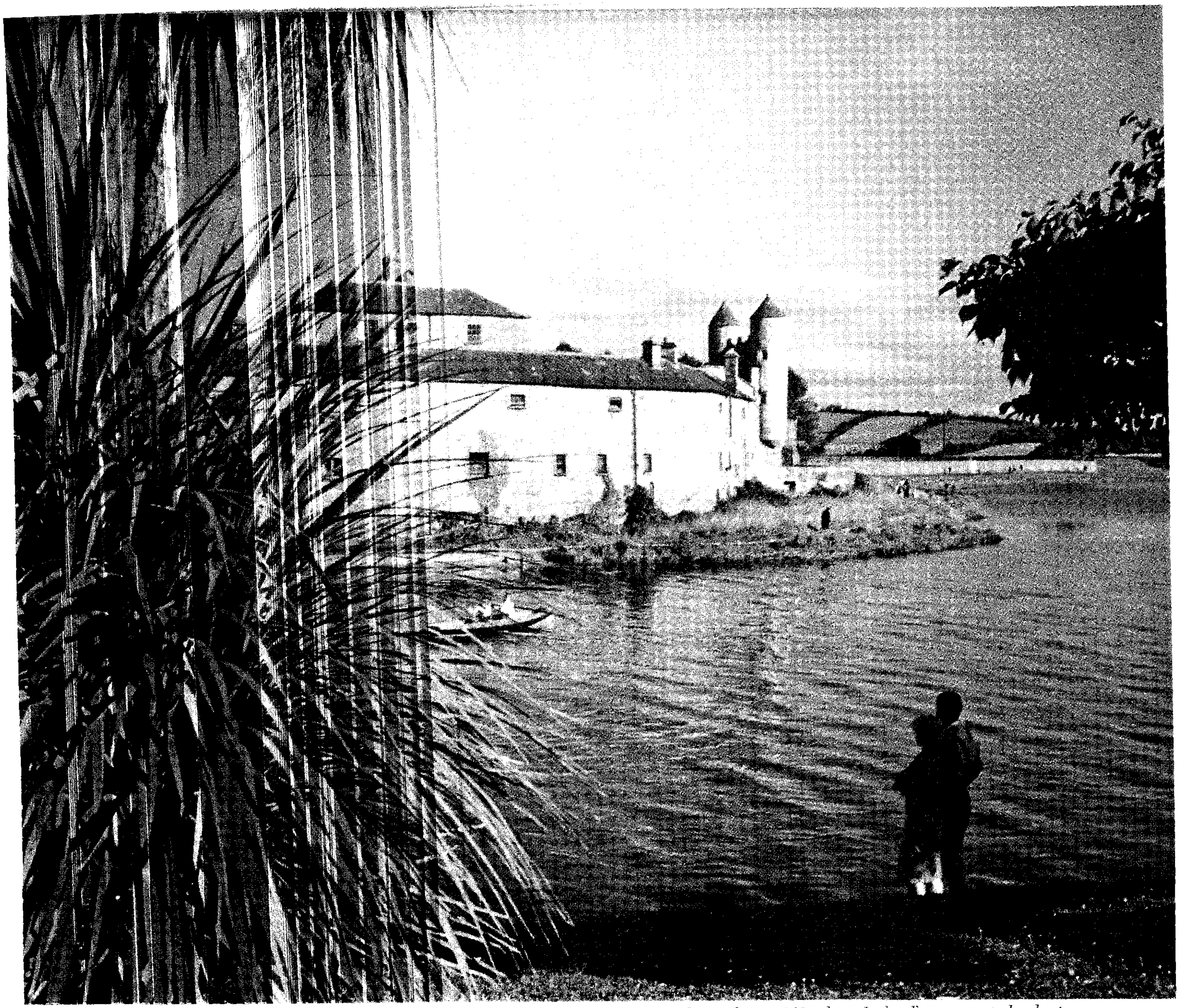
Editors of Rhodesia's newspapers acknowledge that most white Rhodesians find these arguments convincing; the overwhelming majority of whites, one editor told me, "think it serves us bloody well right."

"They just try to make journalistic martyrs of themselves," one censor said during a discussion I once had with two censors about the censor's art. "I cut five lines out of a leader last night—the five last lines, which wouldn't have affected the meaning at all—and they insisted on taking out the entire leader."

"Since everyone agrees that the entire white population is behind Smith and against the papers, why bother to cut it at all?"

"Well, you know, an unsophisticated population tends to believe anything they read," the other censor said. "That's why we don't allow mention of Sir Humphrey Gibbs. Unsophisticated people would be confused by this business of having two governors. What we cut out mostly is economic news, which amounts to giving military information to the enemy. And they can't say we shouldn't have taken U.D.I.—defeatism, in other words. And anything that is prejudicial to good government or causes hostility. We don't bar legitimate criticism of the government."

The Rhodesian papers could hardly have been considered extreme before U.D.I., and their reaction to press censorship does not correspond to the usual image of journalistic martyrdom. Edi-



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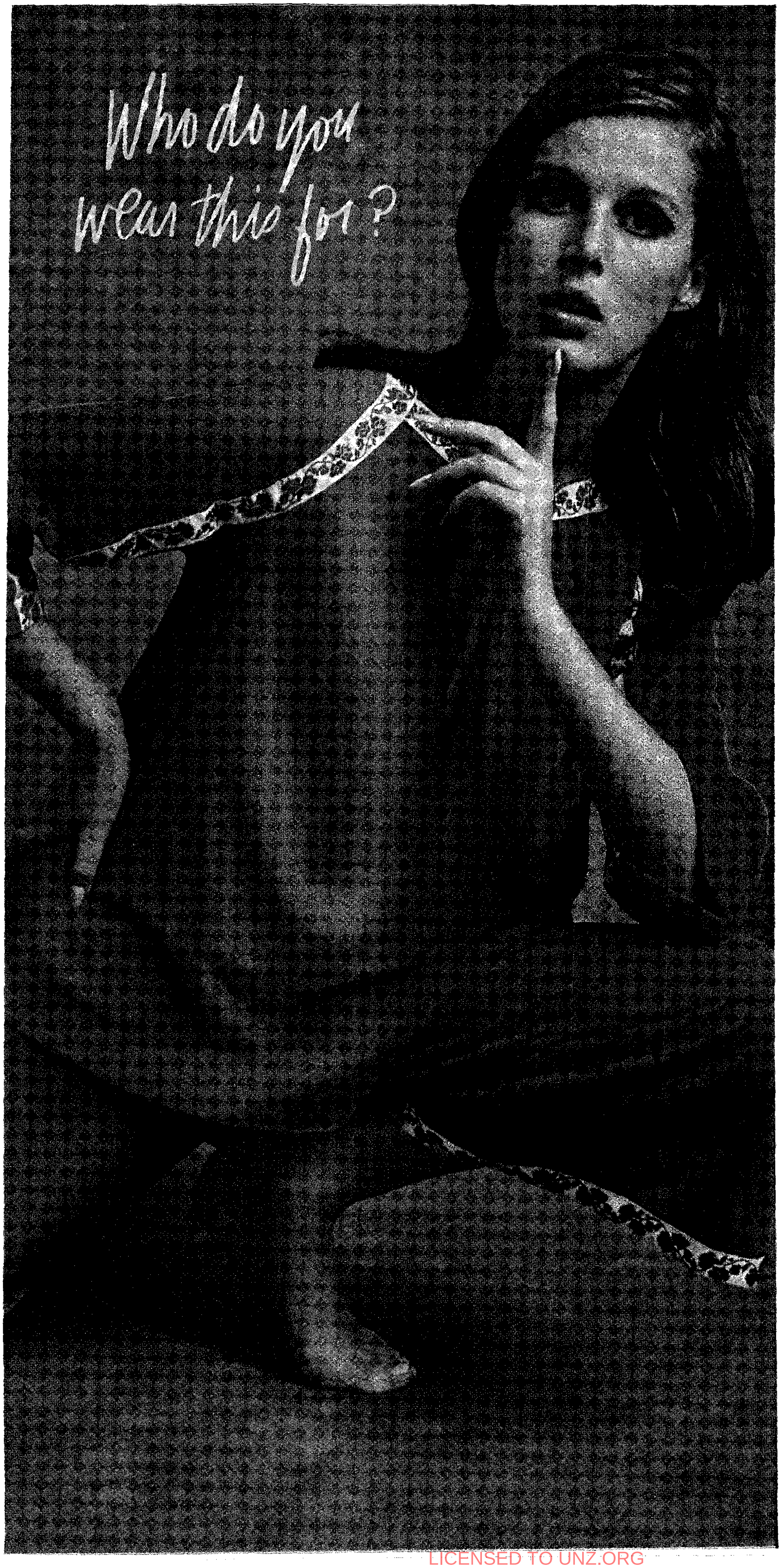
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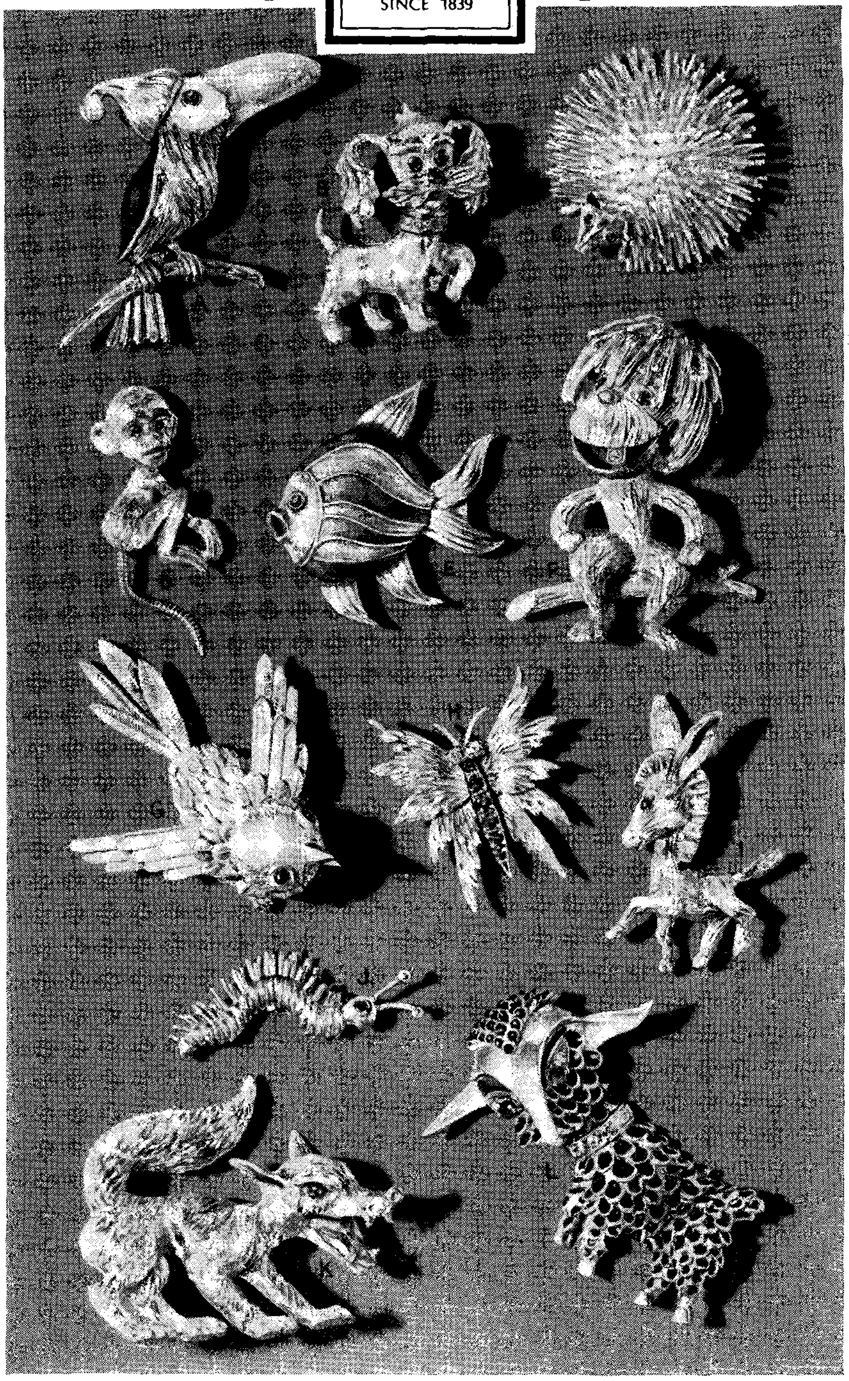
tors still argue with the head censor about whether some of the cuts made are fair according to the Information Ministry's own rules, but they have learned to exist within the system. They do tend to pull out a leader if any part of it is cut, and they will occasionally pull out a news story if it is badly distorted by partial cutting—such as a report of a habeas-corpus trial in which the plaintiff's case was cut and the government's left intact. Also, they occasionally try out a rejected piece on more than one censor in the hope of getting it through; one week, the *Herald* tried four times to run a leader criticizing the Cabinet for interfering with the courts in a criminal case, and ended up with four white spaces. The *Herald* also tried to counter the censoring of its Parliamentary report by printing a verbatim account from the Rhodesian Hansard; that was censored, too. In general, though, the papers seem to try to avoid white spaces. "In order to get any message across, we try to be subdued," one editor has said. "By restrained criticism, we hope to get something through, although whether we accomplish much is questionable. Also, in news stories, if something in the introduction is critical we tend to move it farther down in the story. Rather than get the paper banned, we tend to go along with certain government restrictions. After almost a year, it gets to be normal procedure. We don't realize how much our freedom has been curtailed."

The routine is sometimes broken when the editors become angered by what they see as a particularly absurd decision by the censors. Censorship is no less capricious in Rhodesia than in any other country where it has been tried. It is always possible for a censor to summon up all the experience he has gained in a spotless career at the Ministry of Agriculture and cut an article that was favorable to the government, leaving a damaging story in the next column. The day that Herbert Bowden, the British Commonwealth Relations Secretary, arrived in Salisbury to discuss the results of this fall's Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, the censor of the *Herald* refused to pass anything having to do with the day's events except a one-line communiqué issued by the Ministry of Information on the fact that Bowden had spoken to Smith. The censor also cut two pictures of the British delegation (one of which included the officially nonexistent Sir Humphrey Gibbs), a news story that was composed almost exclusively of quotations from



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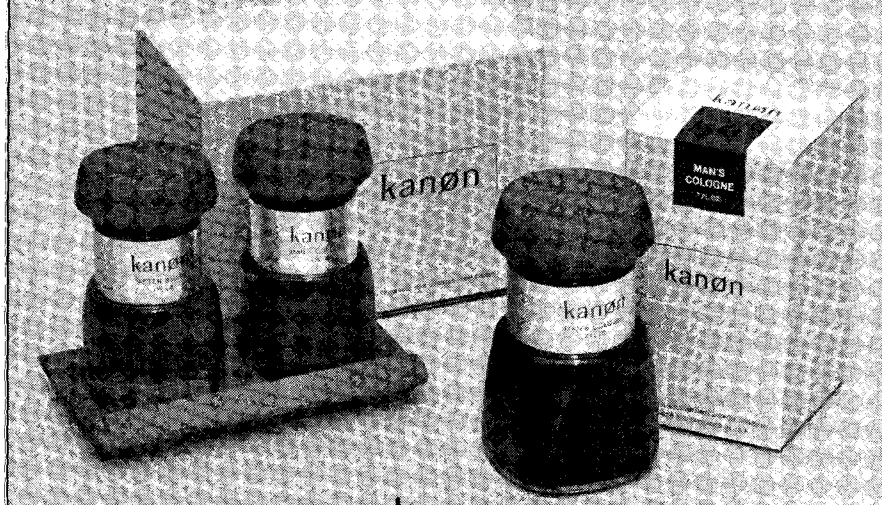

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a rather pro-Rhodesian editorial in the London *Daily Telegraph*, and a paragraph or two from some other stories on the front page. The leader was also cut, as is customary whenever anything of any importance happens. The editor of the *Herald* was so outraged that he temporarily abandoned tokenism and ran white spaces for everything that was censored—leaving the half-dozen remaining articles floating in a sea of white. On the morning the paper appeared, the switchboard at the *Herald* was clogged with calls. They were not calls expressing alarm at the censorship or inquiring about what the missing stories had said. Most of them were in the spirit of one angry lady who demanded to talk to someone on the editorial staff and told the reporter who answered the phone, "You ought to know by now what you're allowed to print."

TRIAL by jury exited only slightly less gracefully than freedom of the press. In 1959, a preventive-detention bill was introduced by Sir Edgar Whitehead, the moderate Prime Minister who was responsible for all of Rhodesia's harshest security legislation. Preventive detention means jailing people who might be expected to commit a crime; there is no trial, of course, since the people detained have been prevented from doing anything they might be tried for. (Sir Edgar once offered a succinct description of the Rhodesian legal process when he remarked, "I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that the security forces have always been a little in advance of the subversive elements.") In 1959, the outcry against preventive detention was the leading story in Rhodesian papers for weeks, even after Whitehead had withdrawn the original bill in favor of a more moderate version. Members of the Salisbury bar said that the second bill was "as objectionable and dangerous as the one which was withdrawn." The bill was condemned in strong language by University College lecturers and by just about every church group in Rhodesia. Housewives wearing black sashes held a vigil at Parliament. The Bulawayo *Chronicle*, the daily paper of Rhodesia's second-largest city, ran front-page leaders opposing the bill and printed letters to the editor with headlines like "FREEDOM HERE BETRAYED" and "ONLY ONE STEP TO A GESTAPO."

A bill was finally passed that gave the government the power of preventive detention for five years. When the time limit ran out, though, attempts to

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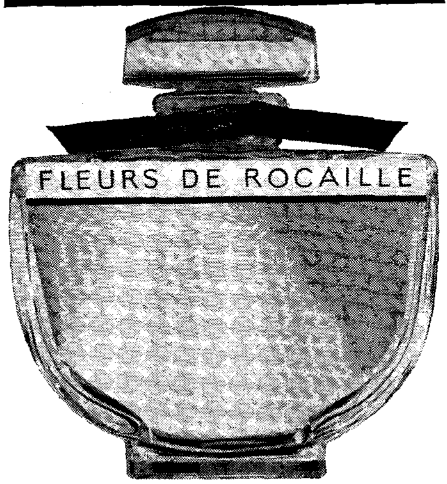

repass the bill failed because it violated the Declaration of Rights that had been included in the 1961 Constitution; after 1964, the only way for the government to retain the power of preventive detention was to declare a state of emergency—which it did regularly. Even after U.D.I., preventive detention was illegal except during a state of emergency because, as the Rhodesians often remind foreign critics, the Declaration of Rights was included in the new 1965 Constitution (which basically differs from the 1961 version only in being ridiculously easy to amend). This fall, during one of the visits British diplomats have made to Salisbury to explore ways of finding a settlement between the two countries, the Minister of Law and Order, Desmond Lardner-Burke, introduced a constitutional amendment that would give the government the power of preventive detention permanently under a public-security bill. "In all probability, our enemies will try to portray the amendment to the Constitution as set out in this bill as an endeavor to strengthen and give more permanent and arbitrary powers to the Government with the object of stifling any opposition from Africans or Europeans," Lardner-Burke said in Parliament. "Nothing could be further from the truth. Honourable Members will recollect that in past debates I have been asked to do away with the State of Emergency as soon as possible. By amending the Constitution to allow the Public Security Bill to be passed, this will be the first step towards the cessation of the State of Emergency." (Lardner-Burke is accustomed to this kind of reasoning; answering a Parliamentary question about political restrictions at about the same time, he said the fact that a few hundred released restrictees did not have to be re-restricted after their release "obviously shows that they have realized they did wrong.") The British diplomats abruptly left for London, pointing to the amendment as proof that the Rhodesians could not be trusted to preserve constitutionally protected rights—one of the original arguments against Britain's granting independence to a white-minority government. People within the country did not become nearly that excited. Three citizens groups sent letters of opposition to each Member of Parliament, but their complaints were based more on the timing of the amendment than on its content. "It would seem to be a gross breach of faith to take such action while the unofficial

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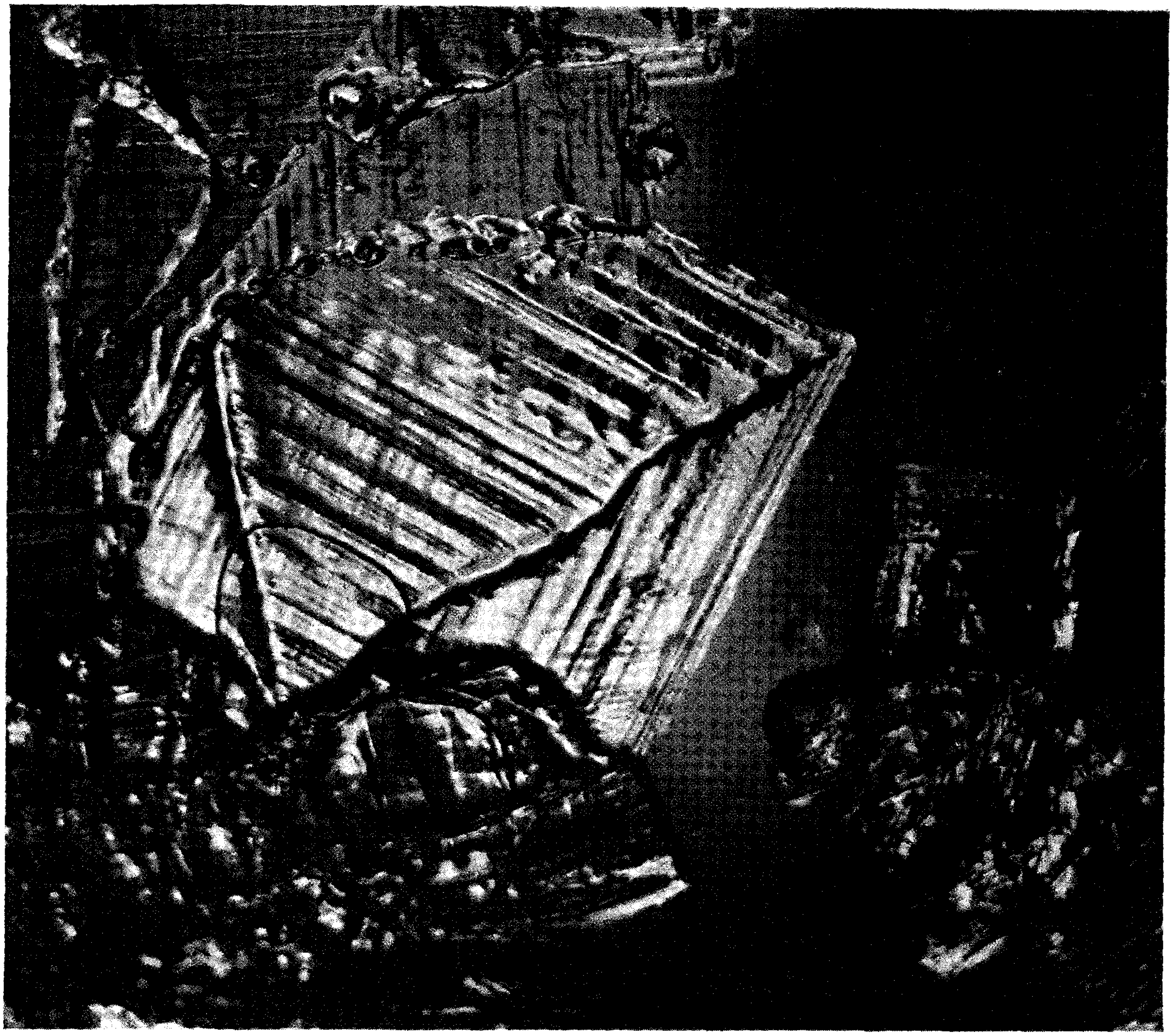

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talks with Britain were in progress," the strongest letter said. "A satisfactory outcome to these talks is of infinitely greater importance than the passage of the bill, the merits of which I am not discussing." A report in the *Herald* about the letters mentioned that "representatives of Rhodesian legal societies yesterday declined to comment on the bill, its implications or their attitudes toward it." There was one rather strong condemnation of the bill from Kenneth Skelton, the Anglican Bishop of Matabeleland, a mild-mannered, resolute man who, in the eyes of at least one angry Rhodesian Front Member of Parliament, "has literally acted as the devil's advocate whilst masquerading in the vestments of an Anglican clergyman." Writing for the diocesan newsletter, Bishop Skelton said, "Even as I write this, the details have been announced of the new bill which is being introduced in the Rhodesian Parliament to override an important section of the Declaration of Rights relating to personal liberty and the right to a trial. . . . The Declaration of Rights is a product of centuries of Christianity and civilization. Rhodesia claims to be a civilized and Christian country. However we may describe this section of the proposed bill, those are two adjectives we may not use of it." Readers of the diocesan newsletter did not see the Bishop's criticism. It was cut by the censor.

THERE are fewer people who are willing to oppose the government than there were in 1959—and fewer ways of doing it—but it is also true that there are only a few hundred people in Rhodesia who still regard imprisonment without trial as a concept that should be opposed under any circumstances. Restriction without trial—in Rhodesia restriction means being limited to some area that is not a prison—has long been part of the norm, under one state of emergency or another. Rhodesians are used to having a few dozen or a few hundred Africans held in remote restriction areas such as Gonakudzingwa, on the Mozambique border, and they have become accustomed just as easily to having a few whites restricted to the area surrounding their homes. They consider such measures a practical necessity in the situation Rhodesia finds itself in; the opposition, after all, is throwing hand grenades. Those who object—or point out that just about every African who tried to oppose the government without hand grenades is in a restriction camp—are considered naïve or subversive. In 1959, Dr. Wal-

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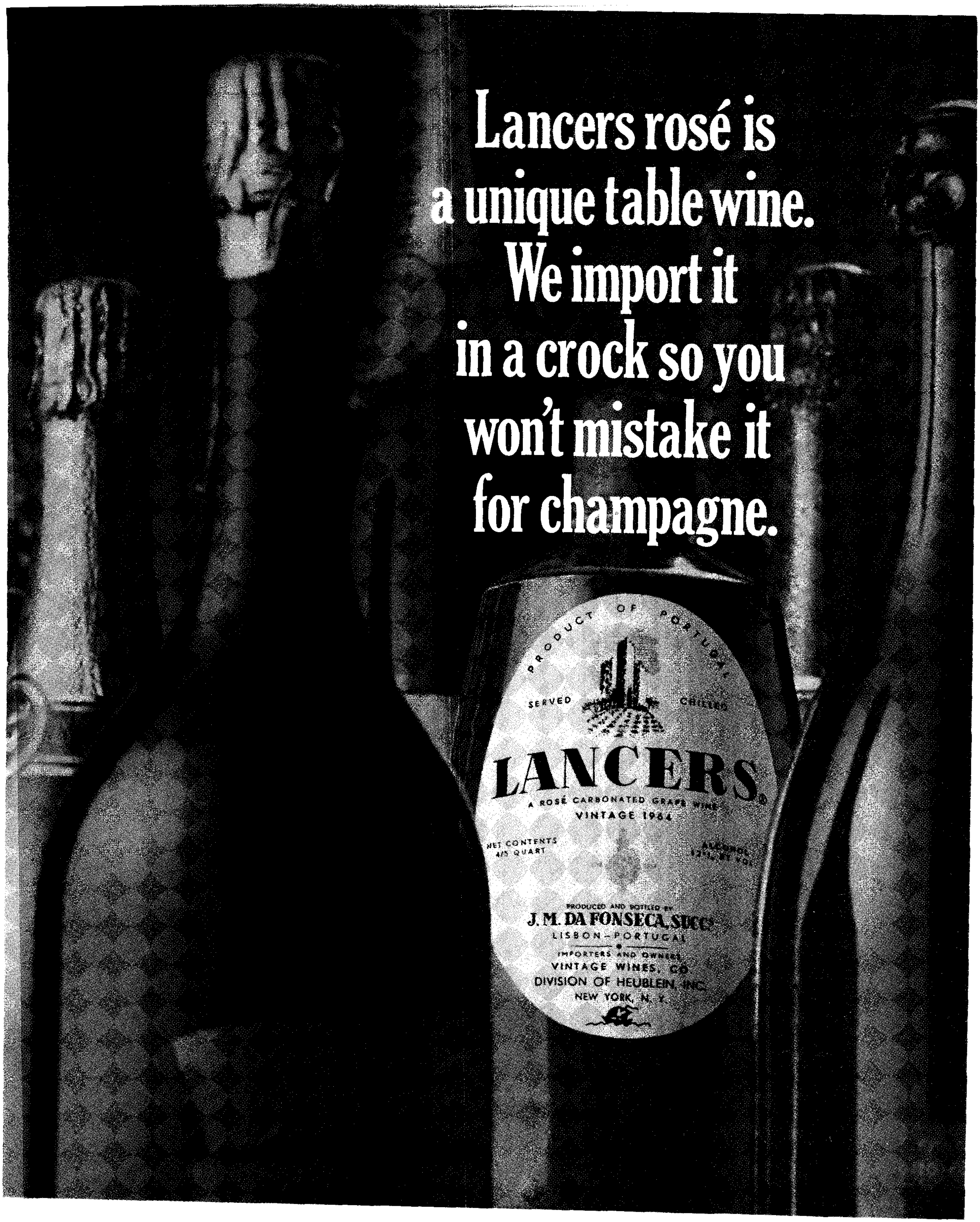
ter Adams, the principal of University College, signed a letter to the government that said, "Detentions that depend alone on the good faith of the Government of the day and cannot be challenged in courts independent of the executive are a dangerous deviation from the principles of British justice. . . . Personal freedom secured by independent Courts of Law and the right to partake in legitimate political activity undeterred by vaguely defined powers are fundamental principles of the civilization that the Government wishes to maintain. To abandon these principles in time of peace is to undermine that civilization: liberties once lost are not easily regained. We appeal to the Government to withdraw the Preventive Detention Bill." Recently, Adams was asked about the government's restriction of some of his students and was quoted by the *Herald* as replying, "If the government feels these people are dangerous men, then I must grant that this is its duty, as it has to maintain law and order."

Opponents of the government still take comfort in their belief that the courts remain impartial and independent, but the laws that the courts uphold, independently and impartially, are no longer often questioned. As such laws as the Preventive Detention Act became an accepted part of Rhodesian justice, about the only figure who decided to disassociate himself from what was happening was Sir Robert Tredgold, who resigned as Chief Justice of the High Court in 1960 over the passage of the Law and Order Maintenance Act, which, he said at the time, "outrages almost every basic human right." Not many people in Rhodesia think of the Law and Order Maintenance Act as particularly outrageous anymore, a situation that Tredgold finds unsurprising. "The key is conditioning," he said not long ago. "At first, when they introduced acts that now seem relatively mild, there were protest meetings and that sort of thing. But it was the same people protesting time and again, and everyone just said, 'Same old crowd.' People began to feel that their protest was worthless. The rest of the people aren't troubled by such things; the whites who put in the laws aren't the ones affected by them. Then the government talks a lot about security. Naturally, they're using censorship to suppress ordinary criticism that has nothing to do with security. The danger of putting power in the hands of someone in the interest of security is that they begin to think it's in the interest of security that this government remain in power, and therefore in the interest of security that it not be criticized. But they've created the war mentality and convinced people that these things are necessary. They're terribly frightened."

"It was all going to be very simple when Whitehead proposed these laws," Garfield Todd has said. "The laws would be passed, a few hundred nationalist 'troublemakers' would be put in jail, and Whitehead would win the election in 1962 with all the white voters behind him. Of course he lost the election, and he had to hand the key to this arsenal to the Rhodesian Front. You obviously can't make laws with the understanding that they will be used by well-meaning men." Todd lives on a vast cattle ranch a hundred miles or so east of Bulawayo. In many ways it might be considered an appropriate place for a former Prime Minister to live. The terrace of the house overlooks the Ngezi River, which cuts through the dry scrubland of Matabeleland; sitting on the terrace, Todd can often see hippos playing in the water and packs of baboons running through the sparse trees along the bank. (He can also see the railroad line to Mozambique carrying supposedly embargoed minerals out of Rhodesia and supposedly embargoed petrol in.) The one feature that might have been considered inappropriate about the setting before last month was that Todd was not permitted to leave it. Shortly before U.D.I., he was restricted to his property for one year on the basis of Lardner-Burke's "belief" that he had associated with unlawful organizations and with activities "prejudicial to the maintenance of law and order in Rhodesia." It was not the kind of belief that lent itself to specifics, since, according to the restriction order, it was "founded on information which has been placed before me and which I am unable to divulge because of the confidential nature of the contents and sources of such information." While he was confined at the ranch, Todd kept the order in a file folder he used for documents and letters having to do with his restriction. It was filed under "R," along with a second order pro-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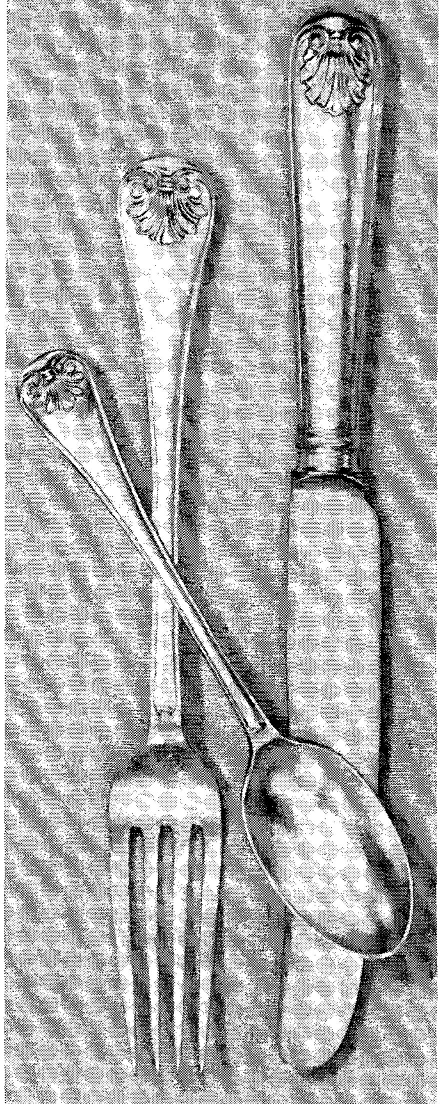

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hibiting him from making or receiving phone calls other than calls on the local exchange, and an order saying "You are hereby permitted to leave the area in which you are restricted for the purpose of meeting the British Prime Minister at Salisbury"—a memento of Wilson's last-minute attempt to find a way of preventing U.D.I.

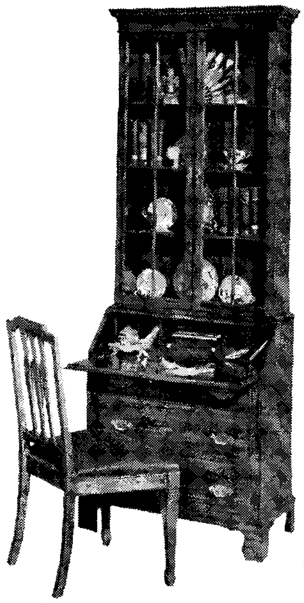
Todd was placed in restriction just as he was about to fly to Scotland to take part in a teach-in on the Rhodesian crisis, but neither the timing of the order nor the fact that he is the former Prime Minister of the country stirred much protest in Rhodesia. "He was extremely unpopular, and I think most people thought it served him right," said a man in Bulawayo, echoing a phrase that is often applied to those who have run afoul of the security laws. Todd's name almost never comes up in conversation. "His name is sometimes mentioned in a letter to the editor, and we tend not to notice it, because for so many years it was a household word," a newspaper editor told me during the time of Todd's restriction. "It's not permitted to publish the names of restrictees. The censor draws it to our attention and we take it out. There's no use bucking the government all along the line."

Not long ago, an American visitor discussed the Todd restriction with a Salisbury journalist—a man who had watched the change in Rhodesian institutions with some dismay—and mentioned how difficult it would be for an American to imagine, say, Harry Truman being restricted to Independence.

"What about Henry Wallace?" the journalist said. "What if Henry Wallace had been associating with Communist agents—not aiding them but just associating with them? Is it impossible to imagine, in the atmosphere of the early fifties, that they would have figured out some way to restrict him to his farm?"

"I don't know," the American said. "I'm not sure."

AMONG the office buildings of Christian Civilization in Salisbury, Africa fades in and out. Some of the buildings have cocktail lounges that are reminiscent of those in Midwestern cities where sophistication is measured in inverse proportion to light; but in Rhodesia there is always a superfluity of African waiters, often wearing red fezzes for some reason, and standing in knots against the wall like groups of small black Shriners. On Saturday afternoon, when all the whites have re-



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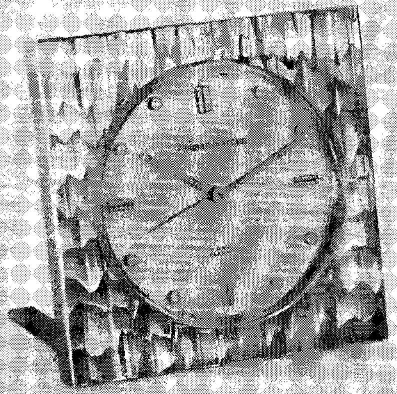

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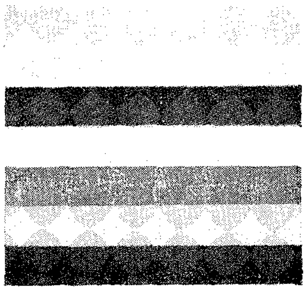

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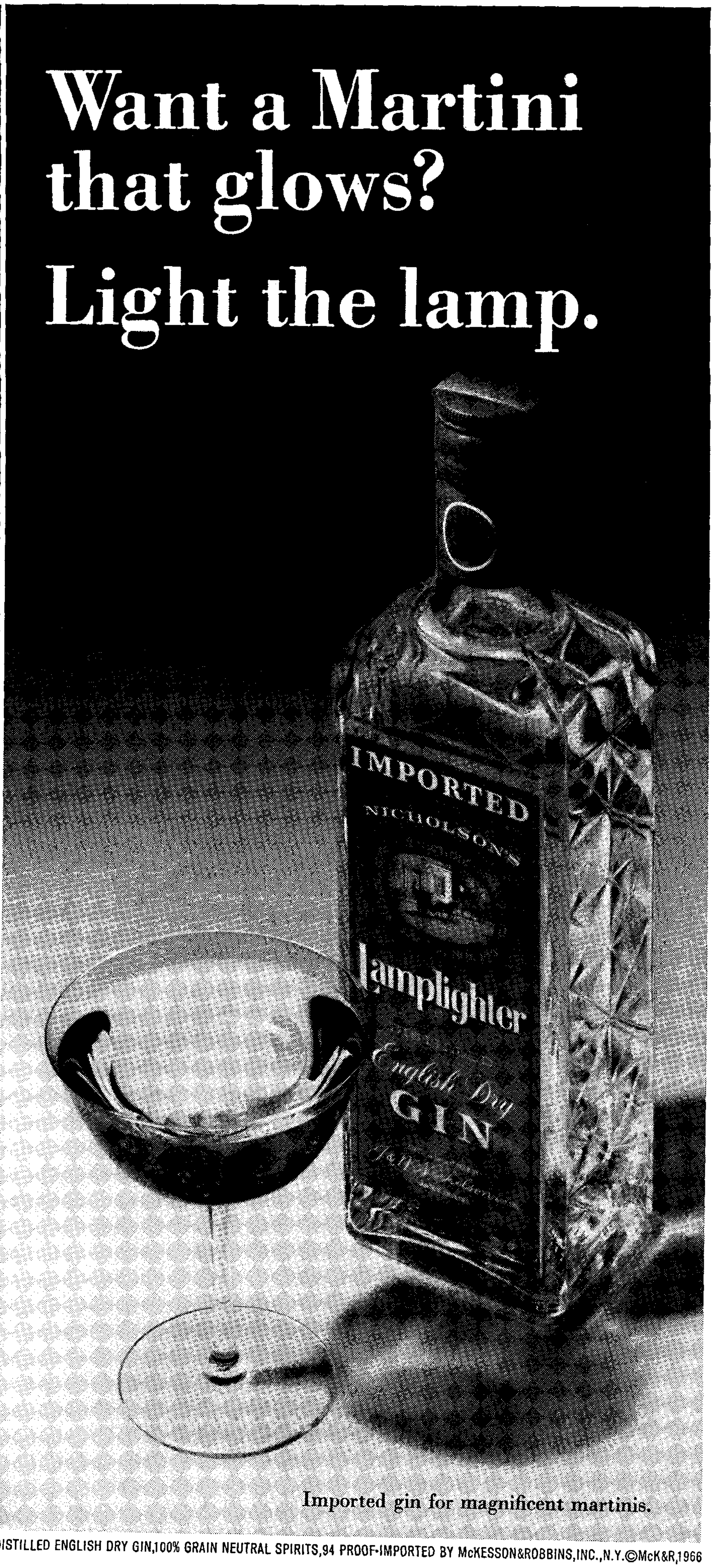
treated to the suburbs and downtown Salisbury looks like a particularly clean ghost town, the sidewalks in the cheaper shopping district are jammed with Africans trying to crowd into rickety buses in order to carry on the endless cycle of visits between African townships and African reserves. During the week, there are also reminders that Salisbury is not really Phoenix: white tobacco farmers walking through downtown in their uniform of short pants, long socks, and stiffly starched short-sleeved shirts; African women, dressed in brightly colored dresses and bandannas, their babies strapped to their backs; fleets of bicycles going out to the townships at the end of the day; a receptionist not telling a white visitor how to get to an office but instead saying to an African dressed in some variety of khaki uniform, "Take the boss to the second floor."

Particularly for the whites who live in cities—and three out of five of them live in Salisbury or Bulawayo—the most constant reminder of being in Africa is material comfort that would be difficult to find anywhere else. Weekend tennis players in Bulawayo are accustomed to having ballboys, and there are so many swimming pools in Salisbury that one is tempted to believe that the only way Britain could bring the settlers to their knees through economic sanctions would be to impose a blockade on chlorine. All male Africans are called "boy" in Rhodesia—even if it becomes necessary to use terms like "boss boy" or "head salesboy"—and there seems to be a boy to do everything. "We're all up a notch here," a man in Salisbury told me. "A bricklayer becomes a contractor. A bookkeeper becomes an accountant." Garfield Todd was once told by a colleague from Northern Rhodesia that people could adjust to someone else's decision that they give up their privileged position (as whites in Northern Rhodesia, who were never self-governing, adjusted to Britain's decision to grant African rule there) but that it is too much to expect that they make such a decision themselves.

White Rhodesians would resent the conclusion that the crusade to preserve Christian Civilization has been introduced in Rhodesia only because it would be awkward to lead people in a crusade to preserve the privilege of being able to afford an extra Ford Cortina for their wives. Many whites have come to Rhodesia since the end of the Second World War—the white population in 1945 was about sixty thousand—but they prefer not to think



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The Perfect Disguise

One day a Russian countess threw herself at a lowly leather-maker because he smelled so good. The stuff he was using was never intended —until then—to be a man's cologne. (It was just a little something to disguise the odors of leather-tanning.) But what started as an accident has become The Perfect Disguise. Russian Leather by Imperial Del Oro is so subtle every man feels it's all his own. So naturally authoritative it never needs to shout. So perfect every woman enjoys it. Look for the authentic Russian Leather by Imperial Del Oro in a gold-spiked bottle. Perfect disguise. Great come-on.

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that they became eligible for privilege merely by showing up. They often speak of having sacrificed for years to build "all of this;" the frontier tradition is strong even in the better Salisbury suburbs. Also, the more thoughtful whites say, wanting to preserve the system, even if it means some loss of freedoms, is not necessarily just selfishness. It is not as if African rule would return the institutions that have had to be given up. There are not many African-ruled countries that have a fiercely independent press and an unshakable belief in trial by jury. Some of the things the Ministry of Information says about African politics are, after all, true. A steady reader of Ministry of Information prose cannot believe that this is anything more than a coincidence, but it is nonetheless correct that African control of Rhodesia could mean an exchange of coups between ZANU and ZAPU, and would almost certainly mean a reduction of governmental efficiency. The Zambian telephone system may not be so bad that businessmen prefer to drive the two hundred miles between Ndola and Lusaka rather than try to use the phones—a story whites in Rhodesia are fond of repeating—but it is not as good as the Rhodesian telephone system. "People here would rather be under a white dictatorship than a black dictatorship; it's as simple as that," said a journalist in Salisbury. "They think they'll be better off. Partly because they're white, of course, but that's not all of it with some of them. They think the country will be run more fairly and more efficiently and everyone will be better off."

THERE is something constricting in the atmosphere of a country where the national aspiration can be stated in terms of preserving an efficient telephone system. The limitations on political thought are made more acute by the realization that even that aspiration may not be realized; the phone system may not prevail. The inevitability of African takeover is still, after all, part of the official government line, even if it is accompanied by an implied promise to do everything possible to avoid the inevitable. It is difficult to think of stirring phrases about a holding action; it is difficult to talk of visionary plans to people who, according to a report by some University College lecturers in 1964, accept the inevitability of an African takeover "as the individual accepts the prospect of death—something it is not in good taste to dwell upon or talk about, yet worth taking every precaution to postpone." Ex-

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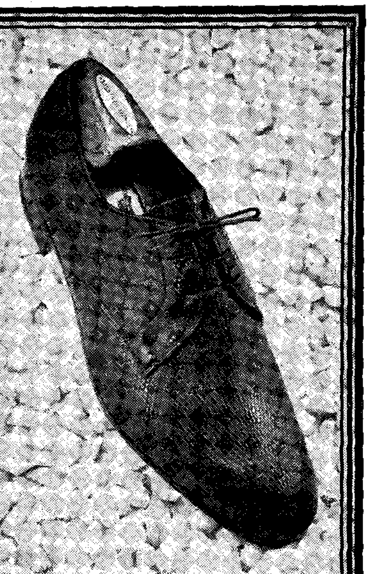

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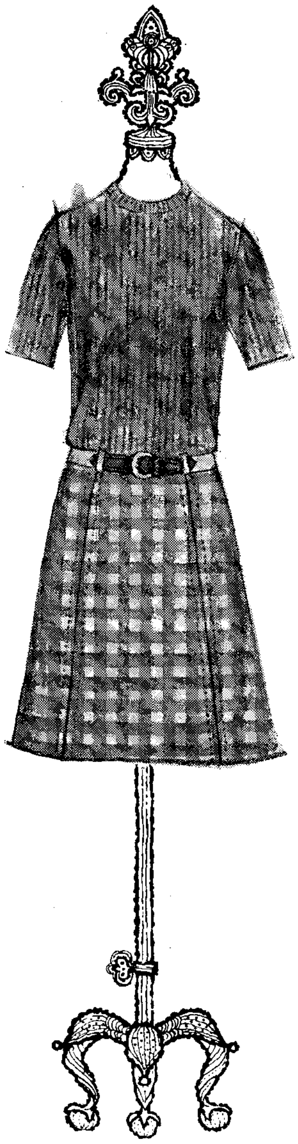

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cept among people who really do believe that they are protecting Christian Civilization against Communism, there is no room for idealism in Rhodesian politics, and in a country where the overwhelming necessity is the avoidance of chaos there is not much reason for debate. When it was reported this fall that an approaching Rhodesian Front party conference might take up the possibility of the government's declaring a republic, the Bulawayo *Chronicle* said the proposal might at least "have the advantage of reviving political controversy."

In this atmosphere, the government has a difficult time combatting the apathy that tends to set in after a national crisis has dragged on for months. The near unanimity of white support and affection for Ian Smith is unquestioned, but even his presence does not bring much vitality to a public gathering. Shortly after the introduction of the preventive-detention amendment, Smith returned to his constituency for the first time since U.D.I. He gave a speech one night at Beitbridge, where petrol and other supplies come across the South African border, and two nights later he spoke at Gwanda, a dusty, sleepy-looking farming and mining town a hundred miles away. The road between Beitbridge and Bulawayo is Gwanda's main street. Most of the traffic seems to be South African petrol trucks, and a mimeographed sheet tacked up next to the desk of the Mt. Cazelet Hotel on the main street gives the drivers instructions on how to reach volunteer mechanics if they have a breakdown. Gwanda has the usual arcade-shaded side street of Indian stores selling identical merchandise, and a terrace bar where white farmers can look out over the highway as they have a drink. African children sometimes drive through the streets in donkey carts. The area is known as strong Rhodesian Front territory. Africans come to the windows of the public bars to get beer, and the "RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED" signs that hang over bar doors seem unnecessary. The bars display ersatz bronze plaques with Smith's profile in relief, and, even before the assassination, the bar of the Mt. Cazelet had a bust of Hendrik Verwoerd.

Smith's speech was announced in the window of the Mt. Cazelet; somebody had printed the information by hand on the back of a placard that had originally been used to announce a St. Nicholas Church fête. A crowd of about two hundred people—probably about a third of the whites in the area—waited for Smith in the Mt. Cazelet's

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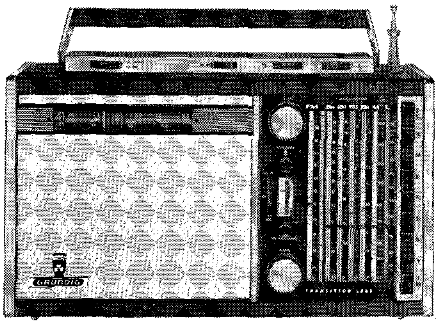

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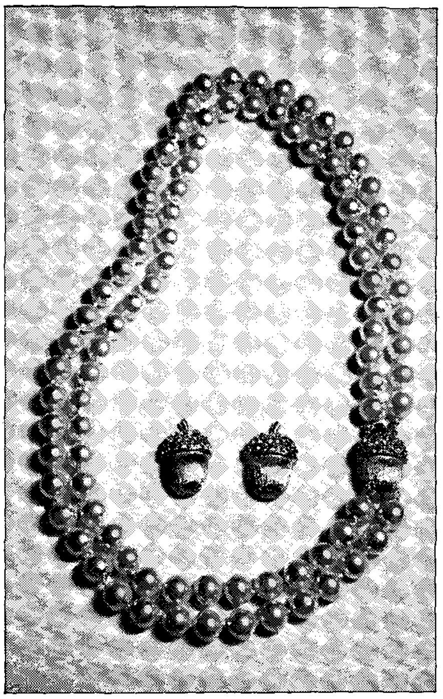

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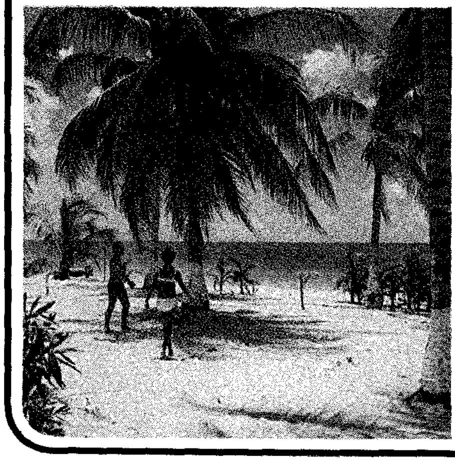

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dining room, which also serves Gwanda as a cinema and an auditorium. Outside the hotel, a group of twenty or so Africans stood under an arcade in front of the Gwanda pharmacy. They seemed to be waiting to catch a glimpse of Smith as he entered the building, but suddenly, just before the scheduled time for the speech, they all entered the hotel and took seats in the back of the auditorium, where they remained, silent and attentive, throughout the evening. Smith entered a few minutes later—to warm, if not prolonged, applause by everybody except the Africans—and was introduced by the local Rhodesian Front party chairman. The chairman said that people in the audience had been badgering him with questions ever since U.D.I.—stopping him right on the streets of Gwanda at times—and they would at last have the opportunity to ask their questions of the Prime Minister himself.

Smith, dressed in a baggy blue suit, looked somehow younger and frailer than his pictures. He speaks in a strong Rhodesian accent, so that an affirmative answer is "Yis," patriotism has spread across the "length and bridth" of the land, and "very well" is pronounced something like "veedy weel." An undemonstrative speaker, he projects a strong feeling of sincerity. With the possible exception of Harold Wilson, nobody appears more morally outraged by the Rhodesian situation than Ian Smith. After telling his constituents that Rhodesia was withstanding Britain's "war of sanctions" even more successfully than his advisers had thought possible, he began a long complaint about the foreign critics of the preventive-detention amendment—"this little piece of legislation." Most of the countries that led the criticism, Smith said, had preventive-detention laws of their own, not to speak of other aberrations, like the Mau Mau uprising ("the most heinous crimes ever perpetrated in this world in this century—worse than the crimes of the Nazis"). He spoke of one country, "to the north," that had even put in legislation banning an opposition. The crowd laughed. "All we're doing is getting in step with the rest of the world," Smith said of the little piece of legislation. "What is it about us that we can't do what the rest of the world is doing without being the butt of criticism from the rest of the world? I think it is generally accepted that preventive detention is one of the necessary tools to fight Communism in this world today. . . . Who is provoking us today? Who introduced the war of sanctions? And they ex-

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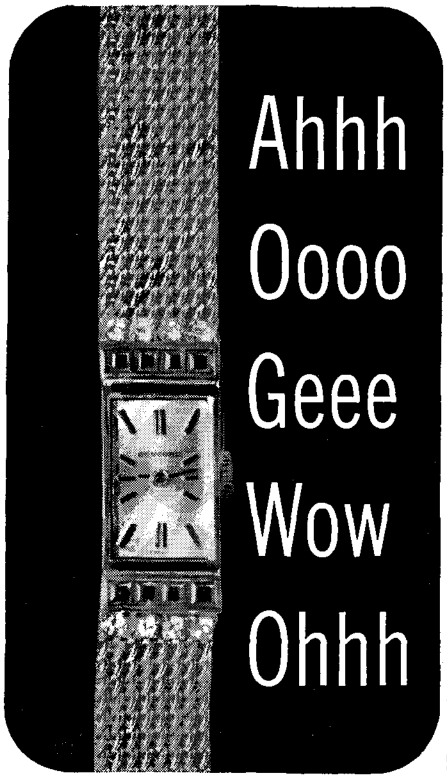

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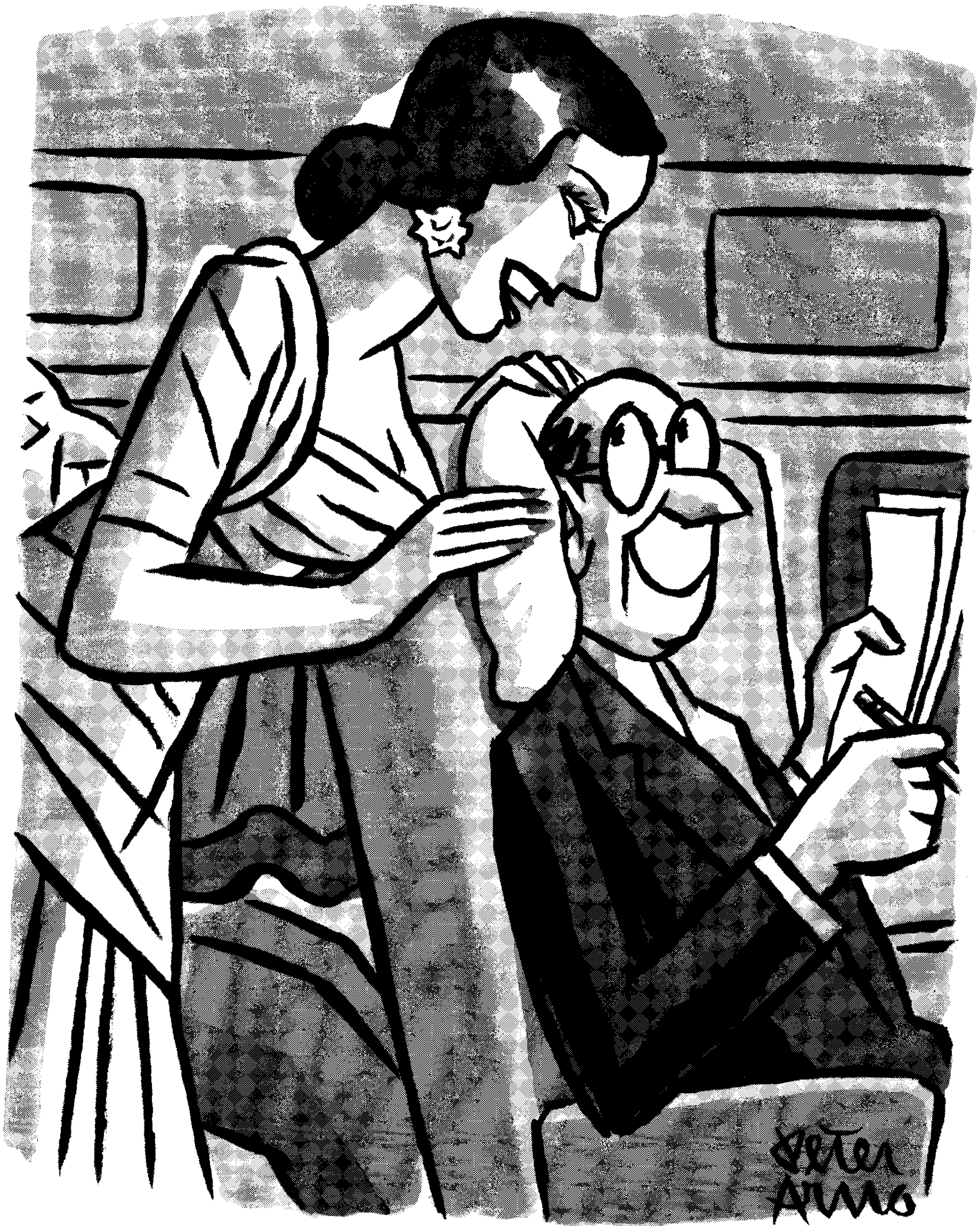
pect us to sit and do nothing in return."

Smith mentioned some other "despicable acts" that had been perpetrated by the British, including the establishment of a propaganda station in nearby Bechuanaland and support of Radio Zambia. He brought out a Rhodesian Ministry of Information pamphlet called "Murder by Radio," which includes transcripts of some of the wilder broadcasts that African nationalists in Lusaka had made over Radio Zambia before the Zambians demanded that all programs be scripted and approved in advance. "I hesitate to read these," he said, lowering the pamphlet for a moment. "The more they are repeated, the more likely it is they get into quarters one doesn't wish it to go . . . these poor inarticulate people are fertile ground, fertile ground for Communism." The crowd laughed when Smith read a transcript that began, "Take your bows and break the government of Ian Smith and all his robbers." A few minutes later, he was interrupted by applause for the second or third time, and there was more polite applause when he sat down.

The chairman asked for questions. There was silence. The chairman did some coaxing. Finally, after a long pause, a man stood and asked a rambling question about when the preventive-detention amendment had been planned. Smith answered, and another long silence followed. The chairman asked what had happened to all the questions he had been badgered with for so many months right on the streets of Gwanda. Minutes passed. Finally, a man asked a rhetorical question about whether Rhodesia would retreat or stand up if invaded. After Smith had answered, there was another long pause, broken only by the chairman's occasional plea of "C'mon, ladies and gentlemen." At last, a man stood and said, "We haven't come to ask this man questions but to show him our support." The crowd applauded, and the chairman quickly called the meeting closed. Somebody started a chorus of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and Smith coaxed his wife up on the stage to stand by him. He stood through the song with eyes slightly lowered, occasionally waving stiffly at the crowd with his "Murder by Radio" pamphlet. Afterward, he stayed for an hour or so, chatting with people in the auditorium and joking loudly with the half-drunk customers of the Mt. Cazelet public bar. Just as Smith finally walked out of the door of the Mt. Cazelet, a huge petrol truck, rumbling down the highway on its way back to South Africa, passed the hotel, and the driver played three bars of "The Colonel Bogey March" on his horn. He got the most enthusiastic cheer of the evening.

THE Ministry of Information regularly announces milestones in its campaign to convince those who make Rhodesia "the butt of criticism" that Rhodesia is, in reality, the protector of Christian Civilization. A news story in the *Herald* last spring began, "Records describing Rhodesia as a 'beautiful and peaceful' country have recently been played over 10 radio stations in the American state of Utah." A man from the Independence League, a privately financed organization that helps with the propaganda burden, showed me a pile of envelopes one day and said, "We're sending every British M.P. a booklet called 'Rhodesia Through American Eyes.' It has a speech from Senator Eastland, a column by Ken Tolliver, and a poem from a lady in Virginia." The Utah coup was apparently the work of the Friends of Rhodesia, an overseas organization that the Ministry of Information works hard to promote. The Ministry itself has also distributed pamphlets and newsletters abroad, and for a while it sent boxholders in Rhodesia prewritten propaganda letters on airmail forms to send to friends overseas. "Dear [blank space]," one of them began. "One of the accusations you have no doubt heard about Rhodesia is that it is a 'police state.' I hope that you take this with a pinch of salt."

Although the Smith regime courts world opinion wearing the moderate rhetoric left over from Federation days, most of the response to Rhodesian propaganda in Western countries has come from the far right. Even in Britain, where the argument about Rhodesians' being "kith and kin" has a certain amount of appeal, news accounts about support for the Smith regime often include names like the League of Empire Loyalists, the British National Party, or the Racial Preservation Society of Brighton. (Opponents of the Rhodesian Front regime consider this alliance appropriate. Almost all mem-



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bers of the Parliament would be considered far to the right by American standards; one Cabinet Minister believes that people of British stock have a God-given right to rule the world, because they are the ten lost tribes of Israel.) The regime no longer seems to be making a serious attempt to influence mainstream opinion in countries such as the United States and Canada. The distribution of its newsletter has been cut, and the prewritten airmail letters are no longer passed out to boxholders. In Parliament this fall, one member expressed disappointment at the small amount that was being spent for overseas propaganda, and then suggested that the money that had been allocated could be used to subsidize right-wing magazines. The Ministry of Information talks mostly to the converted. Its usual reaction to foreign reporters who do not come as announced friends of the regime is to complain about previous press coverage in their countries, deny anything that seems damaging ("Todd is not in restriction," I was told by a Ministry official during Todd's restriction), and hand out documents that do not even reflect a strenuous effort at deception (a sheet on land apportionment divides the African-held land by the number of Africans using it to get nineteen acres a person, and then manages to get about the same figure for European-held land by including the Africans living on it in the calculation—so that an African who lives and works on a white tobacco farm for four pounds a month becomes the statistical owner of 19.2 acres of fine rich soil). The invariable reaction of a white Rhodesian to a foreign reporter is to tell him about an American TV cameraman (or British photographer) who was supposedly seen putting sweets in a dustbin in order to lure African children into posing for starving-urchin pictures, or about the British newspaper (or American magazine) that supposedly ran a picture of Africans sleeping on the grass of Cecil Square and claimed it showed unburied dead after a riot.

The Ministry of Information devotes most of its energy to internal propaganda. Rhodesian radio and television, in the discreet phrase of one information officer, "work very closely with the Ministry of Information." The Rhodesian Broadcasting Company, which was once independent of political control, was one of the Rhodesian Front's first targets. The three senior newsmen who were not willing to work quite as closely with the Ministry of Information

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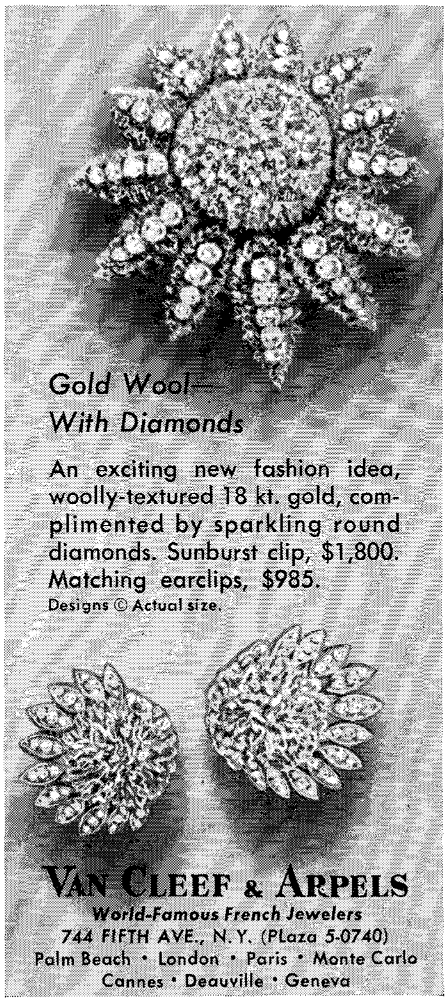

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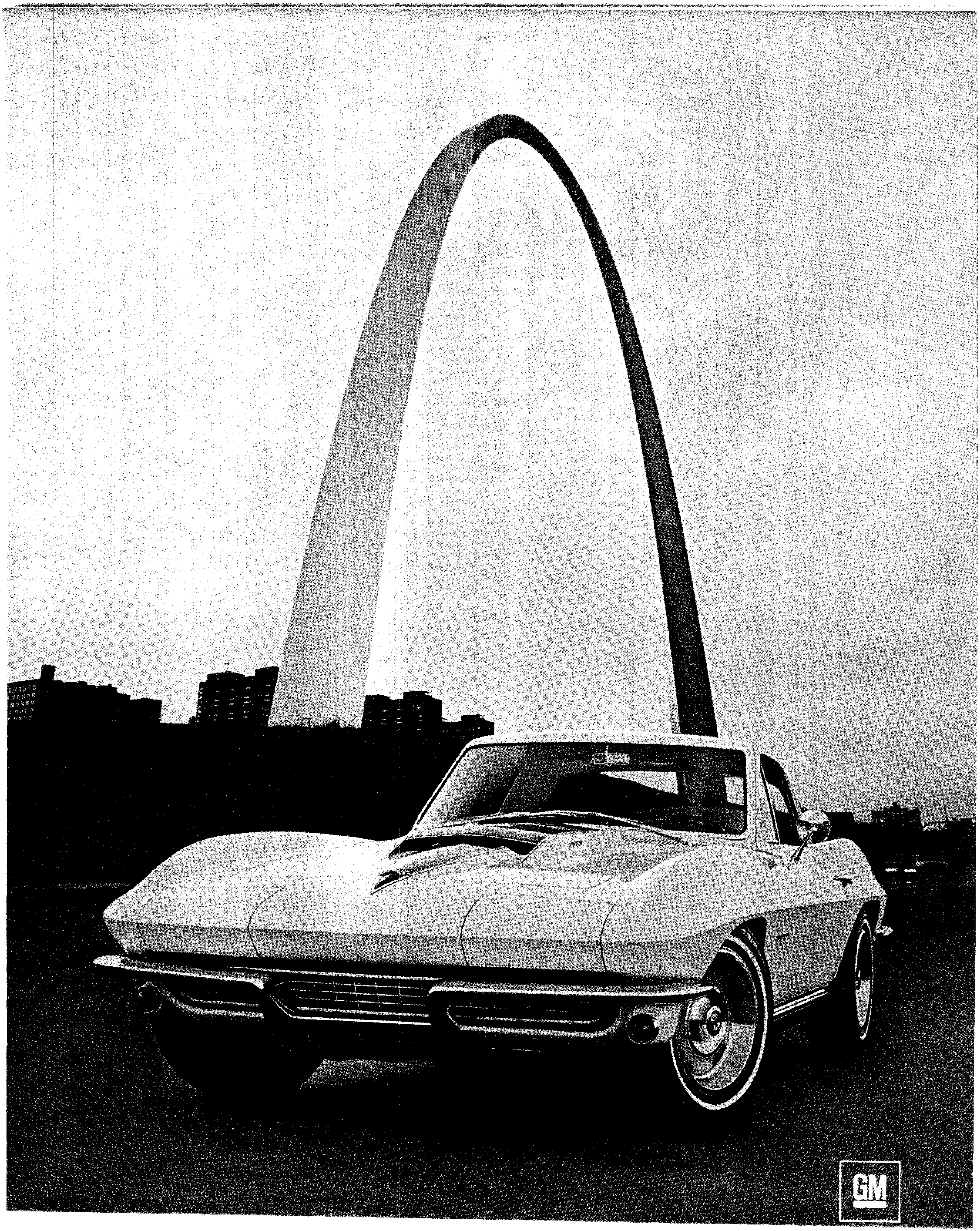

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This season, add a new Italian flavor to your wardrobe—the Olivino suit by Hart Schaffner & Marx. Good taste.

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as became necessary quit in 1964 over the refusal of the station director to permit the broadcast of a news item that was unfavorable to the regime. Issues of foreign magazines that contradict what people have been told are kept from the newsstands (although subscription copies are not stopped in the mails). People in Rhodesia have never displayed a great thirst for news, most of them are hearing what they want to hear anyway, and not many of them seem to be making a great effort to listen to the B.B.C. or to subscribe to foreign magazines. All in all, except for news broadcasts from the Republic of South Africa, the news that reaches people in Rhodesia is largely government propaganda. That situation came about gradually, and not many people seem to be aware of it.

Oddly enough, the government has been particularly successful at home in convincing Rhodesians of the support they enjoy abroad. Some of the announced triumphs do seem pathetic ("A procession of nineteen cars, plastered with posters calling for 'Fair Play for Rhodesia,' drove through the streets of the Cornish town of Truro at the weekend"). But even people who make fun of the internal propaganda acknowledge that it is effective. It is, if nothing else, relentless. One night this fall, the seven-o'clock "Background to the News" program on R.B.C. featured an interview with a man named Dr. Emilio Von Hofmannsthal, who was introduced as an eminent American jurist, an expert on United Nations procedures, and "a member of the International Law Association since 1908." Speaking in a heavy Austrian accent, Von Hofmannsthal told his interviewer that the United Nations had inadvertently recognized the Rhodesian regime when it imposed mandatory sanctions against oil entering the port of Beira, in Mozambique, since sanctions can only be imposed against independent states. The seven-forty-five R.B.C. news began, "An eminent American jurist said in Salisbury tonight that the United Nations has given unwitting recognition to Rhodesia." The television news at eight-thirty began the same way, and the papers in both Salisbury and Bulawayo ran accounts of the Von Hofmannsthal interview the next morning. A night or two later, on one of the local television programs, a Canadian Negro named Sydney Williams, who announced himself as a "political analyst," was interviewed about his views on Rhodesia. "I'm pleasantly surprised," the analyst said. "I find no tension I can cut." One of the Min-

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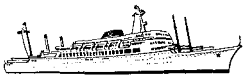

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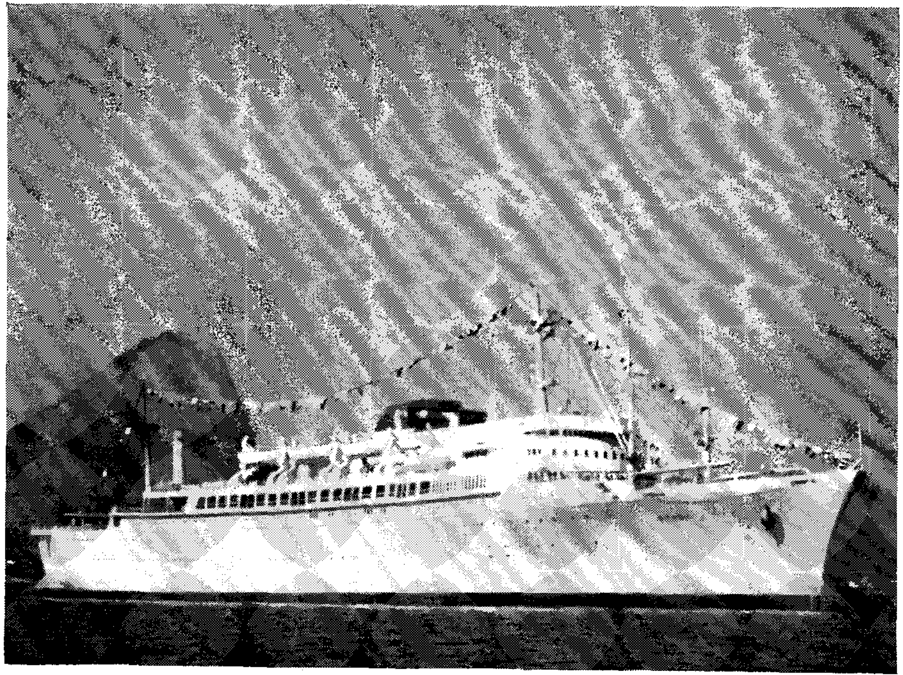

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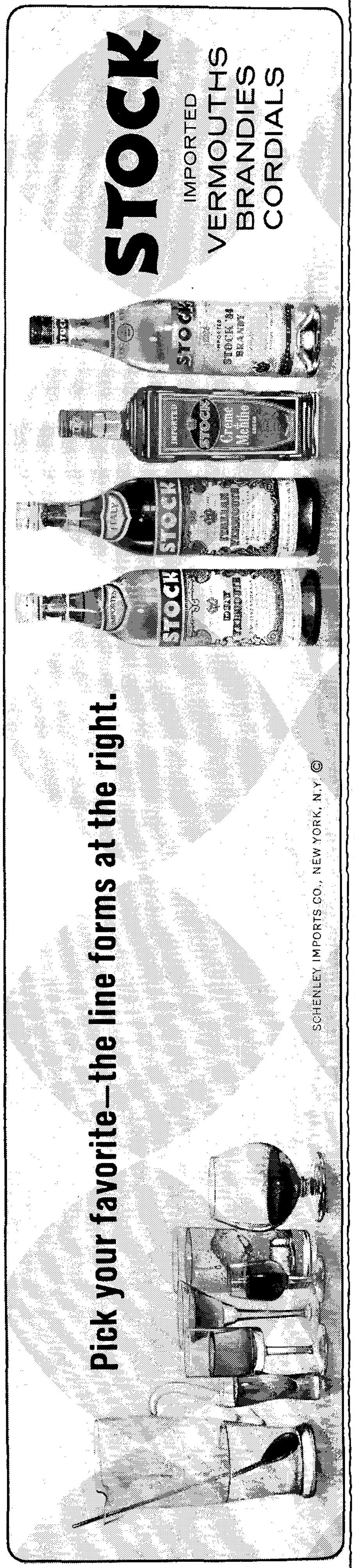
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istry's most elaborate propaganda buildups was given to L. Ron Hubbard, the founder of a religion called Scientology, who seemed for a while to be the man who could solve any problems Rhodesia had about attracting investment capital. Hubbard was normally referred to in Rhodesia as "the American millionaire financier" or "the American tycoon." His religious beliefs were usually not mentioned in detail, although a *Herald* reporter managed to bury at the end of one story a statement by a Salisbury Scientologist that the faithful believed in memory, so that a man who had a jaw ache was quite possibly in earlier life a clam. (Hubbard wrote the paper to say that the alleged expert had been excommunicated long before.) Hubbard lectured the Que Que Rotary Club on how Rhodesia could become the Switzerland of Africa by offering a tax benefit here and there, and for a while he was the hero of Rhodesian radio and television. Suddenly, the government announced, with no further explanation, that the man who was going to be Rhodesia's economic savior had not been granted an extension of his temporary visitor's permit and would have to be out of the country within the week. The *Herald* did a lengthy interview with Hubbard the day before he left, but it was censored.

It is not easy for the average Rhodesian to evaluate the foreign support that the government claims. Even relatively well-informed people are surprised to hear from a visiting American that he had not been aware of the Friends of Rhodesia as a potent force in American politics until he arrived in Rhodesia. Early this fall, Rhodesians were presented with the rare opportunity of seeing some of their foreign supporters for themselves when sixteen members of the American Friends of Rhodesia arrived at the Bulawayo airport for a tour of the country. An official of the Ministry of Information was there from Salisbury to meet them, and so was the chairman of the Friends of Rhodesia Trust, a quasi-governmental body established to handle the largesse of foreign friends. A local volunteer draped the railing of the airport's observation balcony with American flags and a sign saying "RHODESIANS WELCOME THEIR AMERICAN FRIENDS," and the man from the Friends of Rhodesia Trust explained to waiting reporters that "Friends of Rhodesia in America is growing like grassfire—it's going up tremendously." The tour party turned out to consist of two intense young organizers, one of whom quickly began informing reporters

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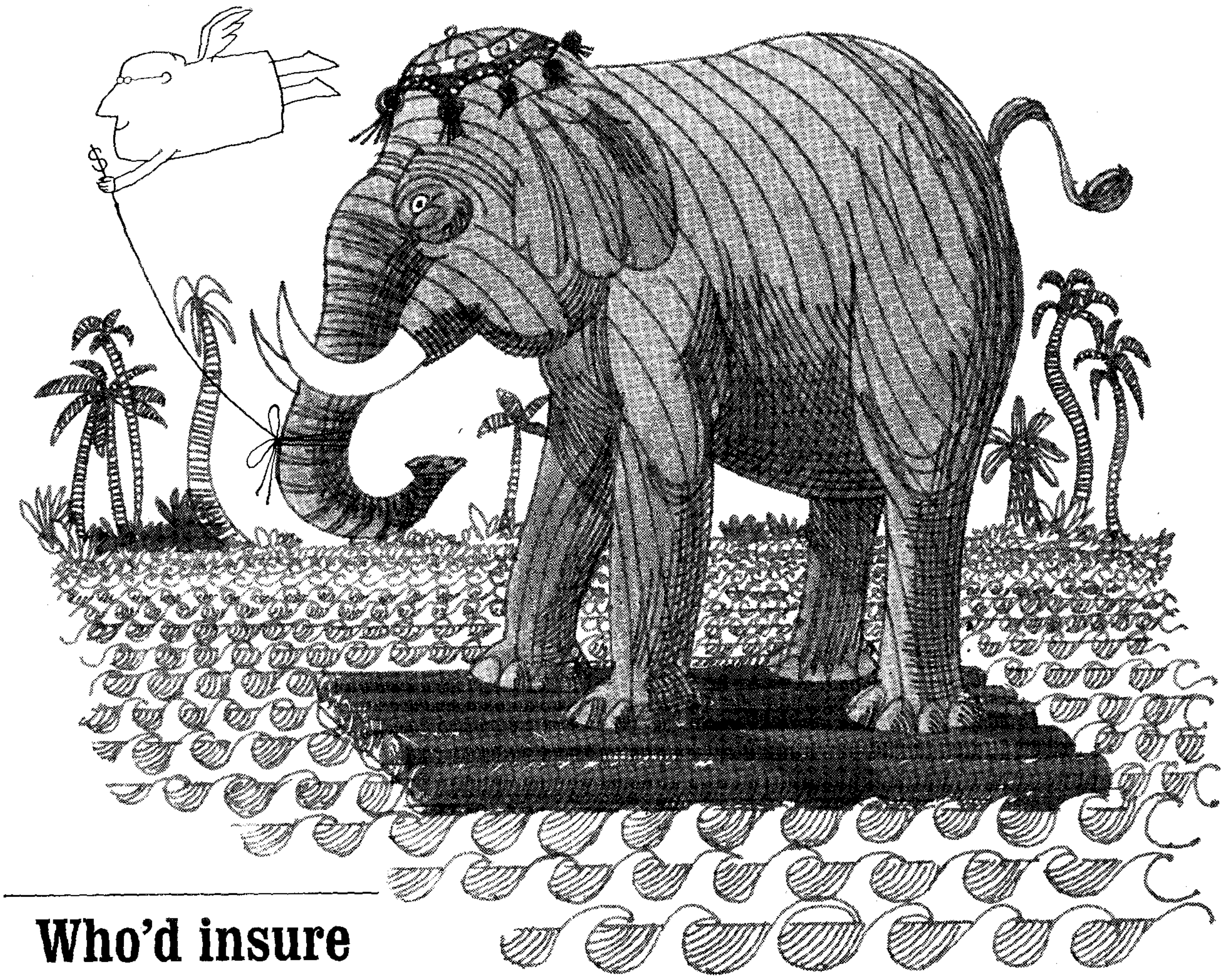

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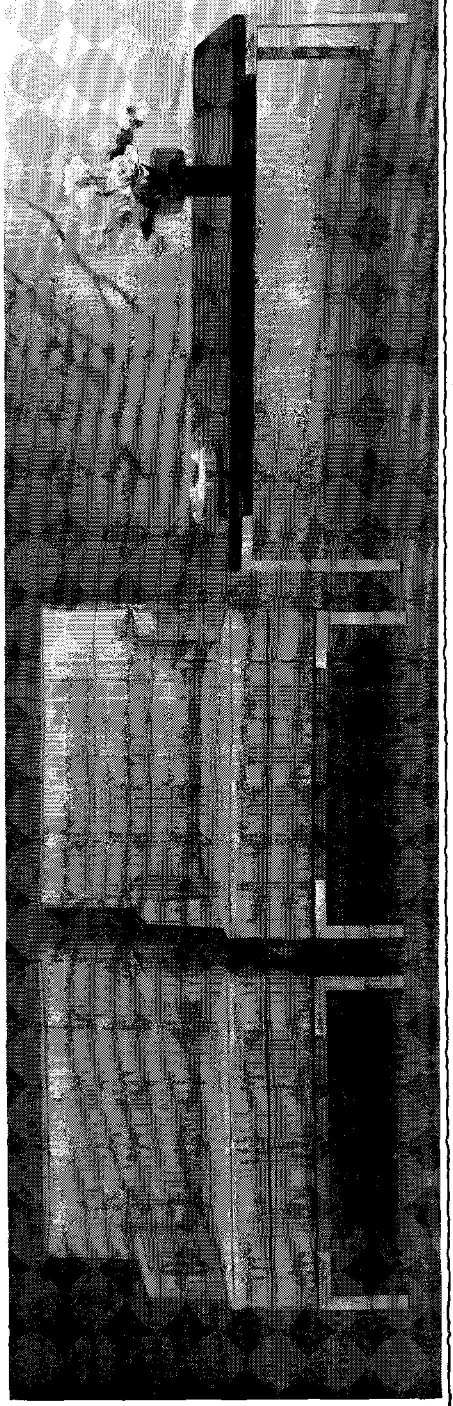
about "the forces of evil;" two couples in their thirties or forties; and ten people who could have passed for the anti-fluoridation faction of a retirement community's Republican Club. Most of the men wore monogrammed neckties that had been presented to them by the Johannesburg Friends of Rhodesia, although one elderly man wore a bolo tie that went with his cowboy boots, ten-gallon hat, and pearl-buttoned shirt. One of the women wore a straw headband that held a gigantic version of the type of eyeshade worn by copy editors in old movies.

The Friends of Rhodesia were given the grand tour, from the African townships to the game reserve. A few days after their arrival, they were briefed on the political situation by the Minister of Information himself. During the question period, the Minister nodded sympathetically while the man in the Western appointments explained that Socialists, Fabians, and Communists were allowed to organize openly in the United States; when the speech was over, the Minister smiled and said, "Mr. Harold Wilson is a Fabian, you know." The Americans booed with enthusiasm, and the Minister went on to cement Rhodesian-American friendship with a few nasties about Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Dexter White. That night, in Meikles Hotel, where Ian Smith had read the Declaration of Independence, the Friends were given a reception attended by six Cabinet Ministers. Ted Cranford, an amiable building-supply dealer from California who believes that Communists have infiltrated high into every area of the American government, thanked his hosts on behalf of the group and assured them that the tour members would return to America and spread the real story of Rhodesia across the land "with the speed of the growth of a cancer." Everyone applauded. Within the next few days, the Friends of Rhodesia had gone to the home of the Officer Administering the Government for tea and to Parliament to meet the Prime Minister. It is doubtful if even the Ministry of Information believed that a group of elderly, obscure right-wingers could have much effect on American opinion, but after months of presenting the Friends of Rhodesia as a power in American politics, it would obviously have been impossible to greet its representatives with anything less than Cabinet Ministers.

When those who listen to Rhodesian radio and television are not being assured of the support Rhodesia has abroad, they are being reminded of the



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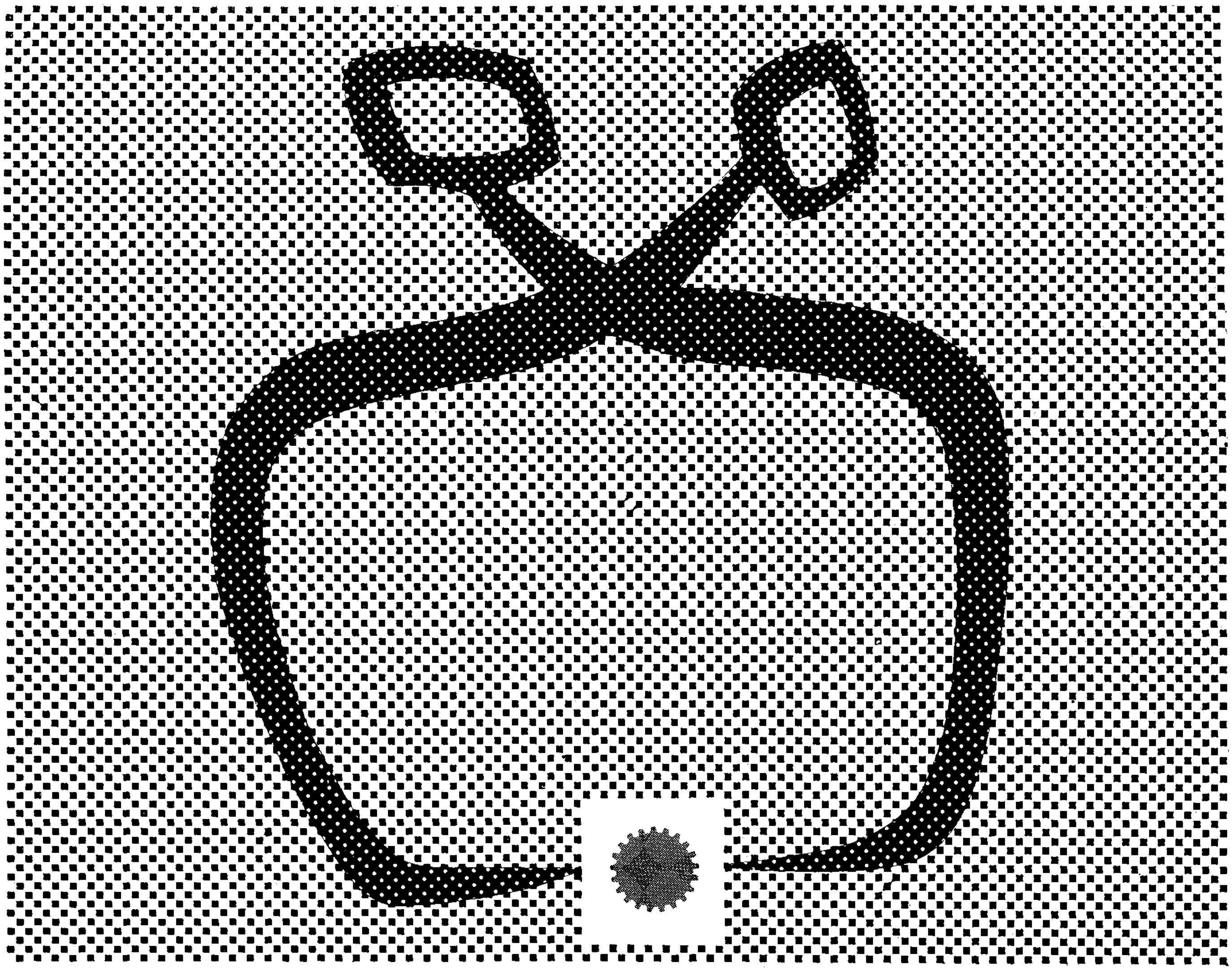

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choice between order and chaos. News of strikes and coups to the north comes daily. About the only orderly project of an African-ruled country that is covered by Rhodesian television is a visit by the Foreign Minister to Peking. The effect of constant repetition is not easy to resist. After only a week or two of hearing the nationalists universally dismissed as thugs and intimidators, a visitor has to make a special effort to remember that only five years ago a Rhodesian government was dealing with them as the legitimate representatives of the African people, and that most of the rest of the world still considers them just that. I had a discussion about preventive detention one day with a newspaper editor—a long-time opponent of the Rhodesian Front—and he began to trace the background, starting with the Preventive Detention Act of 1959, which, he explained, Whitehead had to pass in order to keep the rival nationalists of ZAPU and ZANU from intimidating everybody in the townships.

"But how could that have been the reason?" I asked. "I thought the split didn't come until years after that."

"Are you sure?" he asked. He had lost track.

FOR some months after U.D.I.—while both the British and the Rhodesians, strenuously avoiding chaos, were backing away from any confrontation over whether or not the Smith government had the legal right to rule—a small group of lawyers was meeting every week or so in London trying to figure out a way to maneuver the regime into court. The strategy was to have the government declared illegal by its own judges. A case finally found its way to the Rhodesian High Court, and the first time the Parliament met after U.D.I. the judges did not make their usual appearance at the opening ceremonies because of "certain litigation pending, involving the standing of the government and possibly of Parliament itself." The plaintiffs—two political prisoners—maintained that they could not legally be detained by a government that had been dismissed by the Queen it claimed to represent and was itself illegal. The court found, just as the lawyers in London had hoped it would, that the Smith regime "is not the lawful government." It also found, however, that, as the only effective government, the illegal regime had a right to rule the country within the limitations of the 1961 Constitution—"in order to avoid chaos"—and the applications of the two prisoners to be

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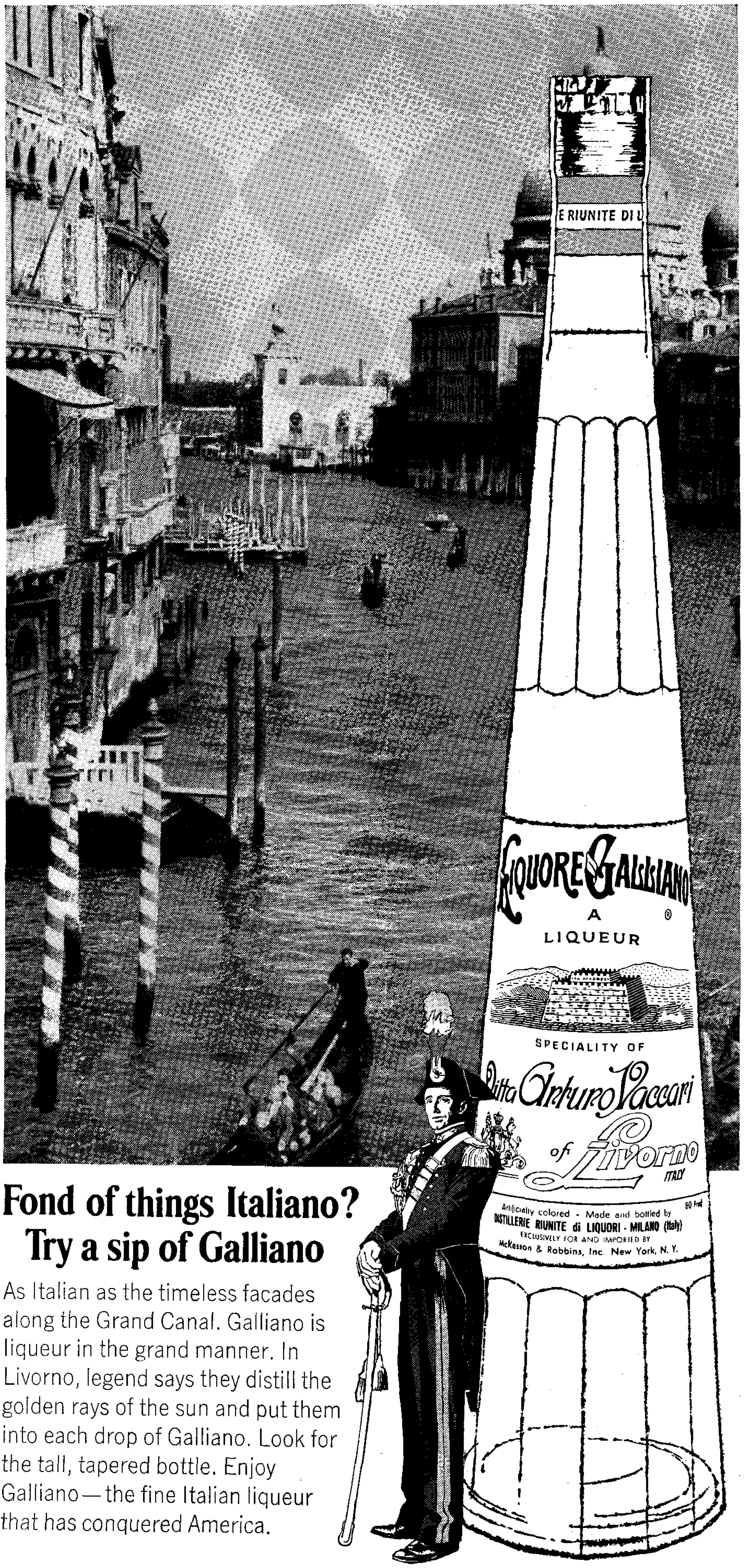
freed were rejected. Detaining people without trial was, of course, well within the government's rights before U.D.I.; in fact, the proclamation of the state of emergency under which both plaintiffs had been detained was signed by Sir Humphrey Gibbs, the loyal and constitutional servant of the Queen.

On the day the decision was announced—and the court declared, "Her Majesty has repudiated this situation and has repudiated the Officer Administering the Government as Her representative"—Ian Smith officially opened the Salisbury Royal Show, an annual agricultural and industrial exhibition. It was a warm, sunny afternoon, and several thousand people were in the football stadium the Show uses for livestock judging when a Mercedes drove across the field to the stands and the Prime Minister got out and walked to his box. The crowd applauded; three American Friends of Rhodesia, enjoying the Show from choice box seats, began a standing ovation until they realized that they were the only ones standing. Smith returned to the field to speak from a platform set up on the grass. As he was being introduced, handlers dressed in white smock coats and leading cattle appeared on the other side of the field and began moving in the direction of the platform—a procession that at first appeared to be a mistake but turned out to be the Show's grand parade—and by the time Smith began to speak some two hundred head were milling around the field behind him. Smith, raising his voice now and then to be heard above the mooing, read a prepared speech on agriculture; presented the same defense of the preventive-detention amendment he had presented at Gwanda; and then announced that a great victory had been won in court that morning when the plaintiffs' case was rejected and his government was declared the *de-facto* government of Rhodesia. There was a great cheer, and Smith went on to say that the victory was a milestone in the nation's struggle. He left out the part of the decision that said the government was illegal.

"Well," a reporter from the *Herald* said. "There's going to be trouble with the censor tonight."

In fact, there was relatively little trouble with the censor that night. Although R.B.C. newscasts throughout the day followed Smith's lead by more or less ignoring the unwelcome part of the court's decision, both the *Rhodesia Herald* and the Bulawayo *Chronicle* were permitted to run straightforward accounts that included both parts. The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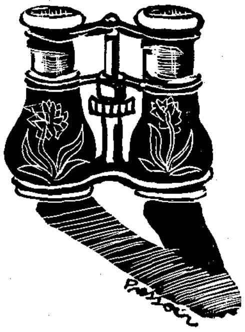
Little lady
with
big ideas.
Adele
Simpson

largest headline in the *Chronicle*—quickly offset by another headline beneath it—was "HIGH COURT DECIDES THE 1965 CONSTITUTION IS ILLEGAL." Both leaders commenting on the decision were, of course, cut.

The censor's liberalism or forgetfulness was undoubtedly harmless. An argument over the legality of a *de-facto* government seems sterile even to those who are given the full story. Even the lawyers who had been pressing for a suit had little hope of accomplishing anything by the time the decision came up; all they could hope for was an eventual ruling completely against the regime, which would presumably force the government to get new judges. If the judges refused to leave, at least there would be a bit of chaos. The question of the Rhodesian Front government's illegality is, of course, tied to Britain's refusal to grant legal independence unless the rights of Africans are guaranteed, but by now the original connection often seems remote. Rhodesians who remain loyal to the Queen do not hold views on African aspirations that vary greatly from the views of the Rhodesian Front; their main objection to U.D.I. seems to be that it was a tactically stupid move by rather coarse people. "It was lawlessness," one of them told me. "And *unnecessary* lawlessness." The British sometimes adopt a kind of schoolmasterish tone when discussing "the illegal act;" the Commonwealth Relations Office prefers to use the initials I.D.I. instead of U.D.I. because "an act could be unilateral without being illegal." The conversation of British diplomats sometimes seems to reflect the idea that unconstitutionality is the greatest immorality. In an effort to explain to me how clearly Britain had warned Rhodesia of the consequences of U.D.I., a British diplomat read a 1964 statement from Duncan Sandys, then Commonwealth Relations Secretary, which said, "It may be thought that, in the event of a unilateral declaration of independence, Southern Rhodesia could count on receiving treatment from Britain not less favourable than that now accorded to South Africa. But the two situations are not comparable. South Africa is an independent sovereign State. . . . There was nothing illegal or unconstitutional in the course adopted by South Africa."

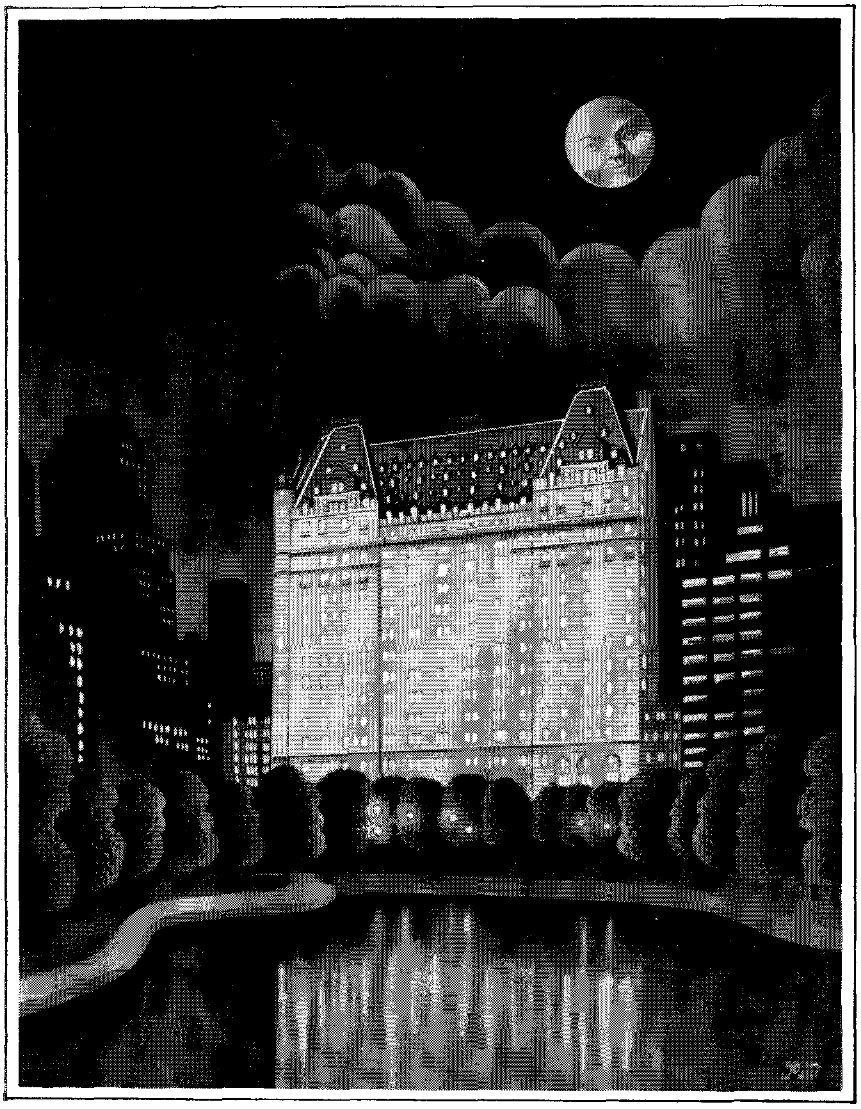
There are some who consider the argument between Britain and Rhodesia rather limited even when it concentrates on such substantive matters as how to guarantee progress toward majority rule. An attorney in London who has followed the negotiations closely told me, "There are really three sides that make any difference: the British; the Rhodesian Front government, which has the votes; and the people usually identified with the Federation, who want the same thing as the Rhodesian government—to maintain white rule indefinitely—but want to do it without incurring the displeasure of Her Majesty the Queen. The pity, of course, is that none of the three sides is African."

The British often seem to look down on white Rhodesians at about the same angle that white Rhodesians look down on black Rhodesians. "The whites in Rhodesia are, by and large, an unintelligent and unimaginative people," said a man from the Foreign Office. "And those who control the government, as it happens, are the least intelligent among them. They really are an awfully second-rate people." This attitude seems to be one of the factors that led the British to believe that Rhodesians would surrender or flee with the threat of sanctions. "They're a lot of marginal people," a man at the Commonwealth Relations Office said. "Plumbers, artisans—that lot. Rootless people. If there's any sign of trouble they get in their Vauxhalls or Opels and put their belongings on top and go." There was a theory in Britain at one point that the reality of sanctions would cause Salisbury businessmen and other moderates to depose Smith in favor of a more respectable regime—what one University College lecturer has called "the first coup by moderates in the history of the world." Among both the British and the Rhodesians who were in control before the Rhodesian Front victory, it is fashionable to observe that not three of the Ministers in the Rhodesian Front Cabinet could be assistant postmasters in England. "They call themselves Ministers," I was once told by a British diplomat. "But they're nothing more than town councillors, really."



In return, Rhodesians at first directed most of their official rudeness at Sir Humphrey Gibbs and their public hatred at Harold Wilson. When Gibbs did not step down as the Queen's Governor after U.D.I., the Smith regime shut off the Government House tele-

How to Make Love to a City



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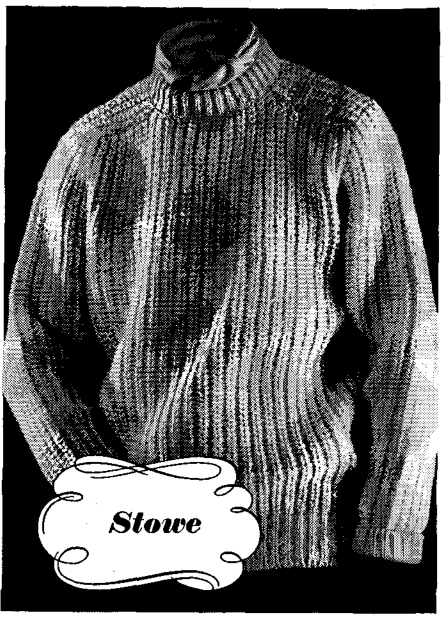
phones, confiscated his automobiles, and even came around to collect some typewriters. "We used the neighbors' phones for seven months, or the phone box down the street," a Government House aide told me. "Smith lives right across the street and we thought of knocking on the door and saying, 'Excuse me, something seems to have happened to our phones. I wonder if we could use yours.' They finally gave us one line back when the talks started and the British team was staying here. They were doing something every week for a while to keep us on our toes. First the sign would be taken down, then the guards would be taken away. It's not so bad now; I think they've run out of things to do."

There are still people in Rhodesia who keep a careful count of Harold Wilson's visits to Moscow, but most of the anti-Wilson feeling seems to have broadened into anti-British feeling. There are said to be people in Salisbury who refuse to drink Scotch whiskey, and less rash boycotts of British goods are common. Smith and Clifford Dupont still attend Battle of Britain memorial services in Salisbury, but all the talk in Rhodesia about having fought the last war for Britain has begun to sound hollow as the role of the Mother Country is increasingly played by South Africa—whose Prime Minister spent part of the war in a detention camp because of his sympathies with the other side. There is a good deal of talk in Rhodesia about declaring a republic sooner or later. That would presumably clear up what is sometimes called the untidiness of having an unmentionable Governor around and would also clear up such sticky administrative problems as Dupont's being technically guilty of murder if he signs execution orders for prisoners pardoned by the Queen. The Queen's picture still hangs in Parliament, but she is no longer exempt from the general distaste for the British. The main Rhodesian reaction to the assassination of Verwoerd appeared to be outrage over the fact that the Queen had not sent her personal condolences to the widow. It was one of those facts that spread instantly in Rhodesia, so that a day or two after it was on the radio, people in Salisbury office buildings were telling the story as if they had discovered it through a leak in the South African diplomatic mission, and the farmers who came in to Essexvale on Saturday to collect their mail and have a few beers were saying that the whole business was shocking. One woman wrote to the

Alan Paine



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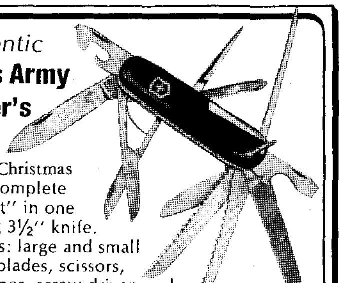

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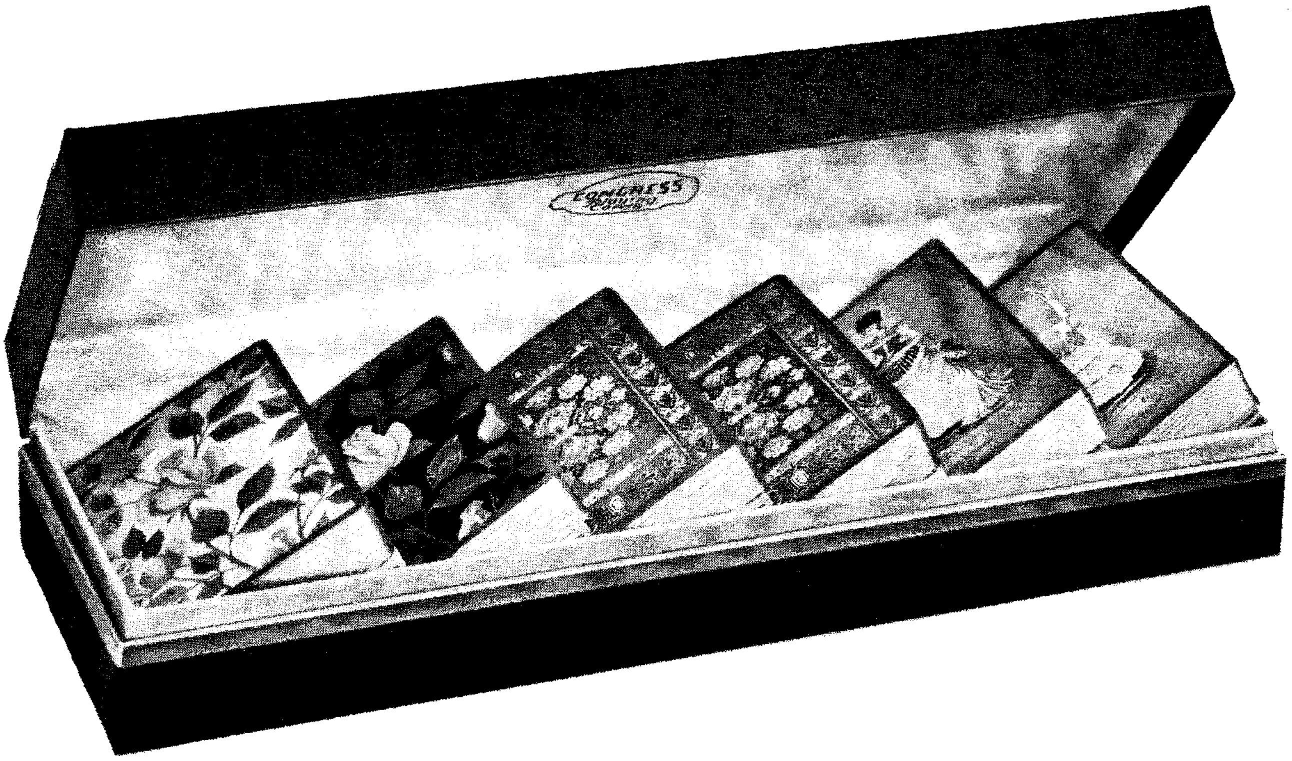

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Herald saying, "I, for one, have stuck an independence stamp over her face in a picture we have." Another reader wrote, "I shall in the future write the word 'queen' without a capital letter." Listening to a discussion about the Crown, an old man in the bar of the Essexvale Hotel stared down at his beer, shook his head sadly, and said, "The Queen has got in with a bad crowd."

ONE way to interpret the situation in Rhodesia is that it was created by some capricious deity just to aggravate liberals overseas. Anyone with the standard liberal beliefs who inquired about the Rhodesian situation would probably be sorry he asked:

"Isn't it encouraging to meet some of the intellectuals from ZANU?"

"*ZANU doesn't have much of a following inside the country.*"

"Oh. Well, are sanctions hitting the Rhodesians pretty hard?"

"The whites are O.K. so far. There seems to be a lot more unemployment among Africans."

"Sorry to hear about Zambia being affected rather badly by the sanctions. They able to cut down Rhodesian imports at all?"

"Yes, the business is going to South Africa instead."

"I suppose the Africans are about to rise up and murder all those settler bastards anyway."

"No, as a matter of fact, they're not."

The Africans in Rhodesia, it is generally agreed, have always lacked the militancy of those in some other parts of the continent. One theory is that this is a result of being a conquered people. Rhodesian Africans were militant enough to rebel twice in the eighteen-nineties—a few years after Cecil Rhodes hoodwinked a Matabele chief named Lobengula out of the land and sent a column of the British South Africa Company to begin settlement—but they were defeated both times. It is also said that the Mashonas, the majority tribe in Rhodesia, were docile in the first place; they are ordinarily described as "an agricultural, peace-loving people," and they were regularly raided by the less numerous Matabeles before the white men came. Lack of militancy among Africans in Rhodesia has also been explained by the fact that a large percentage of them have chronic cases of bilharziasis, a debilitating parasitic disease that can be contracted by contact with the water; the Africans sleeping in Cecil Square actually *look* dead. The Matabeles and

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the Mashonas no longer have terribly bitter feelings against each other, as bitter feelings between African tribes go, but tribalism is about the only problem that the Africans in Rhodesia do not have in excess.

The African nationalist movement came relatively late to Rhodesia, and for the last few years it seems to have been acting out a script written by the Ministry of Information. In 1963, a number of the leaders of ZAPU attempted to depose Joshua Nkomo, then the undisputed leader of Rhodesian nationalism, on the ground that he was indecisive and ineffective. The coup failed, leaving Nkomo still in control of ZAPU, and the rebels, many of the more educated nationalists among them, united behind another leader, Ndabaningi Sithole, in a separate party that became ZANU. Based on personalities rather than any significant ideological differences, the ZAPU-ZANU split has been particularly bitter, and undoubtedly did make life in the townships miserable at one point with beatings and destruction of property. Under the Unlawful Organizations Act of 1959, both parties are banned inside Rhodesia, but the two groups have managed to maintain their animosity in London, in Dar es Salaam, and in Lusaka.

In Lusaka, where both parties maintain offices to attack the Smith regime and each other, ZANU turns out a paper making extravagant claims about the triumphs of the freedom fighters (called terrorists in Rhodesia) who have been sent over the border; a characteristic way of categorizing alleged enemy casualties is "FASCISTS KNIFED TO DEATH" or "FASCIST RESERVES SHOT DEAD." But the only topic that brings much animated discussion around the ZANU office is ZAPU. "As the armed struggle progresses, it is becoming more and more evident that the African masses are faced with two groups of enemies in Zimbabwe," the ZANU paper has said. "The first group they know very well. It is the British settlers who treat them brutally and continue to exploit them. But a sinister group has more and more clearly raised its head. It is the Peoples' Caretaker Council (P.C.C.) or, as this moribund clique wishes to call itself abroad, Zapu." ZAPU has a somewhat more elaborate office in Lusaka, and uses it to produce a somewhat more elaborate newspaper. Both ZAPU and ZANU representatives are likely to answer in the affirmative when asked if there will be eventual unity among African nationalists, but in the next few sentences it always turns out that the way they en-

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vision unity arriving is through mass defections from the rival party. Occasionally, President Kenneth Kaunda, the uneasy host of the Rhodesian nationalists in Zambia, publicly lectures the two groups to get together, create some consistent program, and get on with it; so far, the lectures have had no effect. With almost all the first-line nationalist leaders in restriction or detention in Rhodesia, the Lusaka groups continue to provide the Smith government with a convenient sample of nationalist chaos, just as the bickering Africans in Parliament, representatives of no one, provide their daily demonstration of what whites regard as the kind of people who would be running Parliament if the Africans took over.

A number of terrorists/freedom fighters have managed to cross into Rhodesia armed with Russian hand grenades and Chinese guns ("If the United States would give us hand grenades it would be all the better"); they have committed a number of acts of sabotage and have killed at least one white farm couple. Most of them are captured or shot rather quickly, though, principally because there is no effective underground network to take them in. The *African Times*, a propaganda paper that the government distributes to Africans through such outlets as schools and township rent offices, usually carries a headline like "SECURITY FORCES TRIUMPH AGAIN." (There was a time when such information could be checked against the *African Daily News*, a paper published for Africans by the Thomson chain; however, the *Daily News* was banned in 1964.) Guerrilla activity in Rhodesia is likely to remain a matter of isolated incidents until there is an efficient movement inside the country, and the obstacles against organizing one are immense. Informing for the police is practically a minor industry in the African community. "In the townships, there are as many informers as people out of work," I was told by a nationalist sympathizer in Salisbury. If a guerrilla finds his way to a remote village—a cluster of round huts made of branches and the mud from ant hills—he is likely to encounter someone sufficiently aware of modern ways to be in contact with the police. On the first day of the final term at University College in Salisbury, there were rumors of demonstrations, but one professor who had been close to the African students concluded that order would not be disturbed since no police were present, and "They have more contacts among the Africans than I do." A man I met

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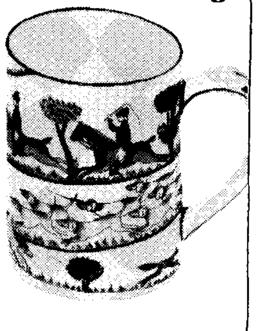

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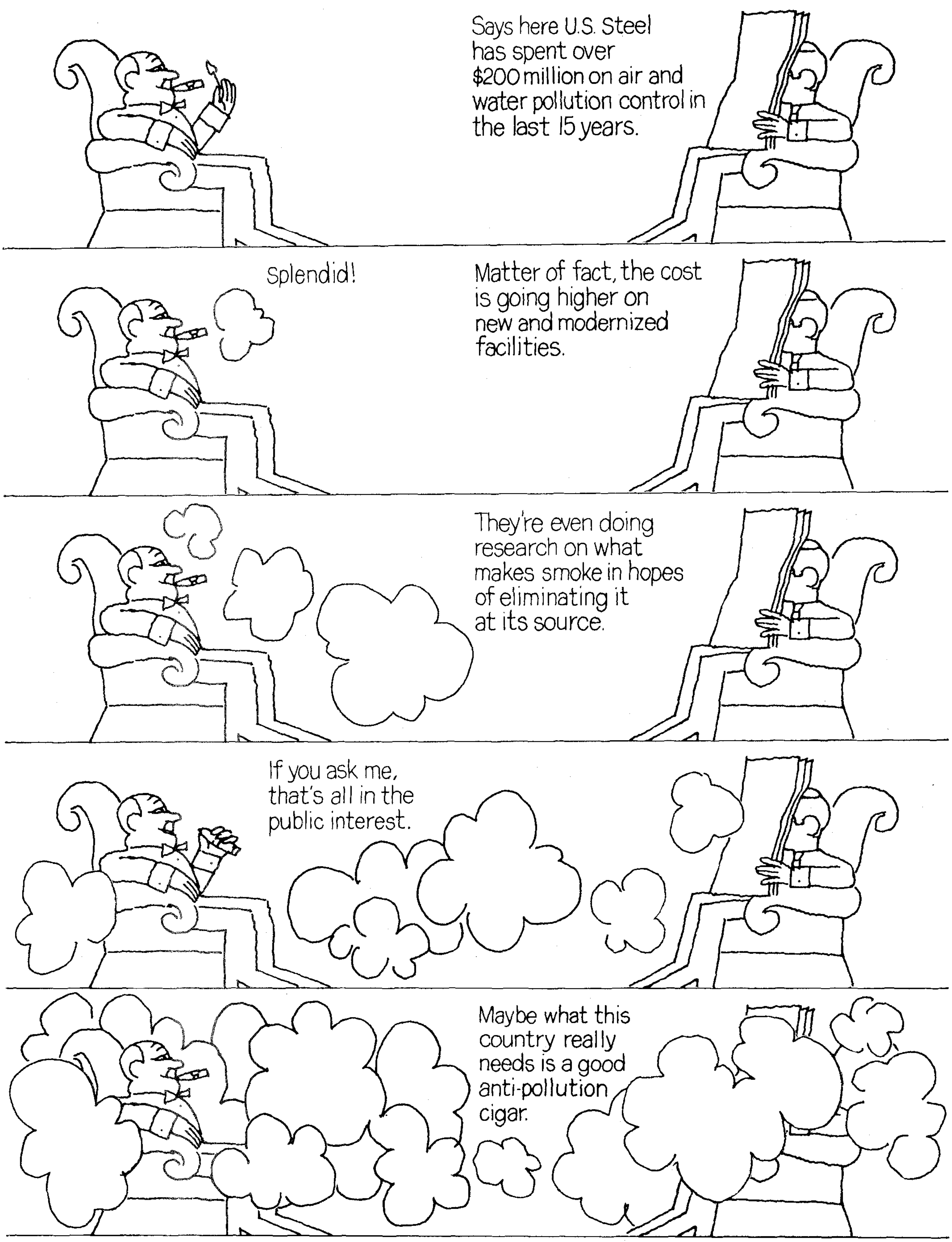
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had once harbored an escaped restrictee and another nationalist at the same time and dared not let them know of each other's presence, on the theory that one of them was likely to be an informer. It is a common experience for a visitor in Salisbury to be given the name of a white liberal or an African by an opponent of the regime and then told by the next opponent of the regime that the suggested person might well be a police agent.

In the townships, the network of informants is reinforced by constant interrogations. The police regularly make sweeps through the townships, picking up any Africans they have reason to suspect of guilty knowledge or organizational skill. "We're swimming in trouble, man," said an African businessman in one township. He said he had been picked up a couple of weeks before by the police, who insisted he must have some knowledge of nationalist activities, although he offered the usual assurances that he knew nothing of politics. "You know what they said?" he went on. "They said if I wasn't close to the people, how come my store hasn't been smashed?" There is, of course, no need for the police to gather even as much evidence as the word of an informer; anybody can be sent to a restriction camp without charge or trial. It is possible to appeal a restriction order, but, as it happens, the official responsible for deciding appeals is the Minister of Law and Order, who signed the restriction order in the first place.

Around the time of U.D.I., Africans staged an effective one-day strike in Bulawayo and there were one or two demonstrations in Salisbury, but since then Africans have been afraid to try to organize any protests. Anyone who shows any possibility of emerging as a leader can look forward to restriction in Gonakudzingwa, and the unwillingness of many Africans to risk that can be counted as one of the triumphs of U.D.I. In British colonies, nationalists have traditionally gone to jail and emerged a few years later as Cabinet Ministers. But in an independent country, which has no need to answer to British public opinion, it is quite conceivable that they will not emerge at all. Africans asked about the situation in Rhodesia invariably say that it can only end by force—but when they are asked where the force is going to come from, they usually mention Britain or the United Nations.

For white Rhodesians, the absence of visible protest confirms what the government says about these simple

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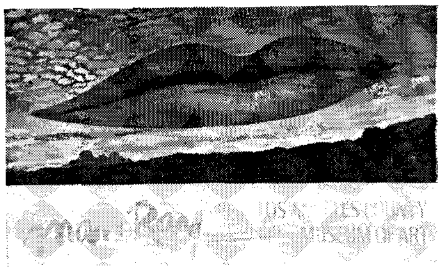

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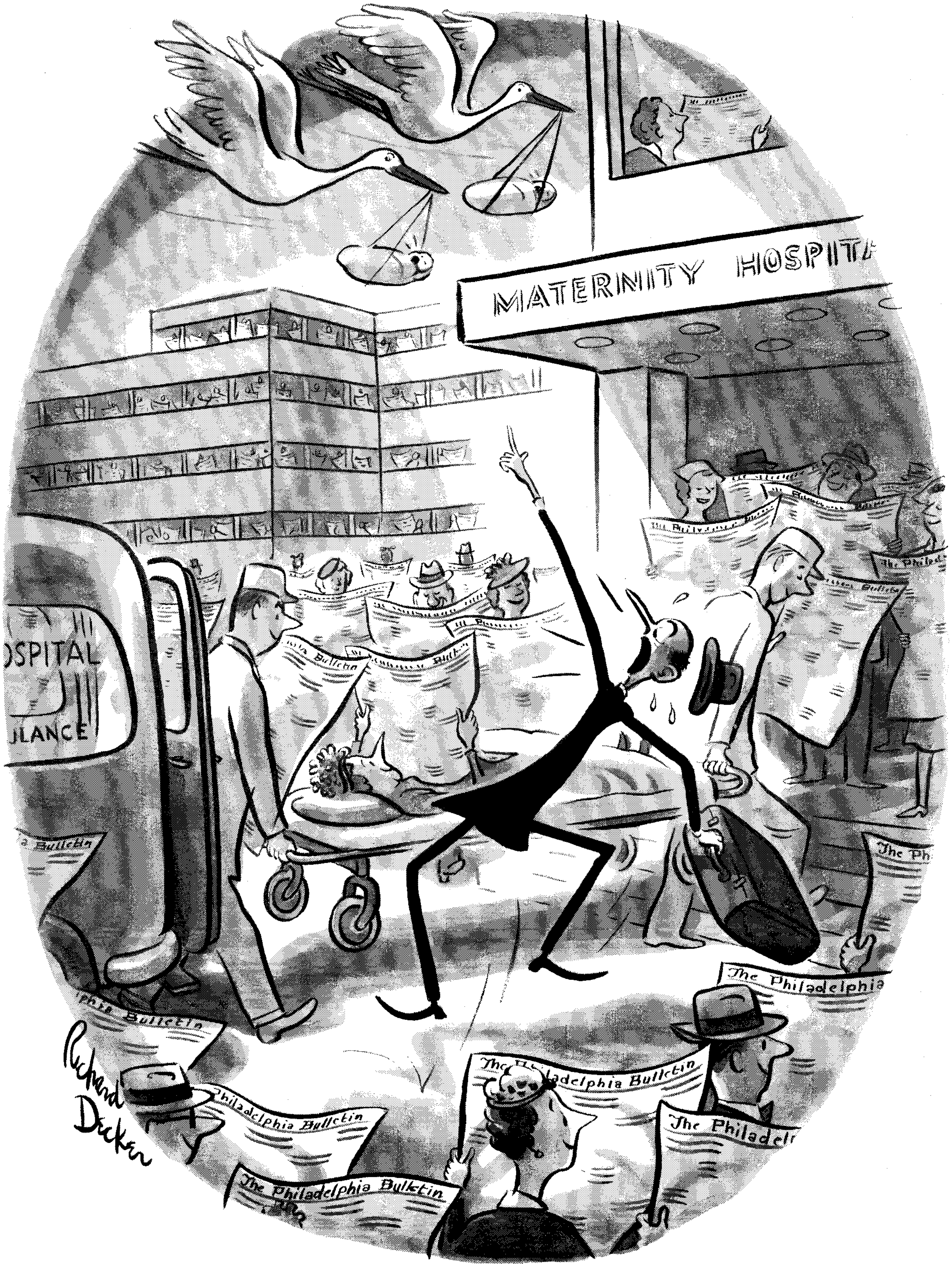
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folk being perfectly happy with their lot as long as there are not a bunch of nationalist thugs and intimidators around to stir them up. White Rhodesians are fond of speaking in a kind of pseudo-scientific way about Africans, whom they often refer to in the generic singular: "I know the African inside out," or "The African has got literally nothing upstairs, literally nothing," or "The African has no interest in politics; all he cares about is having a little land." (There are whites in Rhodesia who are aware that a little land *is* politics—they point out to visitors places where the sandy land assigned to Africans changes so suddenly to the rich soil assigned to whites that the impression is of two adjoining movie sets—but their voices are rarely heard.) People who are involved in racial conflicts are seldom aware of the history they are repeating. Not long ago, a hotelkeeper in Bulawayo, hearing American accents among the guests, dragged two American reporters off to the kitchen to observe the happiness of her Africans, muttering about sweets in the dustbin all the way. Planted in the middle of the kitchen with her hands on her hips, she said to the Africans loudly, "You don't have to be afraid to talk in front of me," and then nodded with satisfaction while the kitchen helpers, none of whom had been to work the day of the strike, assured everyone that they knew nothing of politics. Not much thought is given in Rhodesia to how many reporters in other former colonies must have been taken to see servants who knew nothing about nationalism, or how many must have stood uncomfortably in kitchens in Montgomery, Alabama, to hear complete lack of interest in the bus boycott expressed by a cook who, by some coincidence, managed to avoid riding buses. Whites in Rhodesia are proud of the absence of malice in their attitude toward Africans—there are occasional cases of whippings, but the whites involved are ordinarily brought to court—and they often tell visitors about how much money is spent on African education and health, and how grateful the African is for every penny of it. Most whites judge Africans by their houseboys or other employees, who often appear stupid and inarticulate because they can't really speak English. It is easy for most whites to believe that Africans have literally nothing upstairs.

As veterans of partnership, federation, and multi-racialism, Rhodesian whites know it is diplomatic to use the word "African" rather than "Kaffir" or "Munt," and to acknowledge that

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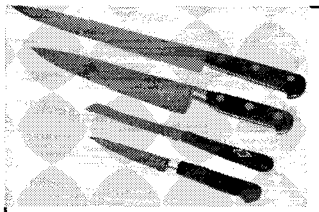

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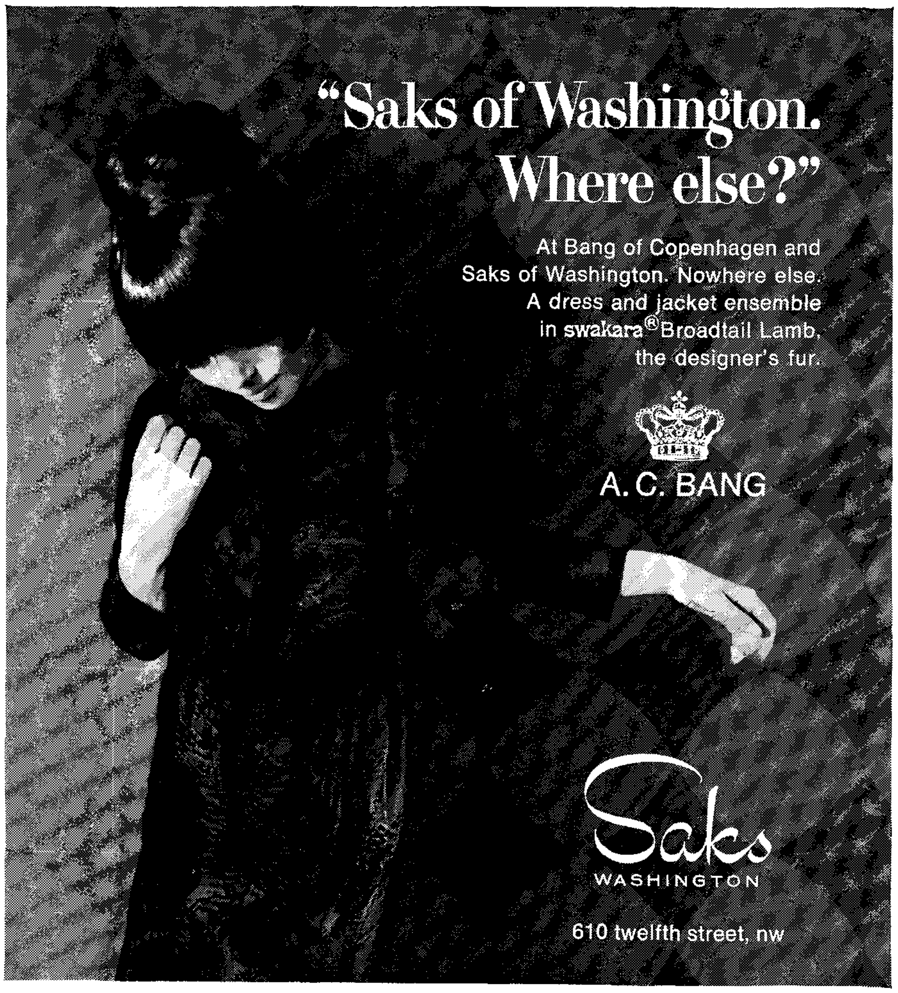
the Africans will eventually take over. But like the government, the average white has difficulty predicting precisely when that takeover will take place or describing precisely what preparations are being made for it. Some white Rhodesians have trouble holding up the government's overseas line for an entire conversation, even when talking with foreigners. "Sure, they'll take over someday when they're ready; it's only right," a man at a bar in Salisbury told me. Half an hour later, he withdrew from his wallet a poem that ended, "Turn this country over to the bloody Kaffirs? Not WE." In Essexvale, a man who did not quite understand the official approach in the first place said, "We don't want to batter the Munt. We want to raise the Munt to our level." A few minutes later, having fallen off this narrow perch of moderation, he said, "We're not handing this country over to a lot of bloody Munts!"

White Rhodesians would advise their friends abroad to take the talk about a police state with a pinch of salt even if the letters were not prewritten for them. There are ordinarily police barracks at the edge of the African townships, and police in Land-Rovers patrol the streets, but there are few policemen in the white suburbs, and any officer who drives by is likely to have a friendly wave for the citizens. I went twice in the evening to Highfield—an African township near Salisbury that has only one road leading into it—and I had two encounters with the police. Journalists in Salisbury say that is the normal percentage, but few other whites in Salisbury have any occasion to spend an evening in Highfield. "I don't think most whites have any idea what it's like," I was told by an educated African after I had been waved through a roadblock and he had been questioned at length by the police. "I don't think they would believe me if I told them." Like many educated Africans, he had lost count of how many times he had been questioned by the police. "It's peaceful all right," Sir Robert Tredgold has said. "But it's the peace of the sword."

"I PHONED the *Herald* today to find out if the white space in the letter column was my letter," a businessman said one day at the bar of the National Club, an inter-racial luncheon club left over from Federation days. "The girl said, 'The white space represented three letters, sir, none of which, I'm sorry to say, was yours.' " He was very cheerful when I saw him again a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few weeks later; the *Herald* had written *him* a letter notifying him that one of the white spaces in a later letter column was his very own. "I used my influence to get it in," he said.

In the kind of society that Rhodesia has become, people who are at all in opposition to the government have to make a decision about how to oppose. There are, of course, whites who indulge in the drama of being opponents of the regime without engaging in any opposition that carries any risk. Some people who were associated with the relatively moderate wing of the U.F.P. might support a non-Rhodesian Front candidate in a local election or take groceries around to Sir Humphrey Gibbs at Government House and then talk defiantly about how little they care if the government taps their phone or whisks them away to restriction. "They don't *do* anything," an Englishman who has been in Rhodesia has said. "Sure, hundreds of them went trooping over to Government House after U.D.I. and signed the guestbook. What did it cost them? They're not going to be sent to Gonakudzingwa for that. It's an empty gesture. On the Queen's Birthday a few weeks ago, they went over again and signed the book. I don't doubt that they nipped over to the Mini-Governor's party and signed *his* book, too."

Real opponents of the regime do exist in the white community, but in small and decreasing numbers. The white Rhodesians who believe in majority rule—even after they realize that it would probably decrease the chances of completing a phone call and not eliminate the chances of being jailed without trial—could fit into one large room, and occasionally do, usually to help distribute some form of welfare to the families of restricted Africans. (There used to be enough sympathy in Rhodesia for such a cause to make it possible to raise the money within the country; at this point funds come almost entirely from abroad.) Ever since the imprisonment and later deportation of several university professors last July, whites have realized that they no longer have the luxury of opposing the regime without running the same risk of jail that an African would. Now the reaction of dissident whites to one of the government's one-line announcements about "a number of persons" being detained is to telephone their friends, hoping to find them at home. (The friends of one detained white, knowing from indirect sources that he had been detained but unable to get any official acknowledgment from the police, finally walked to the local police station and

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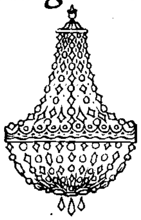

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turned him in as a missing person.) The decision of some whites has been that no opposition can be meaningful in the present situation except activism—carrying messages between nationalists or even stashing weapons. Not long ago, a university lecturer acknowledged in court the transport of some Russian hand grenades—a capital offense. For those who are not willing to deal in hand grenades, the alternatives are limited. Garfield Todd has said, "You ask yourself what you can do here, and you don't hear any answer." Those whites who have, at one time or another, opposed U.D.I. on tactical grounds can hope that some kind of settlement will be worked out before the country is seriously damaged by economic sanctions. Those who have always opposed such measures as preventive detention and press censorship—"the same old crowd"—have less reason to be hopeful. As they see it, the greatest damage has already been done.

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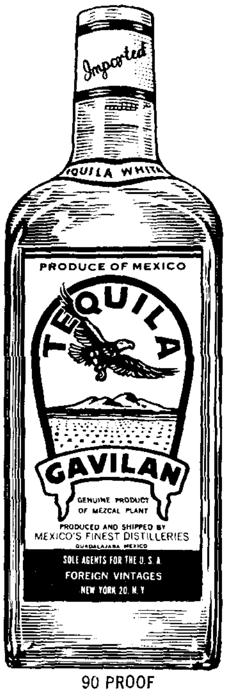
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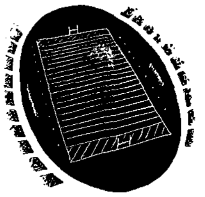
FOOTBALL

A Rage to Live

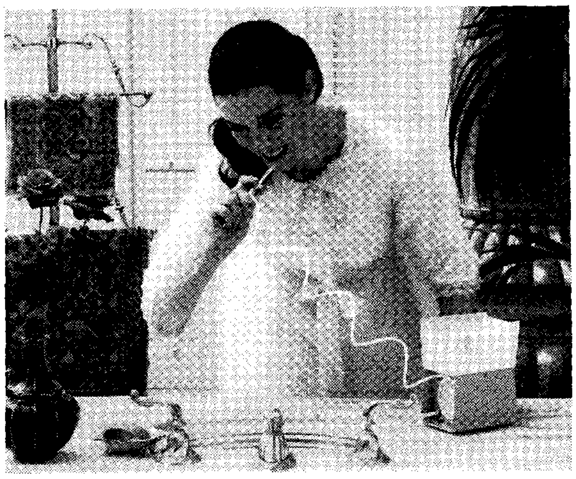


WHAT could be sweeter than the uses to which adversity can be put? Last Saturday, it was adversity redoubled—the damage done during the fall by the persistent collision of young men whose pastime it is to run at top speed into one another, the damage done by the fines imposed by unyielding officials—that cluttered up a Princeton whose vanguard was a caricature of the forward line that had hopefully begun the season and whose backfield contained two not especially familiar characters. A Princeton fumble at the goal line had cost it a touchdown; a Harvard fumble at the goal line had gained Harvard a touchdown; a penalty, occasionally a severe one, had been slapped on nearly every efficacious Princeton maneuver. Then, midway through the third quarter, with Harvard in the lead by 14–3, another fumble allotted the ball to Harvard on Princeton's twenty-four-yard line, and the game was in the bag. Oh, not quite. Have you ever seen eleven men simultaneously maddened by unbearable pain? In three downs, Harvard lost twenty-nine yards and the ball, and then the Princeton rebuttal to Harvard's brilliant argument for victory became really vehement. Guile was put aside in favor of stern measures; I-am-going-up-the-middle-with-the-ball, I-am-throwing-the-ball-to-Pierce-in-the-left-flat—these terse messages, as plain as the noseguards on the faces of the Princetonians assembled, told Harvard what was to happen, but though Harvard and the officials laid on many a restraining hand, Princeton twice banged its way to touchdowns, with the final count Princeton 18, Harvard 14. And thumping down on its back went the last Eastern champion of anything in football.

This is as superb a Harvard team as we are ever going to see, and as unaccountable a Princeton team. Harvard's one problem on Saturday was that the Princeton secondary seemed to know whether Zimmerman was planning to pitch out to Leo or to Gatto, and, accordingly, it was moving to the proper spot even before the ball took flight. Princeton's one problem was finding someone who could go through the line, and it came up with the fairly unfamiliar Martin, who had been invalided out of action for practically all of his three-year tour of duty. Saturday, just a fortnight before he is to go forever, he suddenly became the player he might have been all along. It may be hard to console Zimmerman, the best quarterback Harvard has acquired in a dozen years, for Saturday's turn of events, but he should be cheered by the knowledge that next year he will probably be getting first-rate help from this year's freshman squad. The Ivy League, once staffed end to end and quarterback to fullback by Choate and Groton, has opened itself up to the high schools of the nation, but among the Harvard freshmen this season are two quarterbacks of—shall we say?—the Old Guard: David Smith, from one of the series of Quaker academies called Friends Schools, and John Ballantyne, from Lawrenceville. Smith has plenty of cool and a ferociously accurate throwing arm; Ballantyne, his understudy, can go both ways.

SLIP MADIGAN, who ran the defunct St. Mary's team for so many years, died a few weeks ago, long after his team had passed away. His was a barnstorming crew, far more migratory than Army and Navy have ever thought of being, and its campus was just a couple of Pullman sleepers. I thought about him on Saturday, because George Washington was playing Army (Army 20, George Washington 7), and Washington is given to the trickery that Madigan liked to devise. Such as calling *two* plays in one huddle. As soon as the first play has been run off, the Washington center gallops to where the ball sits, the forwards line up to his left with all due speed, the center snaps the ball, and the second play is run off before the opposition has got itself set. My itinerant informer, Crowe Magnon, who has made a specialty of Washington this fall, takes his oath that it has racked up four touchdowns with this stunt. The Army council of war, sitting through a movie of a Washington game, had taken note of the operation, however, and Army was ready for it. In the middle of the afternoon, Washington jumped into position with great haste, and the center put his hands on the ball. At that point, Cobey, the Army defensive tackle, spoke up in a not very childish treble. "Time out!" he said.

—J. W. L.



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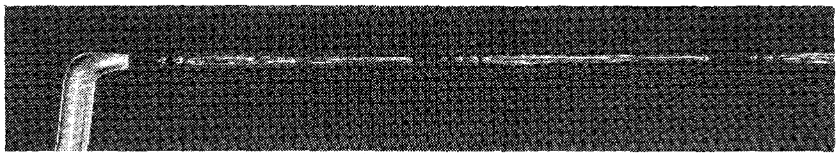

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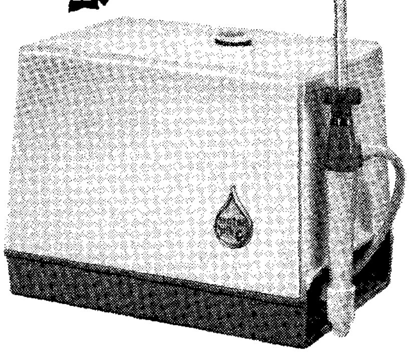

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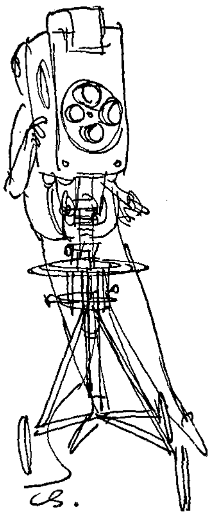
THE AIR

The National Broadcasting Company Views the Manila Conference & Finds It Pleasing



I DON'T know what gets into a television-network news department that makes it think it has to stand so foursquare behind the government of the United States in all its comings and goings. Two Saturdays ago, I sat down to watch a half-hour news program on N.B.C. described as "The Vietnam Weekly Review: The Manila Report," which I thought might tell me something about the Manila Conference, and possibly about Vietnam, and so what does one see but an N.B.C. correspondent named Dean Brelis standing there in a natty corporation-lawyer's suit, with a look of high seriousness on his face, and delivering such information as "President Johnson was at Manila not as the leader of the conference but as just one member of an alliance." Come off it, N.B.C.! Surely that's not really what a Giant Communications Company has to communicate about the President's relationship to the Manila Conference, or, if it is, it's hard to avoid the feeling that N.B.C. either isn't telling all it knows or else doesn't know very much. After Brelis's appearance—for some reason, he also felt it necessary to equate the Chinese nuclear-missile test with the President's trip ("There were two milestones in Asia this week . . ."), as if we'd be uninterested in either one if it were presented on its own—another N.B.C. newsman, John Rich, came on with an "analysis of the conference." Rich did mention the new commitments that Premier Ky had made, or had agreed to, on the subject of land reform and constitutional government—which one had gathered from the papers were among the more interesting products of the conference—but he did no more than mention them, and even then he managed to bundle them together with a "declaration" by the Premier that the allies would not invade North Vietnam. But the chief point of his remarks, which were squeezed into about three minutes, seemed to be that the world was now a better place to live in after the Manila Conference, because we had talked tough to the Communists. "The summit conference," declared Rich, in one of those authoritative, thoughtful, full-of-personal-character voices that television commentators employ when reading their more characterless sentences, "carries an unmistakably firm message for the Communist side. It spells out exactly how American and foreign troops would be withdrawn. . . . It goes a long way to answering Communist complaints that previous peace proposals have been too vague. . . . It also makes clear that the allies are solidly behind South Vietnam. . . ." Analysis? I wonder if N.B.C.'s television-news people really understand the degree of complicity with official government policy that they achieve by presenting government statements at face value and then simply *not asking* the questions that intelligent men are bound to be concerned about. I suppose they do, because they certainly have their fair share of intelligent people over at Rockefeller Center. Maybe the network feels that if N.B.C. news were suddenly to take a detached tone toward the government, the Republic would founder and the viewers and advertisers would become disaffected—and maybe the network is right. In any case, at no time during that N.B.C. half hour did one hear the slightest discussion of our (to say the least) unusual proposals for withdrawing troops. At no time did one hear the slightest discussion of our (to say the least) unusual proposals for stopping the war. ("Give up and we will be fair" is the way James Reston described them later in a major metropolitan non-electronic daily.) At no time did one hear even the intimation of a murmur of a suggestion that President Johnson might have had some political interest in his Asian journey. John Rich concluded his analysis with the observation that "the road ahead is still a long one, but at least finally the route has been charted more clearly than ever before." We were then shown a long film about Australian troops in combat in Vietnam, which had been made by the Australian government. Those Australians are tough fighters—there's no doubt about that.

THERE are a couple of series I've been looking at recently that seem O.K., each in its own harebrained way. One of them is called "Mission: Impossible" (C.B.S., Saturdays from 9 to 10 P.M.) and concerns the activities of the Impossible Missions Force. Surely you've heard of it—a group of personable, well-meaning, energetic young people of draft age who tear about performing secret, dramatic, and obviously near-catastrophic undercover work for our government. The best episode I've seen so far was about a Carpathian terrorist who was trying to poison the Los Angeles water supply. (Now, why would a Carpathian terrorist want to do that?) The "Mission: Impossible" young people were on to him in no time, first shoving him into a modest little car accident and then, still unconscious, into a fake Carpathian prison. When the poor fellow wakes up, he naturally thinks he's in a *real* Carpathian prison, never having seen "The Ipcress File," and doubtless assuming that all real, properly certified Carpathian prisons are staffed by six-foot-two, good-looking southern-California television extras speaking funny English, and— Well, you know the rest. Very tricky business. Very silly. Fine stuff.

The other series I've been looking in on is "Batman." I can't say I'd recommend "Batman" for every night of the week, or for two nights every week, which is how often it's on (A.B.C., Wednesdays and Thursdays from 7:30 to 8 P.M.), or even for one night every week, but it's a zippy program—surefooted, full of nifty gadgets and ridiculous costumes, and with at least a couple of lines that could pass for wit on a foggy night. The last time I watched it, everyone in Gotham City was stirred up by a fellow called Egghead, who had apparently taken over the place by means of a "legal loophole." Vincent Price was Egghead, with a splendid high-rise head and wearing a beautiful white Tweedledum suit that Pierre Cardin ought to think about seriously. Batman was Batman. And at the end there was a fine rumble in a hatchery. One is grateful for small pleasures.

—M. J. ARLEN

•

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

SHIVER AND BURN

IT began with a touch of malaise. Mrs. Walter Wells (as I'll call her), the eighteen-year-old daughter of a recently retired Army sergeant, and the recent bride of a vacuum-cleaner salesman, woke up that morning—Saturday morning, May 22, 1965—at her home in Cataula, Georgia, a village some ten miles north of Columbus, feeling tired and achy and listless. Her husband was sympathetic and encouraging. He said it was nothing to worry about. She had probably been working too hard. That, she knew, was true enough. She *had* been working hard. She and her husband had only just moved to Cataula. Her father, a widower, had been stationed at Fort Benning, about five miles south of Columbus, and until April 15th, when he retired from the service and moved to Florida, they had shared his quarters there. The move and the job of getting resettled had been exhausting work. Her husband was right; she was probably a little run-down, and she would take it easy for a while. She did, but her indisposition persisted. She felt no better the following day, or on Monday, or Tuesday, or Wednesday. On Thursday, she began to feel worse. She felt cold, and then flushed and hot. She took her temperature; it was 101 degrees. An hour later, it had risen to almost 102. Then it began to fall, and by evening it was back to normal. It was normal all the next day. Even the dragging malaise seemed to have lifted at last. For the first time in a week, she felt almost well. But the day after that—on Saturday, May 29th—her temperature rose again. When her husband came in from a round of afternoon calls, it had climbed past 103. It was also well beyond any easy explanation. He went to the telephone and called the doctor.

The doctor whom Wells called was a general practitioner in Columbus whose name, I'll say, is John Henry Page. As it happened, however, Dr. Page was out of town that day, and the call was taken by an associate in the emergency room at St. Francis Hospital in Columbus. The nature of Mrs. Wells' illness, as her husband described it, was not at all clear to the doctor, but high fever is always decisive, and he told Wells to bring her right in. She arrived with a temperature of just under 103. The only other physical abnormality that a preliminary examination showed was some tenderness over the lower abdomen. That, together with high fever, suggested the possibility of an infection in that area. So did her history. The doctor gathered from Mrs. Wells that some months before—in July, 1964—she had been treated at the Martin Army Hospital, at Fort Benning, for a urinary-tract infection of some kind. This, it seemed quite possible, might be a recurrence of that.

Dr. Page took over the case on Sunday morning. He found Mrs. Wells sitting up comfortably and looking far from seriously ill. She said she felt pretty good, and her temperature was down to normal. The absence of fever was an acceptable surprise. A glance at the record showed him that she had been treated with tetracycline at the time of admission, and tetracycline has the power to promptly lower fever (by destroying its microbial cause). An examination of her lower abdomen was additionally corroborative: it was still tender—exquisitely tender. Dr. Page saw no reason to dispute his associate's definition of her trouble. The signs and symptoms were all generally consistent with a urinary-tract infection. On Monday, however, her familiar discomforts returned. She felt chilly and full of fugitive aches and pains, and her temperature began to climb. It climbed to 103. But it was back to normal on Tuesday, and so was Mrs. Wells. Then, on Wednesday, her temperature rose again. It continued to fluctuate like that. It was up one day and down the next, and when it was down she felt fully recovered. She felt so well that she wanted to get up and go home. Dr. Page sat down in perplexity and reviewed the clinical and laboratory records of the case. There was nothing in either to explain its peculiar progress. The next time she asked to be discharged, he shrugged and made the

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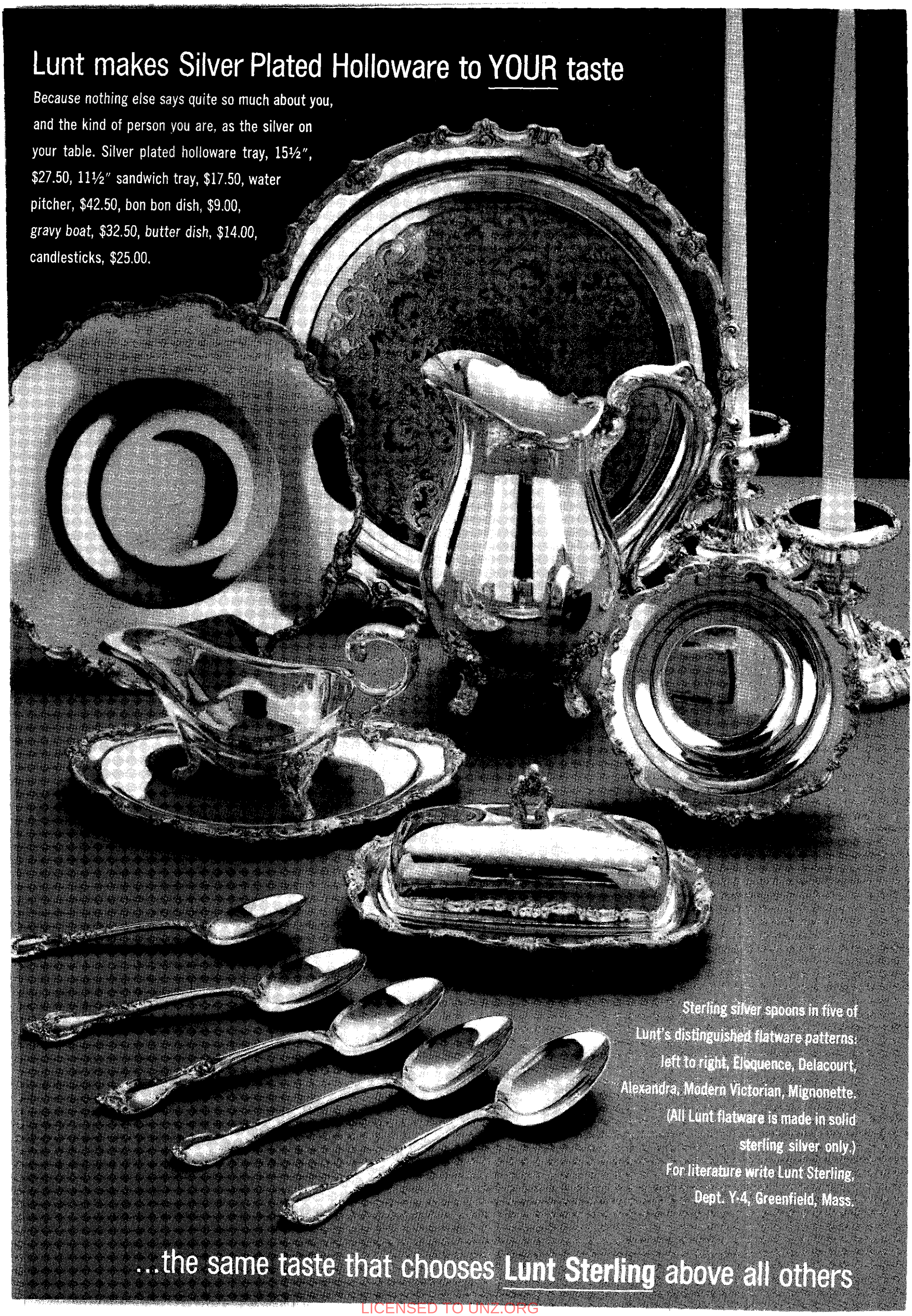

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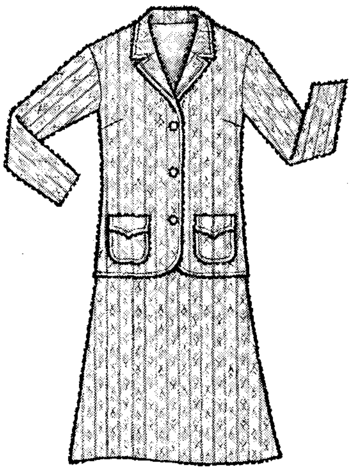

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necessary arrangements. It was not an unreasonable decision. A week of hospital care and treatment had achieved no apparent results. That was one reason. Another was that Mrs. Wells could not afford an indefinite hospital stay. She had no kind of hospitalization insurance. Before she departed, however, Dr. Page stopped by with a word or two of advice. He hoped she was on the road to recovery, but, in his opinion, she hadn't reached it yet. He wanted her to rest as much as possible, and he wanted her to keep a close watch on her temperature. If she had another attack of fever, he wanted to know at once.

Mrs. Wells was discharged from St. Francis Hospital on Wednesday, June 9th. Three days later, on Saturday afternoon, she telephoned Dr. Page at his office. She reminded him that he had asked her to call if her fever came back. Well, it had. To tell the truth, she had felt a little feverish on Thursday, but— Anyway, this was different. She had just taken her temperature, and it was almost 103. Dr. Page heard her with more sympathy than surprise. He had half expected such a call. He gave a reassuring grunt, and told her not to worry. Nevertheless, he added, it seemed inadvisable for her to stay on at home. Didn't she agree? Very well. He wanted her back in the hospital that evening—in the Columbus Medical Center hospital this time. Mrs. Wells was admitted there at about six o'clock. Her temperature had dropped somewhat by then. The hospital reading was 100.8. The only other physical abnormality noted at the admission examination was continued abdominal tenderness. There was thus, as far as Dr. Page could see, no reason to revise his earlier diagnosis. Mrs. Wells still appeared to be the victim of a urinary-tract infection. He did, however, choose to revise his therapeutic attack. Instead of tetracycline, he prescribed a course of sulfisoxazole and chloramphenicol. They seemed, temporarily, effective. Mrs. Wells felt pretty well on Sunday, and her temperature was normal all day. But the following day, as so often before, the chills and fever and aches and pains returned. And the day after that, as equally often before, the symptoms all vanished. The results of the usual laboratory tests were also consistently uninstructive. Mrs. Wells' white-blood-cell count was 9500—a trifle high, but normal. Her hemoglobin levels were 10.2 and 9.5 grams per cent—a trifle low, and indicative of some anemia. Her urine contained a few white blood cells, but not enough

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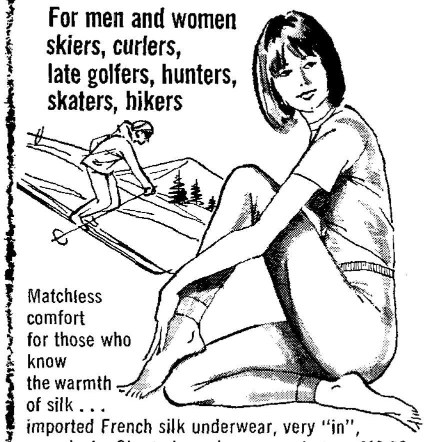

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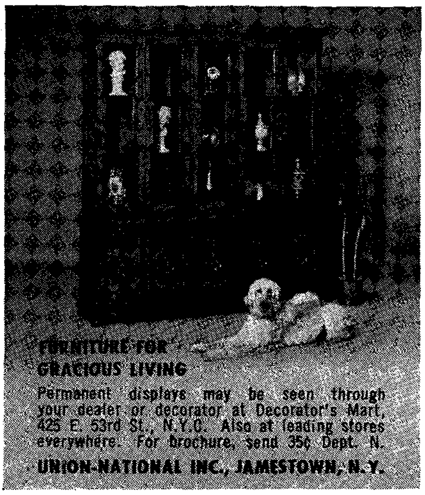

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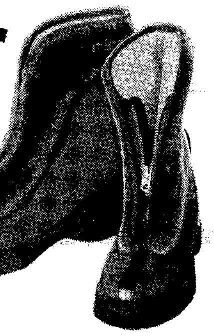

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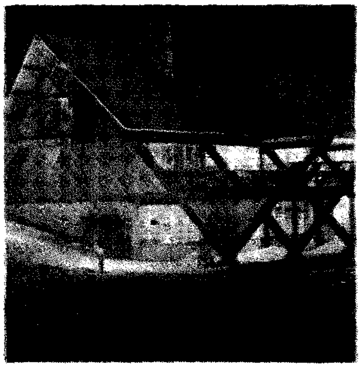

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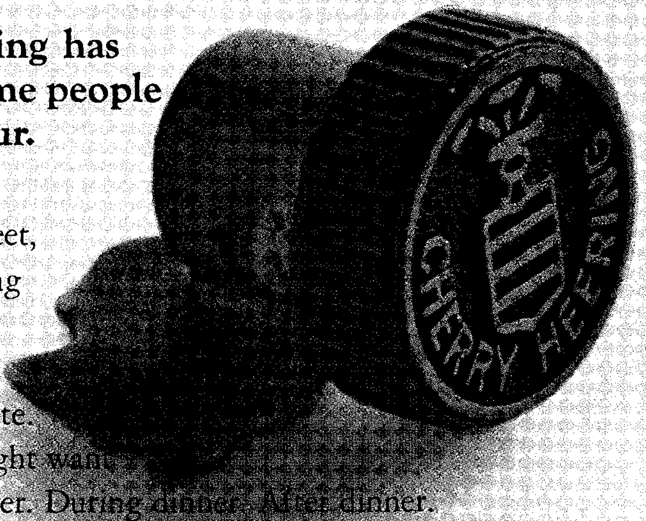

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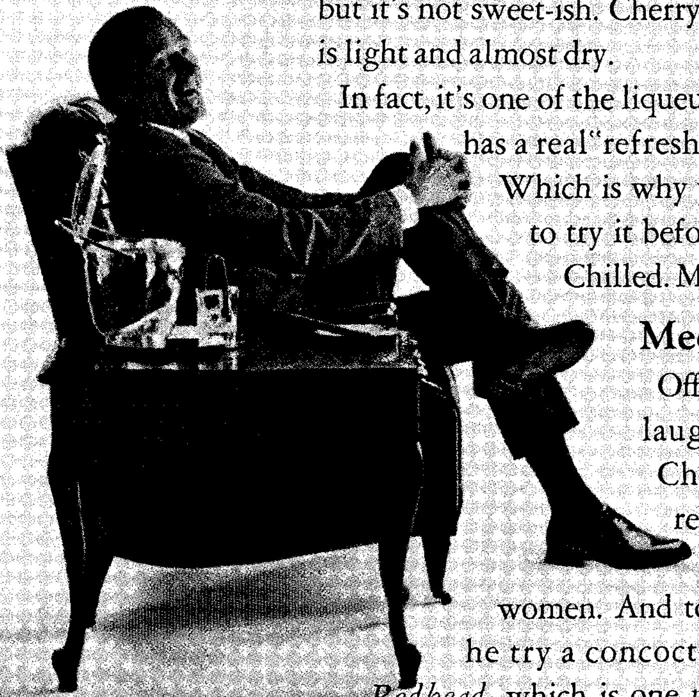

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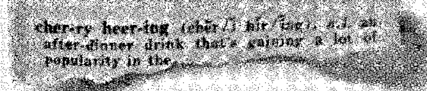
Meet misunderstanding #2

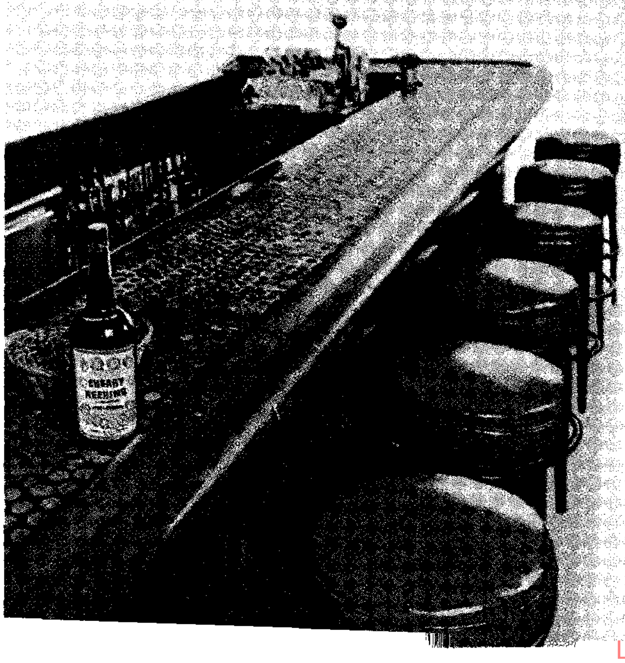
Offer Cherry Heering to some guys and they laugh. They figure: because women like Cherry Heering they won't. They don't realize that women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. And to any man who doubts that, we suggest he try a concoction that's gaining notoriety called a *Redhead*, which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

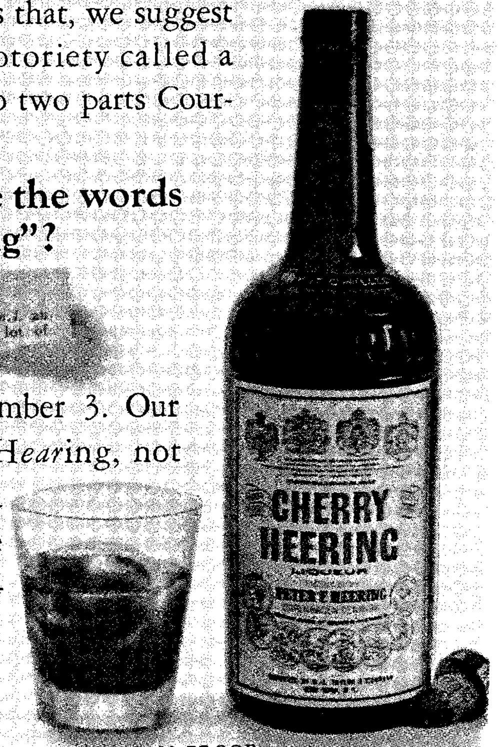
How do you pronounce the words "Cherry Heering"?



cher·ry heer·ing (cher′ĭ hir′ing), n.l. an after-dinner drink that's gaining a lot of popularity in the

That's misunderstanding number 3. Our name is pronounced Cherry H*ear*ing, not "herring." If we're not the most misunderstood drink in the world, we're surely the most mispronounced.





CHERRY HEERING. 49 PROOF. COURVOISIER COGNAC. 80 PROOF.
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to be of any pathological significance. Toward the end of the week, another round of standard tests was made. With one exception, the immediate results were exactly as before. The exception was an insignificant decline in Mrs. Wells' white-blood-cell count.

That was on Friday, June 18th. The next afternoon, Dr. Page received at his office a call from the Medical Center. His caller was the hospital pathologist. He was calling, he said, to make an addition to the laboratory report on Mrs. Wells. One of the laboratory technicians had been inspired to take a closer microscopic look at a sample of her blood. The pathologist cleared his throat.

"You know what that girl's got?" he said.

"I don't guess I do," Dr. Page said. "What?"

"She's got malaria."

"*Malaria?*"

"Malaria."

"No kidding," Dr. Page said. "Well, golly Pete."

"I'm sending a blood sample down to Fort Benning for a confirmatory study," the pathologist said, "but there's no doubt about it. It's malaria. I looked at the smear myself."

"You know something?" Dr. Page said. "I'll bet my granddaddy is squirming in his grave. My daddy, too, for that matter. They wouldn't know what to make of me. I mean, they both would have had her diagnosed by at least the second day. But I've never seen a case of malaria before."

MALARIA (or ague, or marsh fever, or jungle fever, or Roman fever, or Cameroon fever, or Corsican fever, or intermittent fever, or paludism) is probably the greatest of the great pestilential fevers. It is certain that no other infectious disease has caused so much misery to so many millions of people for so many thousands of years. It is equally certain that none has had so great an impact on the course of human history. Malaria has changed the direction of history on innumerable occasions. It was largely responsible for the periodic decline of civilization in ancient Mesopotamia, and for the physical, intellectual, and moral debilitation that toppled Attic Greece and Imperial Rome. It was malaria that caused the death of Alexander the Great at thirty-three, at the apex of his conquest of Asia. Endemic malaria held back for many years the construction of the Panama Canal, and because it finally yielded to American rather than to French control, it made pos-

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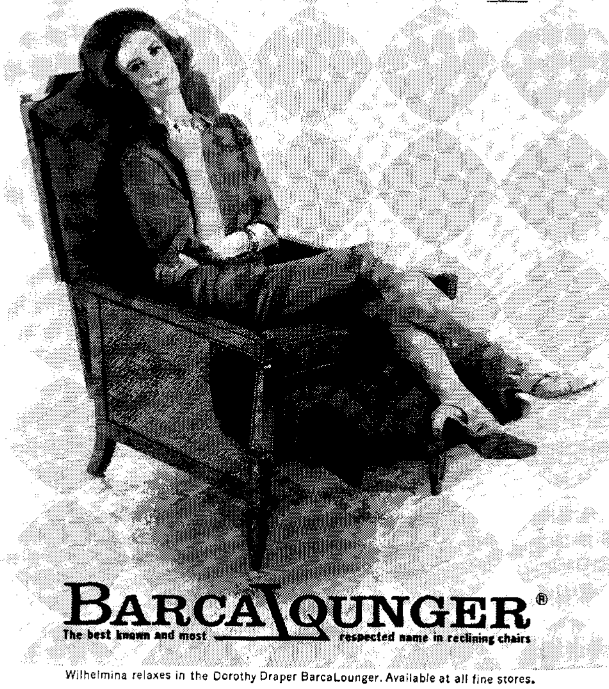

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sible the precocious preëminence of the United States in Central American affairs. And it was chiefly because of malaria that Black Africa is still predominantly black. It made West and Central Africa the celebrated "white man's grave" of mid-Victorian lore.

The cause of malaria is a tiny protozoan microbe of the genus *Plasmodium.* Four species of this influential parasite find the human body a satisfactory habitat. They are *Plasmodium vivax*, *Plasmodium falciparum*, *Plasmodium malariae*, and *Plasmodium ovale.* The human body is not, however, their only dwelling place. They require for the full development of their parasitical potentialities a certain period of residence in the body of one or another of the sixty or seventy members of the ubiquitous *Anopheles* genus of mosquitoes. That is where they manifest the sexual side of their nature. It is also where most biographers of *P. vivax* and its fellow-plasmodia choose to open their inspection of the organism. The microbe reaches there in a droplet of blood drawn by a female anopheles (anopheline males are vegetarian) from some malarial man. The mating of male and female plasmodia occurs in the stomach of the mosquito, and at once. The ultimate progeny of this urgent, if haphazard, union are sporelike organisms called sporozoites. After two or three weeks, they gravitate by the thousand to stations in the salivary glands of the mosquito. From there, when next the mosquito feeds on human blood, they somehow insinuate themselves into the body of its victim. Once adrift in the bloodstream, these immigrant sporozoites move briskly with the circulation to a lodging in the functional cells of the liver. A leisurely period (six to twelve days) of growth and multiplication (by simple division) ensues. The fruits of this sojourn then burst from the ravaged cells and plunge into the bloodstream again. Some of these multitudes are recalled by chance or atavistic instinct to the liver, but most of them establish themselves in the red blood cells and settle down to another period of parasitic gourmandizing and asexual reproduction. This period, like the liver stage, ends with the disintegration of the victimized cells and the release of another generation of avid young plasmodia. It is the aim of each of these creatures to find and quickly penetrate another red blood cell and there repeat its reproductive cycle, but only a fraction succeed in doing so. About ninety per cent of them are overwhelmed and destroyed by cer-

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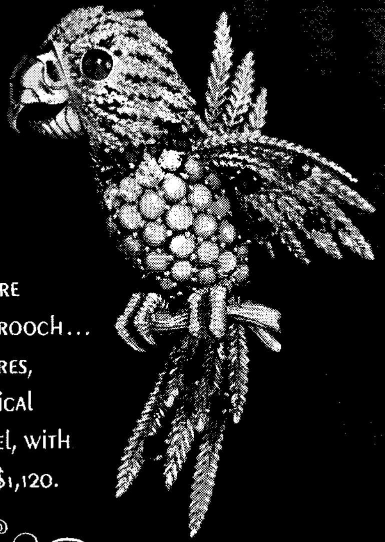
tain cells known as macrophages that the body summons into defensive action. Nevertheless, enough plasmodia survive this and subsequent macrophage attacks to insure an almost infinite continuation of their red-cell reproductive cycle. Three or four cycles, however, are usually sufficient to complete the evolution of the organism. The third or fourth cycle produces, in addition to the usual red-cell parasites, a number of sexually differentiated plasmodia. It is the chance ingestion of these fully evolved plasmodia by a feeding anopheles that perpetuates malaria.

Although all plasmodia are equally bound to this stylized mode of life, the different species follow it in somewhat different ways. Their differences in man are most pronounced in the red-cell reproductive stage. One point of difference is the age of the cell they choose to parasitize. *P. vivax* confines its insinuations to young and newly fabricated cells. So, it is believed, does *P. ovale*. *P. malariae*, on the other hand, is partial to cells that have reached maturity. Red blood cells of any age are acceptable to *P. falciparum*. Another difference in the species is their reproductive rate. *P. vivax* produces an average of sixteen new organisms in each invaded cell, but the average for *P. ovale* and *P. malariae* is only eight, and *P. falciparum* produces variously from eight to twenty-four. A third difference is in the length of the reproductive cycle. It ranges from between thirty-six and forty-eight hours for *P. falciparum*, through forty-eight hours for *P. vivax* and *P. ovale*, to seventy-two hours for *P. malariae*. These differences, though unimposing, are not without significance. They have sufficient impact to shape four more or less distinctive varieties of malaria.

The immediate cause of the clinical symptoms of malaria appears to be an acute intoxication. It is precipitated by the explosive end of the red-cell reproductive cycle and the sudden flooding of the bloodstream with obnoxious foreign protein—swarms of new plasmodia and cellular flotsam. The paroxysm of chills and fever that classically marks an attack of malaria thus is probably a toxic reaction. This reaction continues until the body's macrophage defenses have checked the swarming plasmodia and a kind of filtering service situated in the spleen (an enlarged and tender spleen is one of the clinical indications of malaria) has gathered up the debris. The nature of the reaction is largely determined by the nature of the infecting organism. *P. falciparum* has the most ferocious



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nature of its kind, and it induces by far the severest form of malaria—a form that is frequently fatal. One reason for this is the ready acceptance by the organism of any red cell, its high fertility, and the speed of its reproductive cycle. Another, and more important, reason is that in *P. falciparum* infections the red blood cells are so seriously affected that they tend to adhere to the walls of the capillaries and build a strangling occlusion. *P. vivax* and *P. ovale*, whose generative eruptions occur every other day, and *P. malariae*, with a cycle that produces in its victims a paroxysm only every third day, lack this sinister agglutinative power (as well, perhaps, as other, still incompletely fathomed powers), and the malarias they produce are relatively (though only in comparison with falciparum malaria) less severe. They, too, can be fatal, they are almost always prostrating, and they tend (if untreated) to hang on for months, and sometimes even years.

The regular recurrence of chills and fever at intervals of a day or two or three is classically suggestive of malaria. With the possible exception of the afternoon rise in temperature that traditionally characterizes tuberculosis, a predictably intermittent fever occurs in no other disease. It sets malaria distinctly apart from fevers of other origin. The uniqueness of malaria in this respect made possible its early recognition as an entity. It seems to have been recognized as such at least as early as the fifth pre-Christian century. The Book of Leviticus, which was written at about that time, contains a probable allusion to malaria in one of the several instances on record there of the Lord's exceptional truculence: "I will even appoint over you terror, consumption, and the burning ague." It is certain that malaria was specifically known to Hippocrates. In "Epidemics I," his masterwork, he clearly distinguishes between continuous and intermittent fevers. He then defines the intermittent fevers as quotidian (daily), tertian (every third day), quartan (every fourth day), and semitertian. A semitertian fever is one that recurs about every thirty-six hours, like that of falciparum malaria. "The least dangerous of all," he reports, "and the mildest and most protracted, is the quartan. . . . What is called the semitertian . . . is the most fatal." The first-century Roman encyclopedist Aulus Cornelius Celsus saw malaria even more plainly. "Of fevers," he wrote in "De Medicina," a medical compendium, "one is quotidian, another tertian, a third quartan. . . . Quartan fevers have the simpler characteristics. Nearly

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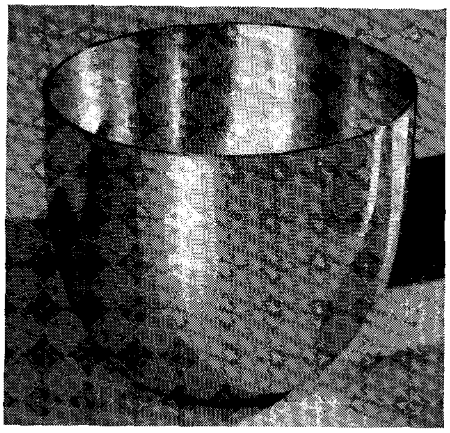

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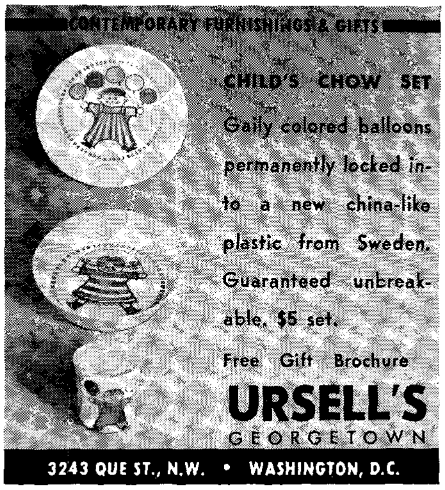

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always they begin with shivering, then heat breaks out, and, the fever having ended, there are two days free; thus on the fourth day it recurs. But of tertian fevers there are two classes. The one, beginning and desisting in the same way as quartan, has merely this distinction, that it affords one day free, and recurs on the third day. The other is far more pernicious. . . . Out of forty-eight hours, about thirty-six . . . are occupied by the paroxysm." An association between malarial fevers and swamps and marshes was also observed very early. One of the most precocious of these observers was a Roman scholar of the first pre-Christian century named Marcus Terentius Varro. In discussing the proper site for a farmhouse, Varro warns, "Note also if there be any swampy ground . . . because certain minute animals, invisible to the eye, breed there . . . and cause diseases that are difficult to be rid of. Said Fundanius: 'What shall I do to escape malaria, if I am left an estate of such a kind?' 'Why,' said Agrius . . . 'you must sell it for as [much] as you can get, or if you can't sell it, you must quit it.' " A century later, Lucius Junius Moderatus Columella, a Hispano-Roman writer on agricultural subjects, came independently to the same supposition. "Nor indeed must there be a marsh near the building," he declared, "for [a marsh] always throws up noxious and poisonous steams during the heats." And, he perspicaciously added, it "breeds animals with mischievous stings which fly upon us in exceeding thick swarms . . . whereby hidden diseases are often contracted."

The Roman implication of "certain minute animals" and "animals with mischievous stings" in the spread of malaria vanished from the European mind with the fall of the Roman Empire. It was lost, along with most of the rational arts and sciences of Greco-Roman culture, in the credulities of medieval Christianity until almost modern times. All that survived of the observations of Varro and Columella (and many others of their inquisitive kind and time) was a vague distrust of marshy places as a source of malarial steams. The name "malaria," as it happens, derives from this miasmal theory. It developed from the Italian *mala* (bad) and *aria* (air), and was introduced into English by Horace Walpole in a letter to a friend (". . . a horrid thing called mal'aria, that comes to Rome every summer and kills one") in 1740. The traditional French designation of the disease, *fièvre paludéenne* (or marsh fever), is equally mias-

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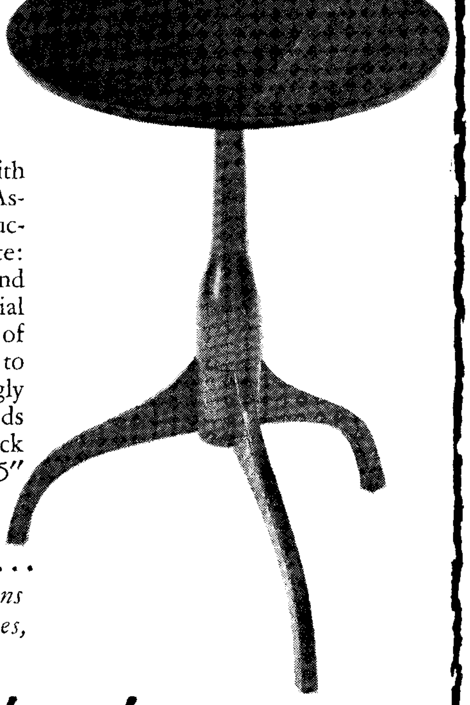

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mal. There was a time, however, in the deeps of the Middle Ages, when even the miasmal explanation of malaria slipped from common knowledge. Malaria then was taken to be a form of demonic possession. The sudden chill, the blaze of fever, the burst of sweating, and then the almost instantaneous recovery suggested to innocent imaginations the malicious coming and going of a fiend, and charms were composed to hasten his departure. One—to be chanted up the chimney—ran:

> Tremble and go!
> First day, shiver and burn,
> Tremble and quake!
> Second day, shiver and learn,
> Tremble and die!
> Third day, never return.

Almost two thousand years went by before the possibility of a connection between mosquitoes and malaria was once more glimpsed and recorded. Giovanni Maria Lancisi, an early-eighteenth-century Italian epidemiologist and physician to three popes (Innocent XI, Clement XI, and Innocent XII), is usually celebrated as Columella's most immediate successor. In 1717, in an examination of the miasma theory entitled "De Noxiis Paludum Effluvis," Lancisi confidently traced the source of malaria to marshes and other stagnant waters, and then proposed that the mosquitoes so abundant there might be the agents of its dissemination. He also described the nature of their role. Mosquitoes "do not cause death by the bite or the wound," he declared, "but infuse by the bite or wound a poisonous fluid into our vessels." Lancisi's recovery of the ancient Roman comprehension of malaria was widely read and warmly proclaimed, but it failed to excite emulation. "De Noxiis Paludum Effluvis" at once became the standard word on the subject, and it remained about the only one for well over a hundred years. Then, in 1854, a West Indian physician of French extraction named Louis Daniel Beauperthuy perceived a larger measure of the truth. "The absence of mosquitoes during cold weather explains the disappearance of malaria," he wrote at the end of a study in Venezuela. "Intermittent fever is a serious disease spread by and due to the prevalence of mosquitoes. . . . [It owes its] toxicity to an animal or vegeto-animal virus, the introduction of which into the human system occurs by inoculation. The poisonous agent, after an incubation period, sets up . . . a true decomposition of the blood." Beauperthuy (if he meant what he seems to say) was one

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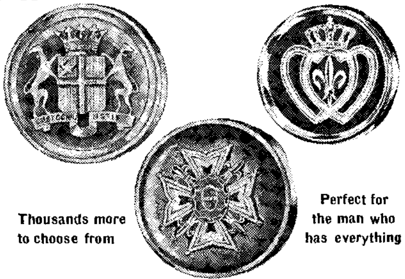

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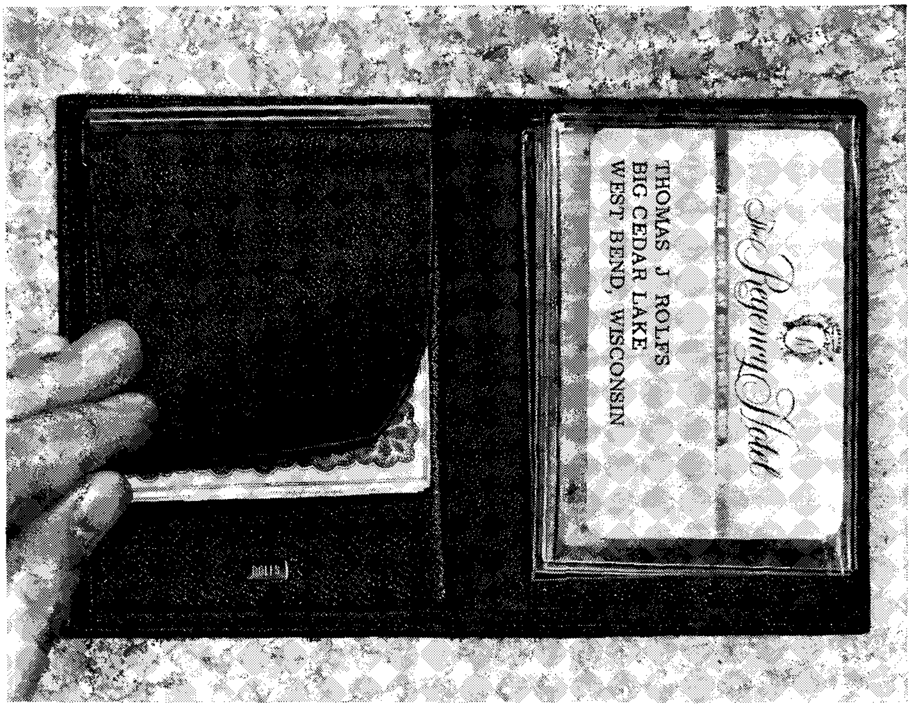
of the brilliant guessers of prescientific medicine. He died, in 1871, on the eve of the establishment of the germ theory of disease causation, and the triumphant riddling of malaria in the closing years of the nineteenth century was—and could only have been—a product of modern medical science. It was also, as is usual in modern science, the work of many men in many parts of the world. They included Rudolf Leuckart, a pioneer German parasitologist (who showed, by way of a worm parasite of fish that also lived in a species of flea, that an insect could serve as intermediate host to an animal parasite); Patrick Manson, a Scottish physician working in China (who showed, through studies of a nematode infestation called filariasis, that a mosquito could extract a parasite from the blood of a man and then satisfactorily serve it as a host); the American pathologists Theobald Smith and F. L. Kilborne (who showed, in a series of experiments with cattle, that insects can transmit disease from one animal to another); Charles Louis Alphonse Laveran, a French Army physician working in Algeria (who showed the presence of protozoa of the genus *Plasmodium* in the red blood cells of a malaria patient); Camillo Golgi, an Italian histologist (who showed that the malaria paroxysm coincides with the release of plasmodia from the parasitized red cells); and Ronald Ross, a Scottish surgeon in the Indian Medical Service. It was Ross's discovery of plasmodia in the stomachs and, a year or two later, plasmodia spores in the salivary glands of anopheles mosquitoes that had fed on malaria patients which completed the general elucidation of the disease. The first of these climactic discoveries was made on August 21, 1897, and on the evening of that day he cautiously announced the fact in a letter to his wife, in England: "I have seen something very promising indeed in my new mosquitoes." He then turned to his journal and, in the privacy of its pages, opened his heart in a poem:

This day designing God
Hath put into my hand
A wondrous thing. At His command
I have found thy secret deeds
Oh million-murdering Death.

I know this little thing
A million men will save—
Oh death where is thy sting?
Thy victory oh grave?

Ross was, providentially, a better prophet than poet. His divinely directed discovery, by finally and firmly fixing attention on the anopheles mosquito as



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the vector in malaria, has unquestionably saved many millions of men. It is probable, however, that many millions more owe their salvation to modern adaptations of two weapons that have been at hand for centuries. One of these came into being as a natural corollary of the miasma theory. This, in its earliest effective form, was the draining of marshes. The other, of course, is quinine. Quinine is a complicated alkaloidal compound ($C_{20}H_{24}N_2O_2$) that was originally derived from the bark of the cinchona tree, a South American evergreen indigenous to Peru. The first malarial European to experience the power of an infusion of cinchona bark to block or terminate a paroxysm of chills and fever was a Jesuit missionary named Juan Lopez. That was in 1600. The healing draught was given to Lopez by a friendly Peruvian Indian, but how the Indian knew of its curative powers is uncertain. Malaria is not native to the Western Hemisphere. It entered the New World in the blood of the Spanish conquerors of Mexico and Peru in the sixteenth century, and it seems unlikely that the remnant Incas could have become sufficiently familiar with the new disease by the time Lopez was felled to know its specific vulnerability to cinchona bark. The probability is that his benefactor merely knew the bark to possess (as it does) a cooling touch in fever. Cinchona bark was introduced into Europe by Alonso Messias Venegas, another Jesuit missionary, in 1632. Its mastery of malaria was quickly confirmed and ardently endorsed by a succession of ailing Jesuits, including Cardinal Juan di Lugo, the illustrious confidant of Innocent X. Outside the Society of Jesus, however, the bark was for a time rather differently received. Its Jesuitic genesis rendered it repellent to many seventeenth-century Protestants. Oliver Cromwell was an outstanding member of that fiercely sectarian company. He died, in 1658, of malaria, after refusing a proffered decoction of what he (and others of his kind) called Jesuits' bark. Cinchona bark, or Jesuits' bark, or (as it most generally came to be known) Peruvian bark, was also rejected on principle by much of seventeenth-century medicine. Orthodox medicine found its action not in harmony with the rationale of therapeutics then in vogue. This rationale was venerably rooted in the humoral theory of pathology, which held that disease resulted from an imbalance of the body's constituent fluids (originally blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile), and it conceived the function of a drug

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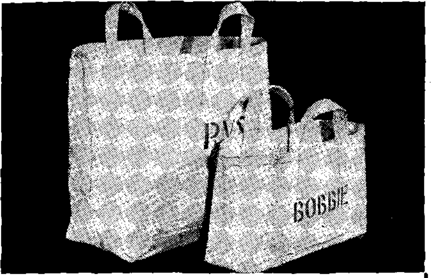

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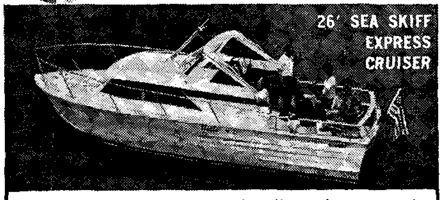

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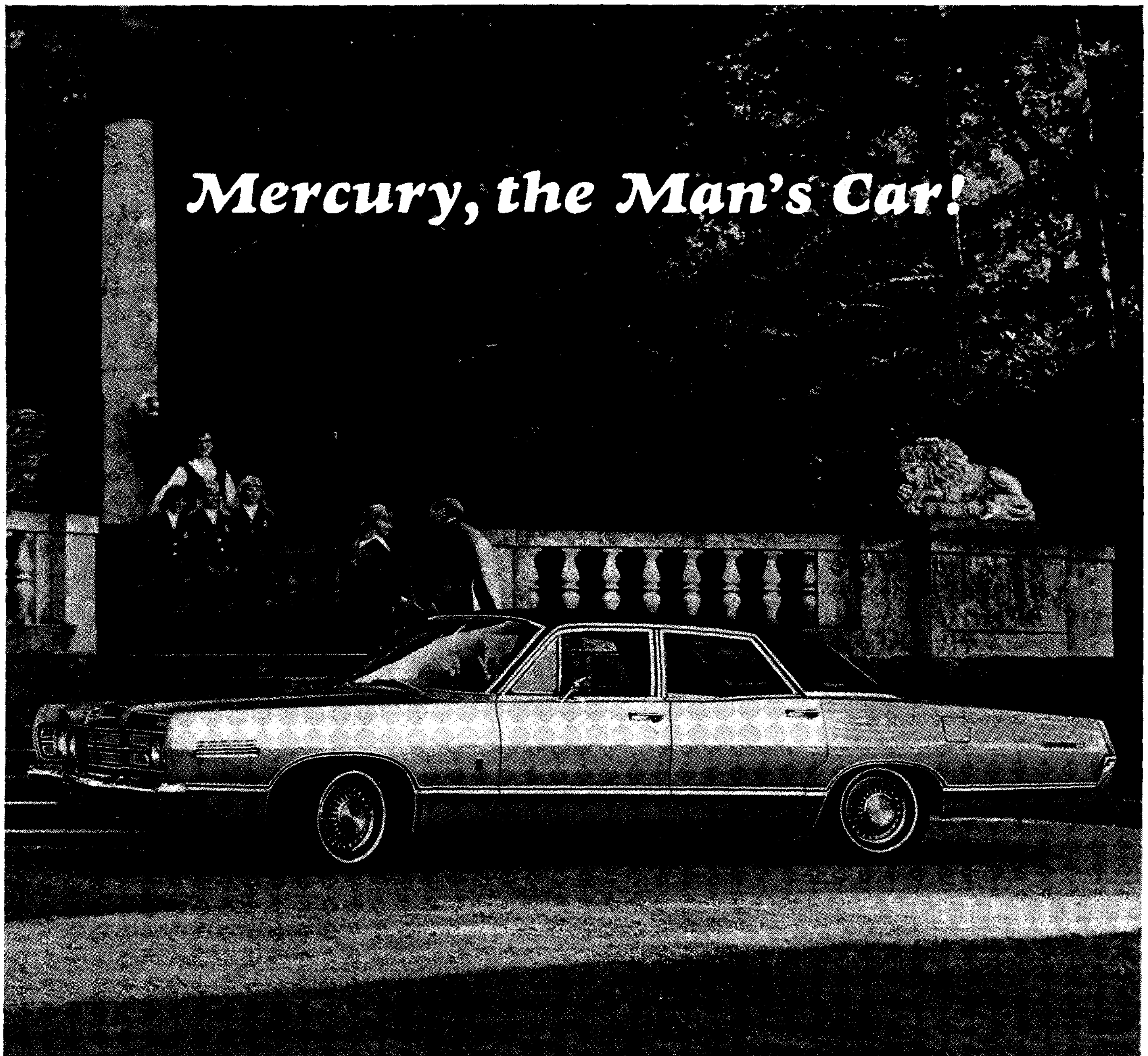

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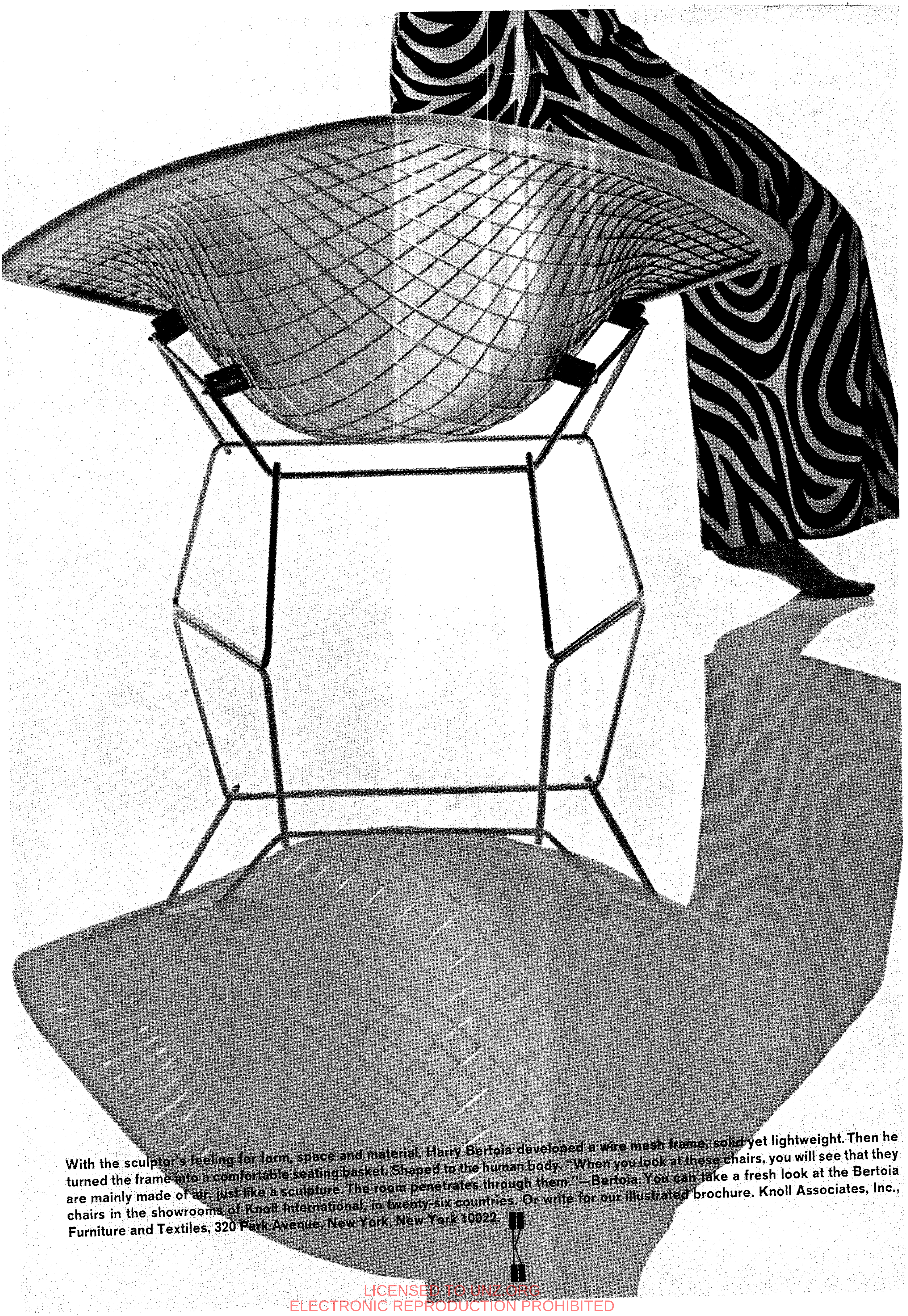

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to be the restoration of balance by seeking out and neutralizing harmful substances and then eliminating them from the body by means of violent purgation—by inducing vomiting, sweating, salivation, urination, hemorrhage. The conventional treatment of malaria included a powerful calomel purge. Humoral pathology dominated medicine until the establishment by Rudolf Virchow and others of cellular pathology around the middle of the nineteenth century, but the eventual acceptance of Peruvian bark—along with such other non-purgative specifics as colchicum (for gout) and digitalis—served to hasten its end. Peruvian bark was itself supplanted in the early nineteenth century. In 1820, the French pharmacologists Pierre Joseph Pelletier and Joseph Bienaimé Caventou discovered in quinine, an isolated essence of the bark, a more potent and more potable remedy for malaria, and within three years it was widely manufactured and almost everywhere available. The ingenuities of modern chemistry have since produced a synthetic quinine and a multitude of other remedies. Among the most esteemed of these are chloroquine, amodiaquine, and primaquine. Chloroquine and amodiaquine are substitutes for quinine. Like quinine, they are able, by destroying plasmodia of all species in the red-cell reproductive stage, to swiftly cure an acute attack of malaria, but they have no effect on the reservoir of plasmodia sequestered in the liver. The powers of primaquine are precisely supplemental to those of the quininelike drugs. Primaquine is lethal to the liver-dwelling plasmodia, and it can also kill or sterilize the sexually mature products of the red-cell stage—

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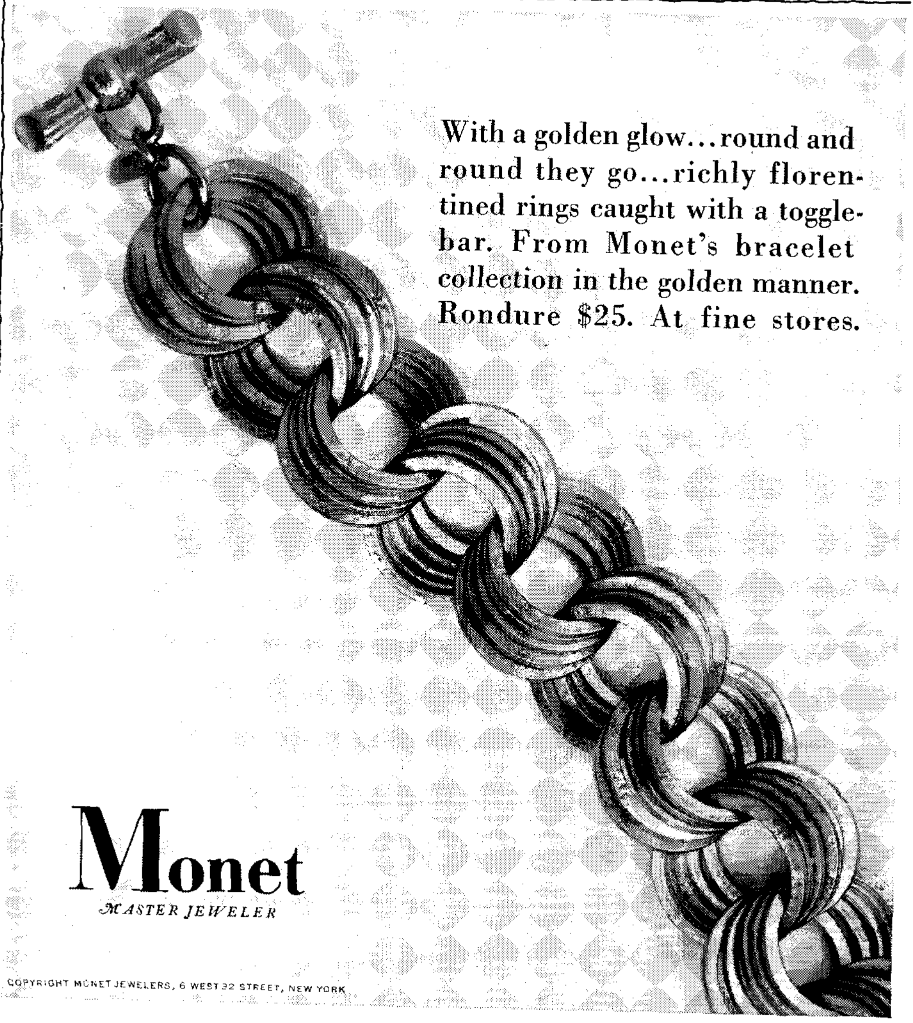

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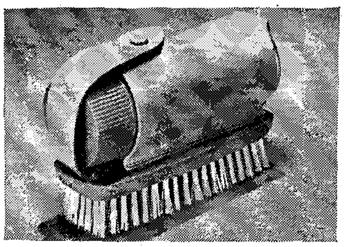

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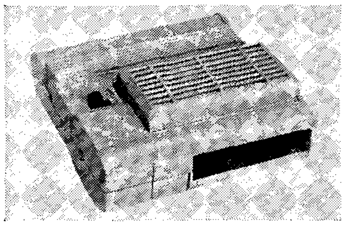

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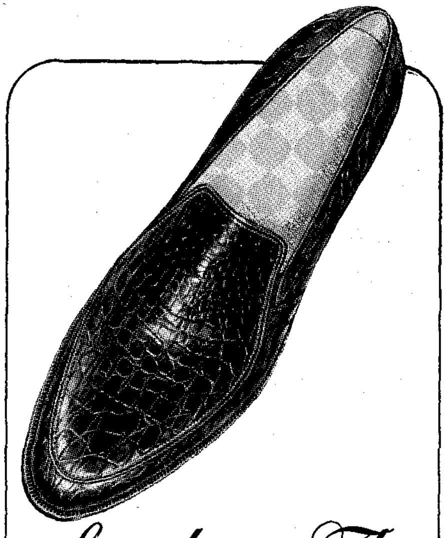
the organisms whose ingestion by an anopheles mosquito perpetuates the disease. Eight to ten days of quinine (or three days of one of its companion drugs) followed by fourteen days of primaquine will usually effect a radical, or total, cure.

Sanitary engineering, insecticides such as DDT, and the several antimalarial drugs have saved many millions of lives around the world, but they have also done more than that. They have made the lives of many more millions bearable. The menace of malaria is not so much its frequent lethality as its far more common capacity for taking the life out of living. No disease is more dulling, more depressing, more debilitating than chronic malaria. It was malaria in its chronic form that crushed the spirit of Attic Greece and wasted the strength of Rome, and practically every habitable part of the world (with the unexplained exception of New Zealand and most of the islands of Oceania) has at some time felt its enervating touch. "An intensely malarial locality cannot thrive," Ronald Ross wrote in a monograph in 1907. "The children are wretched, the adults frequently racked with fever, and the whole place shunned whenever possible by the neighbors. The landowner, the traveller, the innkeeper, the trader fly from it. Gradually it becomes depopulated and untilled, the home only of the most wretched peasants." J. A. Sinton, another British malariologist with wide experience in India, has offered a more comprehensive definition. "There is no aspect of life in [a malarial] country which is not affected, either directly or indirectly, by this disease," he noted, in 1936. "It constitutes one of the most important causes of economic misfortune, engendering poverty, diminishing the quantity and the quality of the food supply, lowering the physical and intellectual standard of the nation, and hampering increased prosperity and economic progress in every way." An anonymous traveller on the Mississippi River in the eighteen-thirties (presented by Erwin H. Ackerknecht in "Malaria in the Upper Mississippi Valley: 1760-1900") has durably described the look of chronic malaria. "As we drew near Burlington, in front of a little hut on the riverbank sat a girl and a lad—most pitiable-looking objects, uncared-for, hollow-eyed, sallow-faced," this memoirist wrote. "They had crawled out into the warm sun with chattering teeth to see the boat pass. To Mother's inquiries the captain said: 'If you've never seen that kind of



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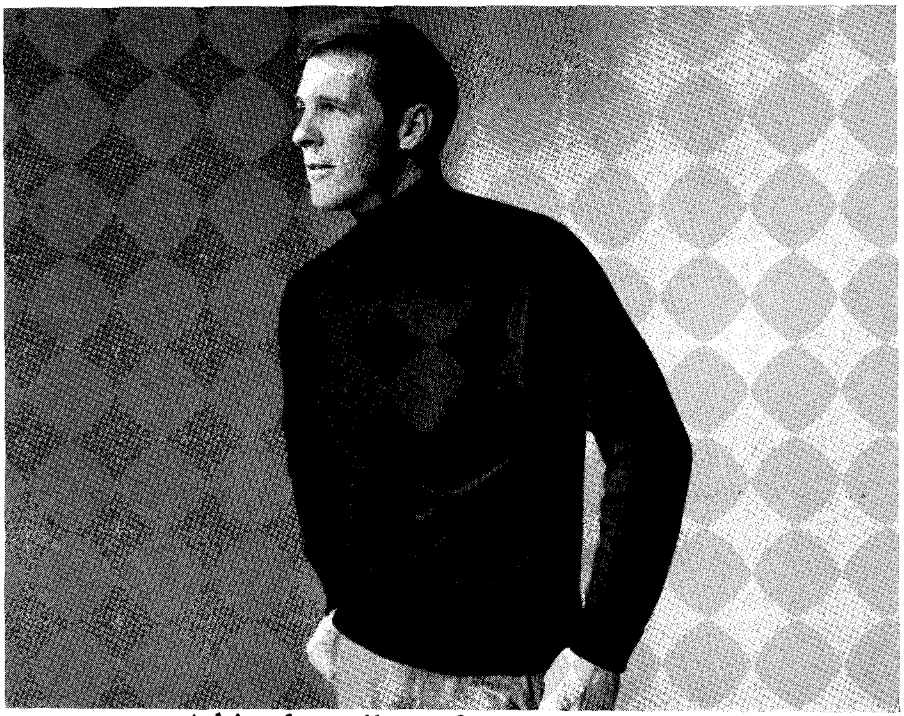
sickness I reckon you must be Yankee. That's the ague. I'm feared you will see plenty of it if you stay long in these parts. They call it here the swamp devil, and it will take the roses out of the cheeks of these plump little ones of yours mighty quick. Cure it? No, Madam. No cure for it: have to wear it out.' " Children are particularly enfeebled by chronic malaria. "Chronic malaria in children retards normal growth," Paul F. Russell and his collaborators point out in "Practical Malariology," the standard modern work in the field. "Such children are often listless, with sallow, puffy faces, thin, flaccid muscles, protuberant abdomen, and pale mucous membranes. Liver and spleen are enlarged, the latter sometimes enormously. Anorexia [loss of appetite], dyspepsia, and flatulence are common. Fever is recurrent. If untreated, the condition . . . may result in early death."

Malaria reached its broadest sweep around the middle of the nineteenth century. It was all but universal. It was endemic almost everywhere in Asia, Africa, and Latin America; in Mediterranean Europe (the fever of which Byron died at Missolonghi in 1824 was malaria) and in much of Russia, Germany, Holland, and England (malaria accounted for five or six of every hundred patients treated at St. Thomas' Hospital in London between 1850 and 1860); and in most of the United States. Its grip then somewhat loosened, and by the end of the nineteenth century the disease had largely disappeared from northern Europe, and in the United States it was still endemic only in the South. This salubrious, if circumscribed, decline has been variously explained, but most authorities attribute it to such fruits of industrialization as fewer swamps, better drains, less porous houses, more plentiful quinine, an intenser cultivation of land, and the displacement of riverboats by trains. In other, less dynamic parts of the world (including the American South), the spread of malaria was wholly unimpeded until shortly after the Second World War. As recently as 1940, some hundred and fifty thousand cases of malaria were reported in the United States, practically all of them in the South, and it is certain that there were many times that many cases not reported. Ten years later, in 1950, a more reliable method of reporting turned up a mere two thousand cases. There were fewer than two hundred in 1965. The therapeutic impact of growth and industrialization—and quinine and primaquine and



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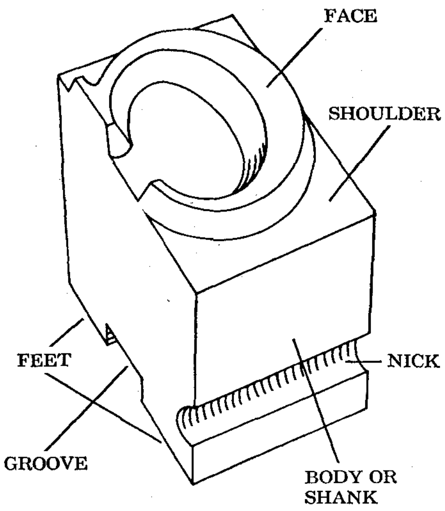

The invention of movable type is generally attributed to Johannes Gutenberg but before his day, printing from movable type was practiced in Holland. The first type face, probably invented about 1450, was patterned after the manuscript letter-forms of the scribes of that time.

Type may be defined as a "right-angled, prism-shaped piece of metal, having for its face a letter or character, usually in high relief ..." There are about 6,000 different type faces – or styles – but a relatively few of these are used by typographers and printers today. This paragraph is set in 10 point Century Schoolbook type.

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DDT—has also been felt in other malarial countries. Since 1949, when the World Health Organization of the United Nations launched its continuing program of malaria eradication, the disease has been more or less uprooted in much of South America, in most of the Western Mediterranean world (including the once notoriously pestilential island of Sardinia), and even in parts of Pakistan and India. W.H.O. has estimated that some three hundred and fifty million cases of malaria—three and a half million of them fatal—occurred throughout the world (exclusive of China, North Vietnam, and North Korea) in 1955. In 1965, the total (for the same world) was around a hundred million cases, with about a million deaths.

Malaria thus appears to be going, and going pretty fast. Nevertheless, it is still very far from gone. "If we take as our standard of importance the greatest harm to the greatest number," Sir Macfarlane Burnet noted in "The Natural History of Infectious Disease," in 1953, "then there is no question that malaria is the most important of all infectious diseases." His appraisal remains unquestioned. "Malaria has a higher morbidity rate and is responsible for more deaths per year than any other transmissible disease," Martin D. Young, a leading American malariologist and a member of the expert panel on malaria of W.H.O., noted in a monograph in 1960. And in 1965 Marcolino G. Candau, director-general of W.H.O., declared, "From a worldwide point of view, communicable diseases must certainly be considered the No. 1 health problem, and among them malaria holds the most prominent place." Malaria still flourishes, as it always has, in all but Saharan Africa, in Central America, in the Middle East, in most of Southeast Asia, and on some of the islands of the southwest Pacific. The reasons for its prevalence there are chiefly ignorance and indifference. The causes of its lingering presence elsewhere in the world are more varied and more complicated and, it may turn out, more serious. They include—as many recent studies, among them the investigation that illuminated the case of Mrs. Walter Wells, have shown—the appearance of anopheles mosquitoes that are resistant to DDT and other insecticides, the appearance of plasmodia resistant to therapeutic (or tolerable) doses of all known anti-malarial drugs, the appearance of monkeys that can harbor malarial parasites to which man is also hospitable, and the fact that in many places from which endemic ma-

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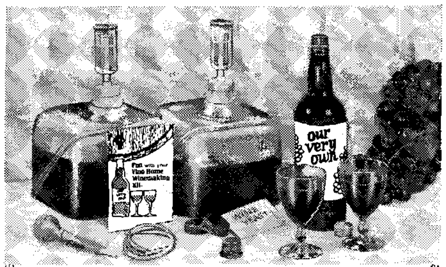

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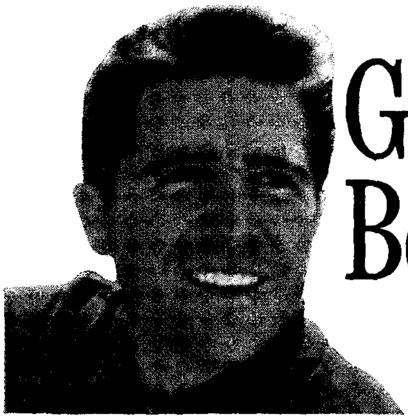

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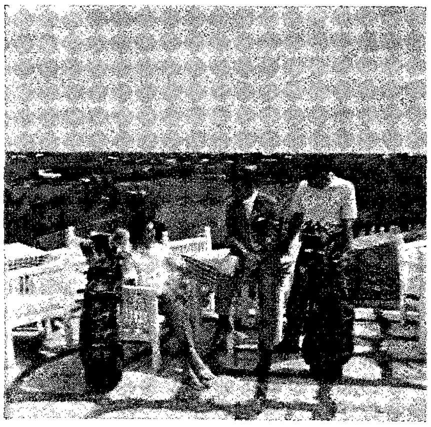

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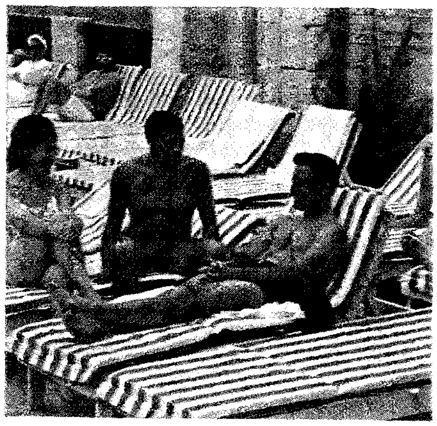

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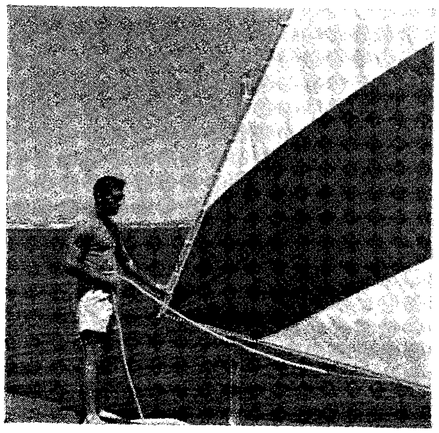

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laria has long since been banished the anopheles mosquito continues to live and breed.

THE investigation into the case of Mrs. Walter Wells began on Tuesday, June 22nd. It was undertaken—at the invitation of the Georgia State Department of Health and the medical authorities at Fort Benning—by two epidemiologists in the Epidemiology Branch of the Communicable Disease Center of the United States Public Health Service, in Atlanta. They were Robert L. Kaiser, chief of the Center's Parasitic Disease Unit, and James P. Luby, an Epidemic Intelligence Service officer assigned to Dr. Kaiser's office. The field work fell to Dr. Luby.

"That was only natural," Dr. Luby says. "This wasn't the first case of malaria down around Fort Benning that we had been asked to investigate. They'd had another civilian case—also a woman—down there the year before, in the summer of 1964. The investigation was headed by an E.I.S. officer named Myron Schultz—he's up in New York now—but I was in on it. It wasn't a great success. We finally had to write it off as a cryptic case. In other words, we couldn't find the source of her infection. This time, I didn't ask for much—just somebody recently sick with an explicable case of malaria, and some anopheles mosquitoes in the right place at the right time to carry it to Mrs. Wells. But at least I knew the way to Columbus and some of the medical people there and out at the base. I got the assignment on Monday afternoon, and I drove down the following morning. Columbus is a good three hours from Atlanta. I checked in at one of those day-or-night motels that line the highway between Columbus and Fort Benning, and had an early lunch. Then I went on to the base and had a talk with the chief of preventive medicine there. That was Major Taras Nowosiwsky, one of the people I knew from the 1964 investigation. He showed me the laboratory data on the case. As expected, the base had confirmed the finding at the Columbus Medical Center. The only thing new was the type. Mrs. Wells' malaria was *vivax* malaria. Major Nowosiwsky then took me around to pay my respects to the commanding medical officer at the Martin Army Hospital, and I gave them a rough idea of what I planned to do. They promised me every possible assistance. The fact that Mrs. Wells was a former Army dependent gave them a certain sense of responsibility. My next stop

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was the Muscogee County Health Department, in Columbus. Mary John Tiller, the deputy commissioner, was another of my old friends, and she made me feel right at home. I remember the greeting she gave me. 'Well,' she said, 'I was wondering when somebody from C.D.C. was going to show up.' My purpose in seeing Dr. Tiller was to try to get some idea of the probable scope of the problem. She put my mind at rest on that. The local papers and the radio had given Mrs. Wells and her case all kinds of publicity, and she had been the subject of a medical grand rounds at the Medical Center—all of which, incidentally, gives you a pretty good idea of how times have changed in malaria—but nothing else had been brought to light. So the chances were good that Mrs. Wells was all I had to worry about. I decided it was time I had a talk with her.

"I found Mrs. Wells sitting up in bed and looking pretty good. They had started her on chloroquine as soon as the diagnosis was made, and she was now on primaquine. She was still a little weak, but her temperature had been normal since Sunday, and the worst was obviously over. She was very nice and helpful. We went over her history together. I couldn't really blame Dr. Page for missing the diagnosis. Nobody thinks of malaria around here anymore. But here in Georgia was where Mrs. Wells had contracted malaria. Her history settled that. She hadn't been in any of the malarial countries. The only time she had ever been abroad was a trip to Germany with her father in 1960. Since then, she hadn't even been out of the state. It was also certain that she had contracted malaria in the usual way—from the bite of an infected mosquito. It is possible, you know, to get malaria by way of a blood transfusion or through an injection of some kind. The literature is full of drug addicts with malaria. And you may remember all that excitement up in New York a few years ago when they found a blood donor with malaria. But Mrs. Wells had no recent injections or transfusions in her history. She had had some recent illnesses, though. The most recent was some menstrual trouble back in January, shortly after her marriage. In September, when she was still living at the base, she had an attack of strep throat. The most interesting illness was one that began on July 8th. That was very interesting. Her symptoms included chills, fever, backache, weakness, and urinary frequency, and, the way she remembered it, the fever was intermittent. She consulted the

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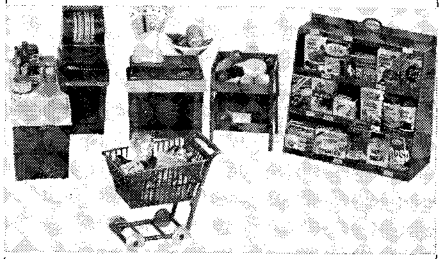

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outpatient department at the Martin Army Hospital on the second day, and, apparently on the basis of that urinary complaint, the examining physician made a tentative diagnosis of urinary-tract infection. She was treated with antibiotics, and in about ten days she was well. One of the things that made that illness interesting was, of course, the symptoms—chills and intermittent fever. They were compatible with a urinary-tract infection when taken by themselves, but not when the record showed a urinalysis negative for white blood cells. The other thing was the date of onset. July 8, 1964, struck a certain chord in my memory. It reminded me of that other case of malaria I'd been in on. I'll call her Mrs. Durham. Mrs. Durham's onset date was July *10*, 1964.

"That gave me something to think about that evening after dinner. A good coincidence is always worth thinking about. Epidemiology is practically the science of coincidence. It was very hard to believe that those two cases of malaria were unrelated. Mrs. Wells' history suggested very persuasively that this attack of malaria was not her first attack. The primary attack had occurred in July of 1964. This attack was a recurrence of that infection. The fact that she had recovered from the first attack without specific treatment didn't in the least embarrass that hypothesis. Untreated malaria recurs and recurs, but each attack is self-limited. After a certain length of time, the red-cell stage of the organism simply peters out. But onset wasn't the only coincidence. There was also the disease itself. Mrs. Wells had vivax malaria. So did Mrs. Durham. Another coincidence was proximity. Mrs. Durham was the wife of a second lieutenant, and they lived in Battle Park Homes, a duplex development at the base for junior officers. Mrs. Wells also lived at the base in 1964—in a development on Baker Street for noncommissioned officers. Battle Park Homes and Baker Street were only about a mile apart. Or so I gathered from Mrs. Wells. And most of the country in between was rough, heavily wooded, and full of damp, brushy hollows. It sounded just right for mosquitoes.

"I spent the next day in Cataula. Most of it, anyway. I would much rather have been poking around at Fort Benning, but it doesn't pay to cut corners. Before I went any further, I had to make completely certain that there hadn't been any other cases of malaria in the neighborhood. Cases that hadn't been diagnosed, that is, or

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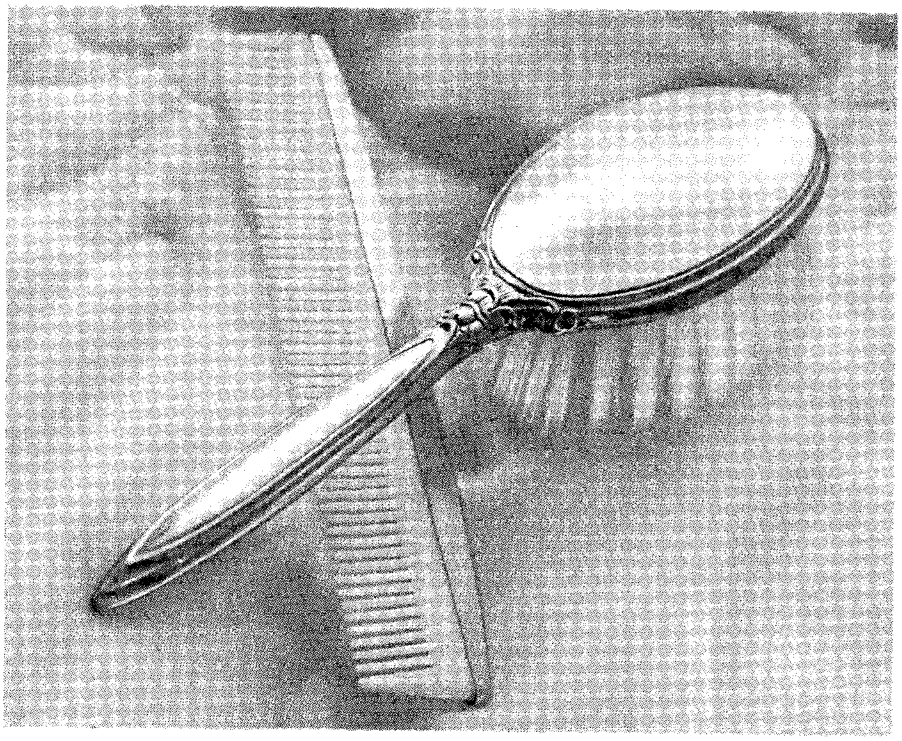

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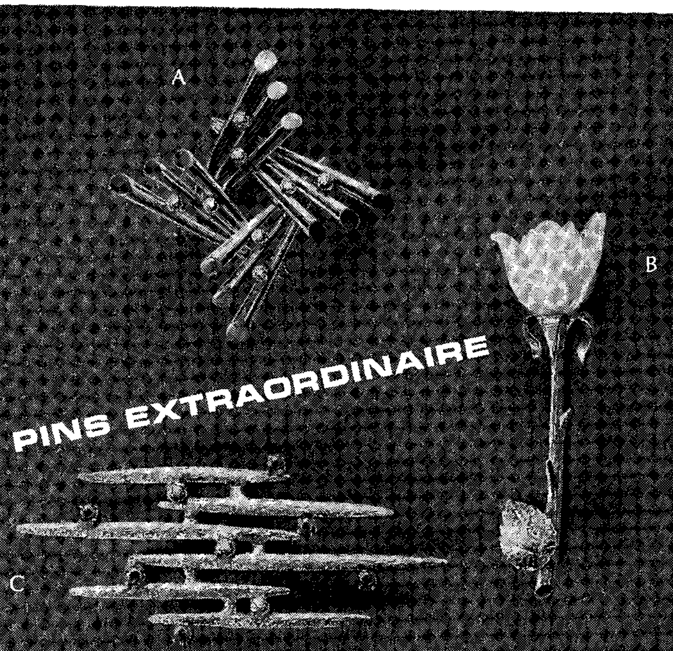

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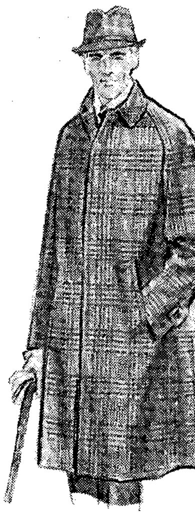

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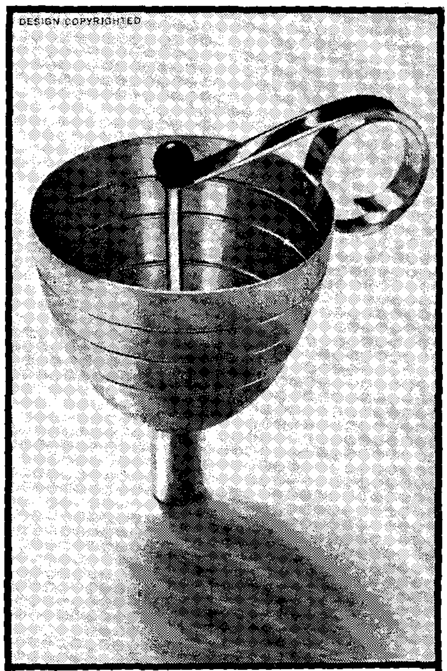

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asymptomatic cases. Dr. Tiller had arranged for the county sanitarian to show me around. A stranger, especially a stranger from up North—my home town is Chicago—needs someone to vouch for him in those little Georgia towns. We met, and he took me around to meet the local physicians. There were two of them, a husband and wife in practice together, but they had nothing to contribute—no cases of malaria, no unexplained illnesses with fever, nothing in the least suspicious. That was as expected. They were mainly a courtesy call. If they had known any news, they wouldn't have saved it for me. Then we started in on our own. We started with Mrs. Wells' husband, then we saw his parents, then we called on the neighbors. Our procedure was this. We asked about any episode of fever in the recent past. If we got an affirmative answer, we asked about the cause. If the cause was unknown or uncertain, we took a sample of blood for definitive analysis. We visited forty-four homes within a mile-and-a-half radius of Mrs. Wells' home and we checked out a total of two hundred and fourteen people, but we didn't find a thing. There was one old man who had a suspicious history, and we got some blood and sent it back to the C.D.C. laboratory in Atlanta. They did a malaria smear and a fluorescent antibody test, but the results were negative. Well, that, of course, was a great relief. Anything else would have been an awkward complication. This simplified the problem. It didn't tell us when Mrs. Wells got malaria. It was still possible that her present attack was her first. But it did tell us where. She got it at the base.

"I didn't believe that this was her first attack. But, as I say, it was possible. The incubation period in vivax malaria—the interval between the mosquito bite and the onset of symptoms—is usually about two weeks. Mrs. Wells moved off the base around the middle of April, and she didn't get sick until the twenty-second of May—almost six weeks later. That would seem to eliminate a 1965 infection, but it didn't. The reason was, she had gone back to the base. She went back several times. Her father had retired to Fort Myers or some such place in Florida, but Mrs. Wells still had her Baker Street friends. So 1965 was still at least conceivable. The only way to settle it was another fever survey. I might mention, by the way, that we hadn't forgotten the father. Dr. Kaiser had arranged for someone to look him up for an interview. I talked to Dr. Kaiser on

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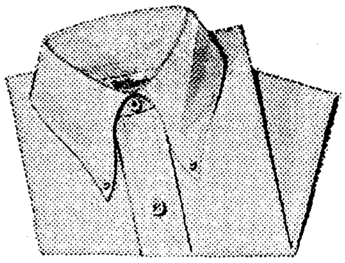

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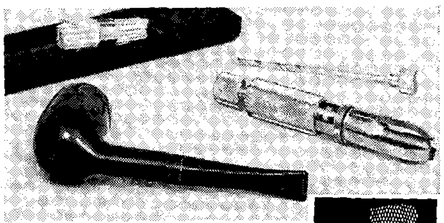

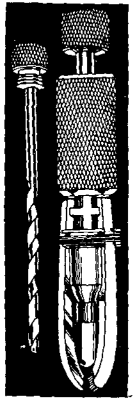

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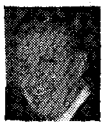

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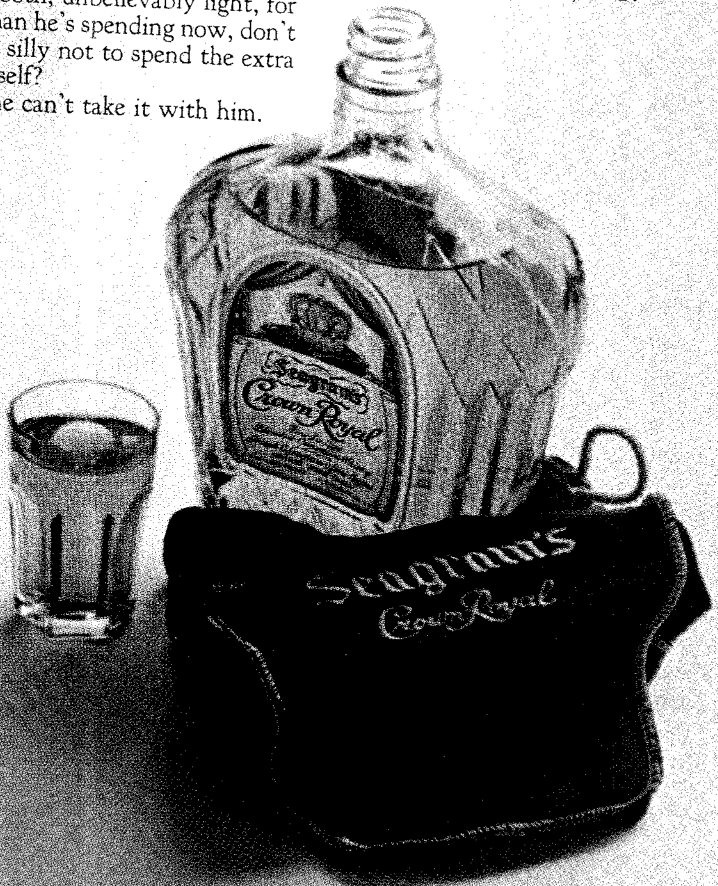
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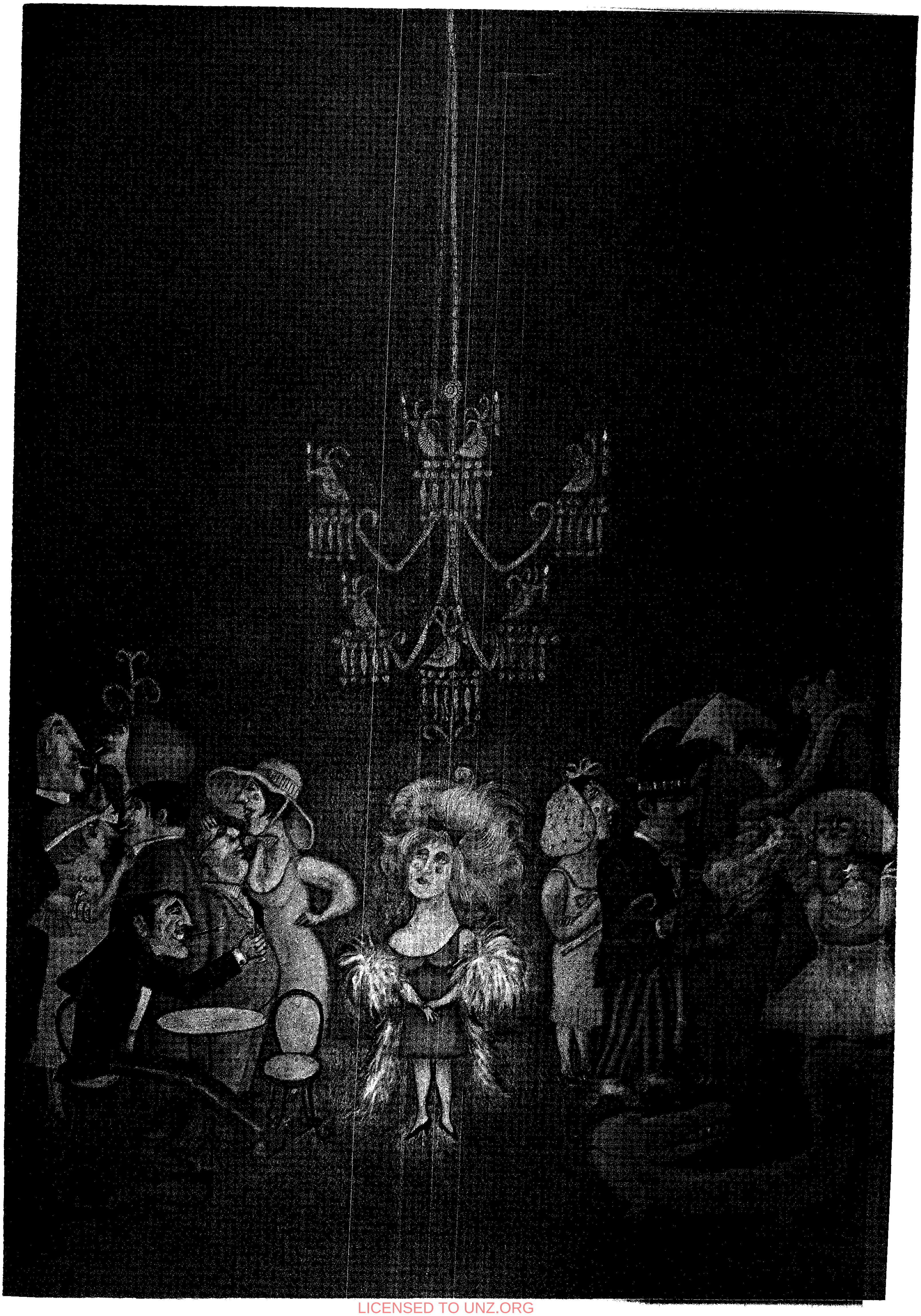

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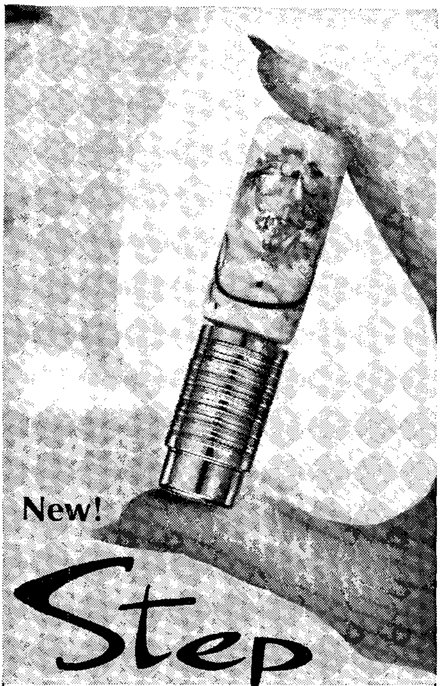
Wednesday night and told him what I had learned and what I thought and what I planned to do next, and he completely shared my views. Then he told me about the father. His history and his blood were both negative for malaria.

"I drove down to the base the next morning and saw Major Nowosiwsky again. I told him I wanted to make a fever survey in the Baker Street area, and he O.K.'d the plan and arranged for one of his men to take me around. Then I asked about mosquitoes. I assumed they were there, they had to be there. But I wanted to know. Major Nowosiwsky took me in to see the base entomologist. He was a colonel—Colonel Petrakis—and he got out his records on the subject. The mosquitoes were there. Routine trapping in season for pest-control analysis regularly turned up several varieties of mosquito, and they included an anopheline—*Anopheles quadrimaculatus*. *A. quadrimaculatus* is one of about a dozen native American anopheles, and in this part of the country it's the most common. It had been trapped in several different traps, but the traps that interested me were those set up at the intersection of Fort Benning Road and Arrowhead Road and Custer Road, in Battle Park Homes. Fort Benning Road is one of the main thoroughfares in the reservation. Arrowhead Road is the only road to Battle Park Homes, and it's one of two roads to Baker Street. The other road to Baker Street is Custer Road. Colonel Petrakis's records also noted that larvae of *A. quadrimaculatus* had been found in a creek directly across from the Baker Street houses. I thanked the Colonel and picked up my guide and drove out to Baker Street feeling a whole lot better. You can't have malaria without a vector. The Baker Street survey was another Cataula. I had two opening questions this time. One was about unexplained fever. The other was about foreign travel—visits to endemic-malaria areas within the past three years. We visited sixty-one homes and talked to two hundred and seventy-one people, and we found nineteen people who had been in endemic areas and two cases of recent and unexplained fever, but we didn't find any malaria. And that took care of 1965. Mrs. Wells' malaria was a 1964 infection. There was no other reasonable possibility. There was also no good reason now to doubt that her case and Mrs. Durham's were linked.

"The nature of the link wasn't hard to visualize. It couldn't have been one



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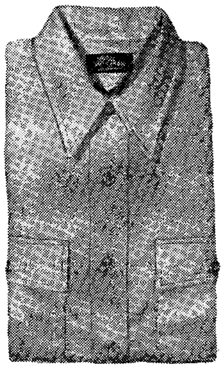

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of the neighbors. My Baker Street survey and one just like it that was done the year before in Battle Park Homes eliminated that possibility. A common hypodermic needle or a common blood donor was also out of the picture. So, of course, was a visit to some endemic country. That seemed to identify the index case as a visitor to the general neighborhood of Battle Park Homes and Baker Street. It didn't much matter just where. Colonel Petrakis had demonstrated that there were potential vectors all over the area. I went back to Major Nowosiwsky, and he got out the records on all the men from overseas who had come down with malaria at the base in the past twelve months or so. There were quite a number of them, but only four were cases of vivax malaria. The others were mostly falciparum-malaria cases. Incidentally, that's the big malaria problem in Vietnam right now, and I gather it's quite a problem. They're seeing falciparum malaria out there that doesn't respond like the others. However . . . I was looking for vivax cases and found just four. Two captains and two sergeants. But worse than that, I knew them—all but one of them. I remembered both sergeants and one of the captains from the report on the Durham investigation, and the investigation had excluded them as possible sources of Mrs. Durham's infection. They were infectious—they had what we call parasitemia, they had the parasite in their blood—at the wrong time. I'll tell you what I mean. There are two incubation periods to be considered in malaria—one for the development of the parasite in the mosquito and another for the development of the parasite in the man. Both of these periods vary in length, but the mosquito period is the most variable. It varies with the temperature of the air. In vivax malaria in that part of Georgia, it ranges from a month or more in cool weather to a minimum of nine days in June and July. The minimum incubation period in man is eight days. The sum of those minimums is the minimum total incubation interval, or seventeen days. That's the shortest possible interval that could elapse between the infection of the mosquito and the onset of illness in Mrs. Durham and Mrs. Wells. So the man we were looking for should have had parasitemia in June, but no later than the twenty-fourth. Well, both the sergeants failed to satisfy that criterion, and for the same reason. Their onsets came too late. One was on June 28th, and the other was on July 28th. The captain was too early. His onset

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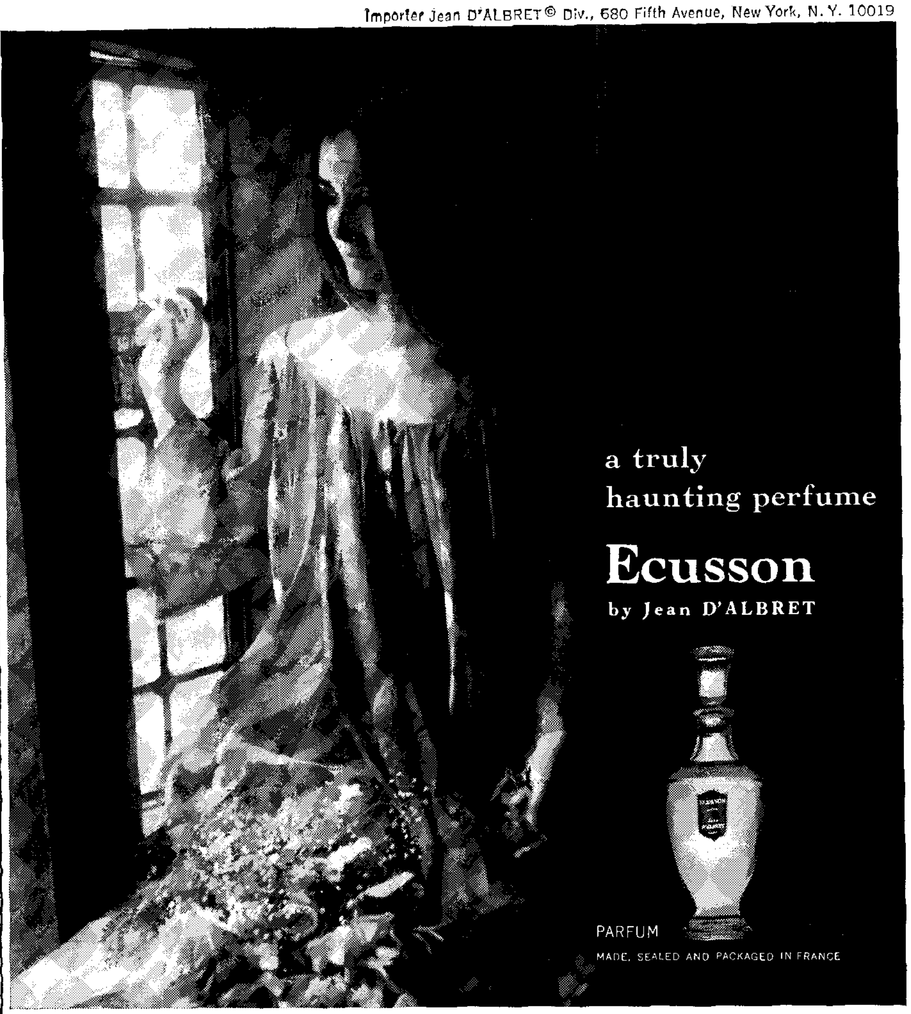

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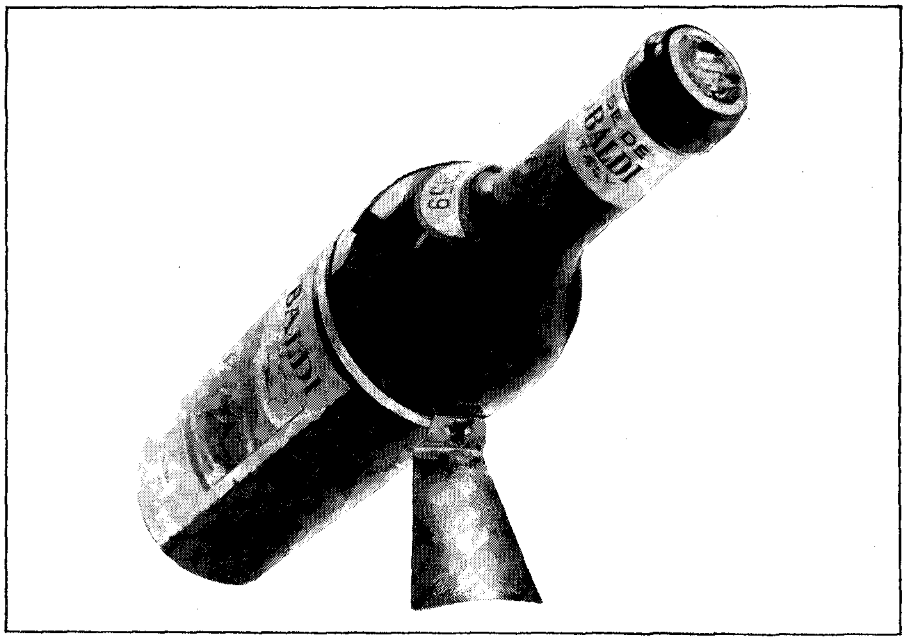

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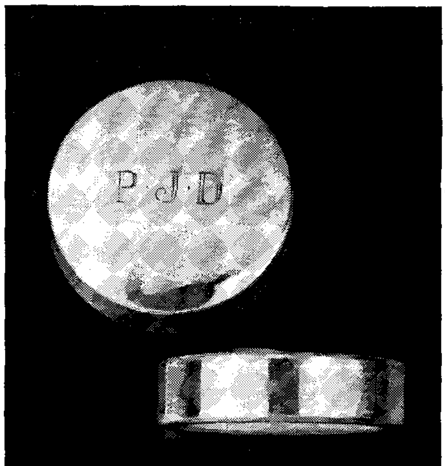

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came on April 4th. And the new case, the other captain, was even more hopeless. His onset date was March 21, 1965.

"I drove back to Atlanta that night. The next day was Saturday. I called Dr. Kaiser and told him the story. It looked as if we were up against another cryptic case. I know he was disappointed, but I felt worse than that. It made me uncomfortable, too, to think of that anonymous index case wandering around somewhere. He might very well be an asymptomatic carrier. I'd done my best, though. There was nothing I could think of left to do. I started in on my report on Monday morning. When I had my notes in order, I got out our general file on malaria. I wanted to take another look at the report on the Durham investigation. But I never got that far—not that morning. I came across something I'd never seen before. Or if I had, I didn't remember. It was a routine National Malaria Surveillance Report from the Third Army Medical Laboratory at Fort McPherson, Georgia. It was dated August, 1964, and it reported cases of malaria diagnosed at Army installations in June of that year. I'd seen many such reports. The cases are identified by name, rank, and station, and there is always a short travel history. What made me stop and look at this report was a station—Fort Benning. I didn't even know I was looking until I saw it. It was cited in the travel history of a sergeant I'll call Sergeant Evans. Sergeant Evans was stationed at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, and his case had been diagnosed at the hospital there on June 27th. He had arrived at Fort Campbell on June 24th. Before that, he had been stationed at Fort Benning. He had been there from May 9th until June 23rd. Before that, he had been in South Korea.

"I picked up the phone and put in a call to Fort Campbell. It was practically automatic. And I was lucky. Sergeant Evans was still stationed there, and they finally found him and brought him to the phone. I told him who I was and what I wanted to know. His memory of his Fort Benning experience was vague. He lived there in barracks near the parachute-jump towers. That was a mile or two beyond the intersection of Fort Benning Road and Arrowhead Road and Custer Road. No, he didn't know Mrs. Durham or Mrs. Wells, and he had never been to Battle Park Homes or in the Baker Street development. Not that he remembered, anyway. His duties kept him mostly in the area near his bar-

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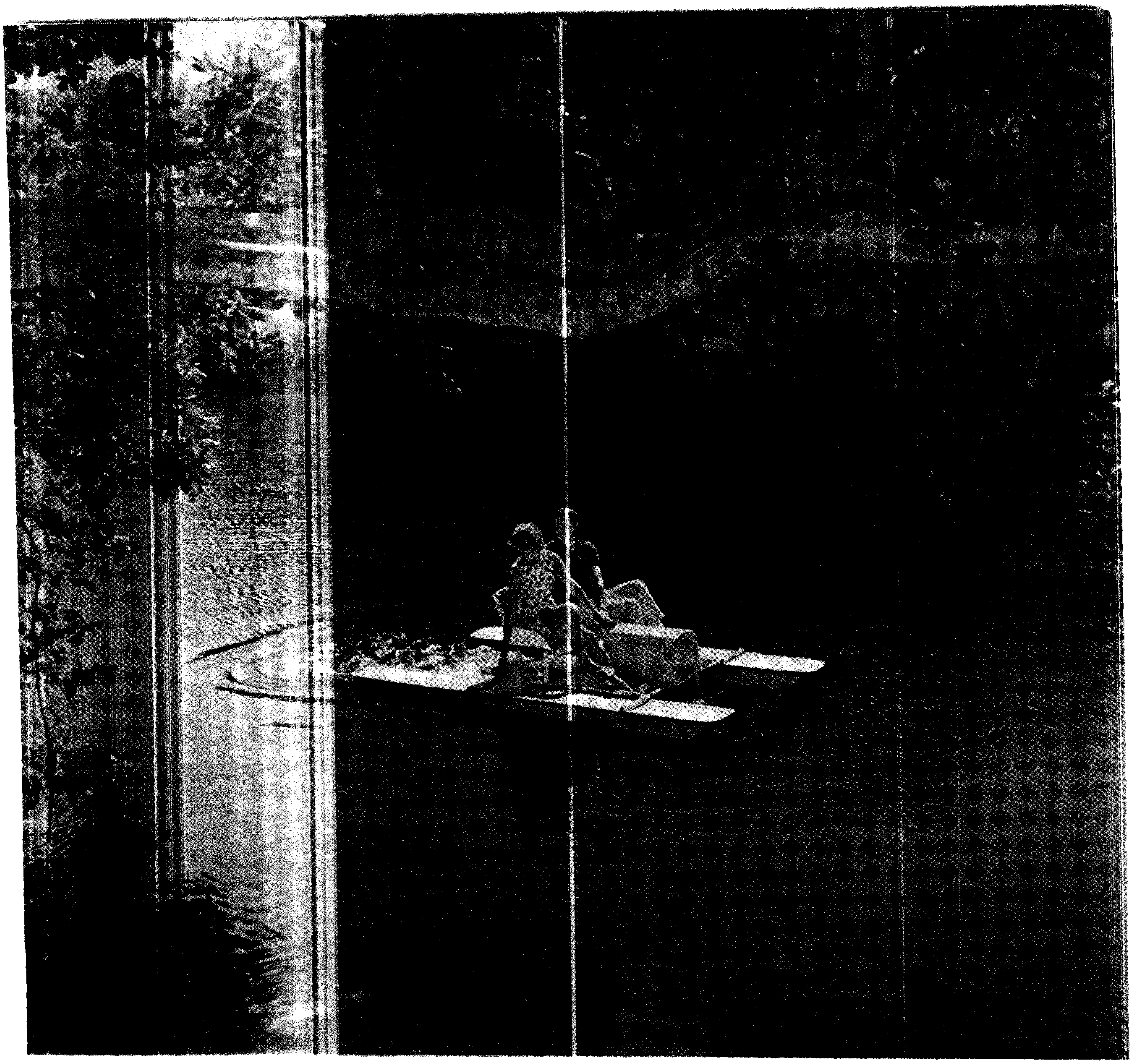

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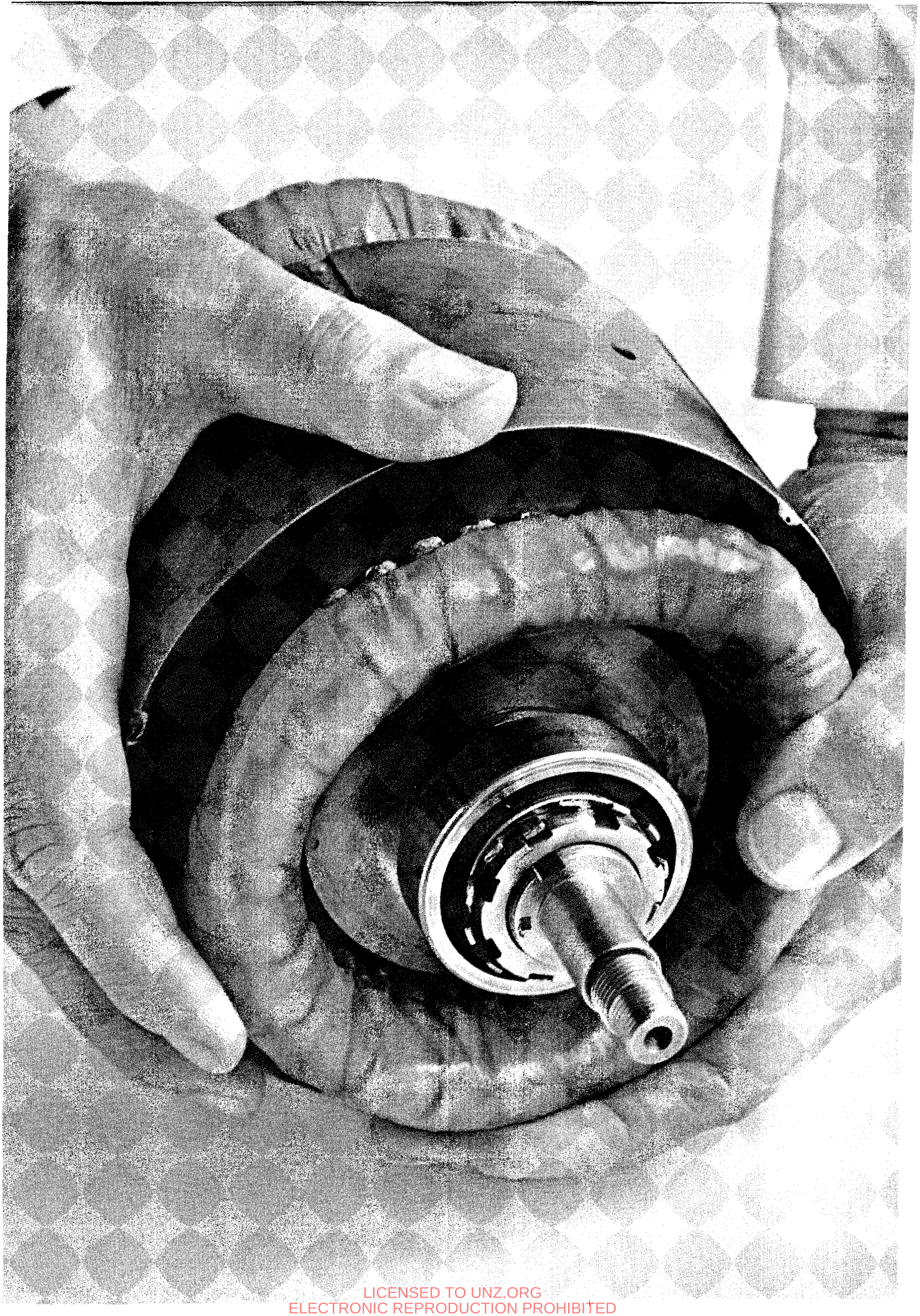

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That's when the rocket builders came to Borg-Warner's Pesco Products Division. Pesco's business is making pumps. Remember the "China Clipper" back in 1939? Pesco made fuel pumps, hydraulic pumps and vacuum pumps for it. During World War II you could find Pesco pumps on the P-51 Mustang. The P-39. And the B-24.

The Lockheed Electra and the Douglas DC-8, and just about every major aircraft in service today have Pesco pumps. So do missiles like the Polaris, the Pershing, the Minuteman.

All in all, Pesco had more than one million pumps under its belt. Now, what about one that would work at 423° below zero?

The first job was to find materials that would withstand low temperatures—insulations, coatings, grades of steel and things like that. Contamination was a huge problem—when you run in liquid fuel you don't want anything setting off an explosion at the wrong time. So all parts were cleaned ultrasonically, rinsed, kept clean, assembled in a "white" room that's as clean as any hospital operating room, then specially sealed.

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What next? No one really knows. But whatever it is, if it needs pumps, chances are you'll find the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Pesco Products Division hard at work on it.

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racks. But he had a car—a convertible—and he did get off the base a few times. And when he did, he naturally came and went by way of Fort Benning Road. How else? He supposed he had sometimes been stopped at the stoplight there at the Arrowhead Road and Custer Road intersection. Yes, he had been sick at Fort Benning. He'd had spells of chills and fever off and on during most of June. No, he hadn't reported for treatment—not until he got up to Fort Campbell. He kept hoping each remission was the end. One of his worst spells hit him one evening when he was off the base on a picnic. He remembered driving back to the barracks and shaking so badly he could hardly drive. Yes, he usually drove with the top down. Or else why have a convertible? I laughed and agreed and thanked him for his help and coöperation, and hung up.

"I just sat there at my desk for a minute. I don't mind saying I felt pretty good. Then I got up and went in and told Dr. Kaiser what had happened." —Berton Roueché

• •

ON HANDLING SOME SMALL SHELLS FROM THE WINDWARD ISLANDS

Their scrape and clink together of musical coin.
Than the tinkling of crickets more eerie, more thin.
Their click as of crystal, wood, carapace, and bone—

a tintinnabular fusion. Their friction spinal and chill,
as of ivory embryo fragments of horn
honed into whistles and flutes. Windy Eustachian coils

cold as the sea till held, then warm as the palm
and snuggled naturally there, smoother than skin.
The curve and continuous spiral intrinsic, their role

eternal inversion, the closed and undulant scroll.
Even when corrugate, sharpness rubbed from their forms,
licked by the mouth of the sea to tactile charms.

Blanched by the eye of the sun, a pumice-shine
buffing their calcareous nakedness clean as a tooth.
Some colored like flesh, but more subtle than corpuscle dyes;

some sunsets, some buttermilk skies, some penumbras
of moons in eclipse. Malachite greens. Fish-eyed icy blues.
Pigeon-foot pinks. Brindled fulvous browns. But most white

like tektites. Gathered here in a bowl, their ineradicable inks
vivid, declarative under water. Peculiar fossil-fruits
that suck through ribbed lips and gaping sutures

into secret clefts, the sweet wet with a tame taste.
Vulviform creatures—or, rather, their rocklike backs
with labial bellies. Some are earhole-shaped,

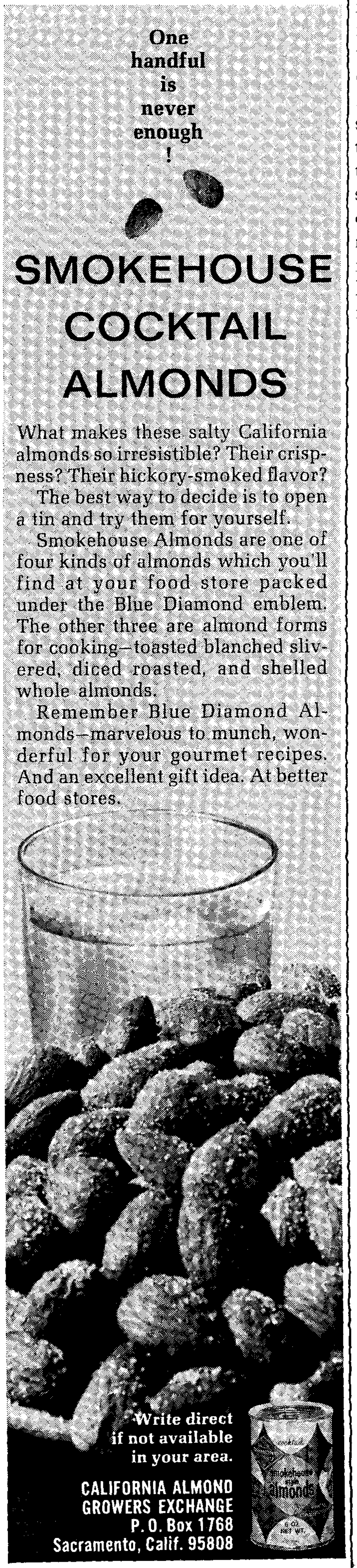
some funnels with an overlap, some stony worms curled
up and glazed, the egress like a trumpet. Some are cones
with tight twisted sphincters. Some rugous and spiculate,

cactus-humped or warted. Others slick and simple
pods where tender jellies hid. The frigid souls,
the amorphous ones, are emptied from out their skeletons

that were their miniature furled caves. Now each an eccentric
mummy case, one facet mute and ultimate,
the other baffling in its ruffles as a rose.

A valve of bone the largest, streaked like a cloud.
Its shadowy crease a pinched ambiguous vestibule. A puckered
trap ajar. The sly inviting smile into the labyrinth.

—May Swenson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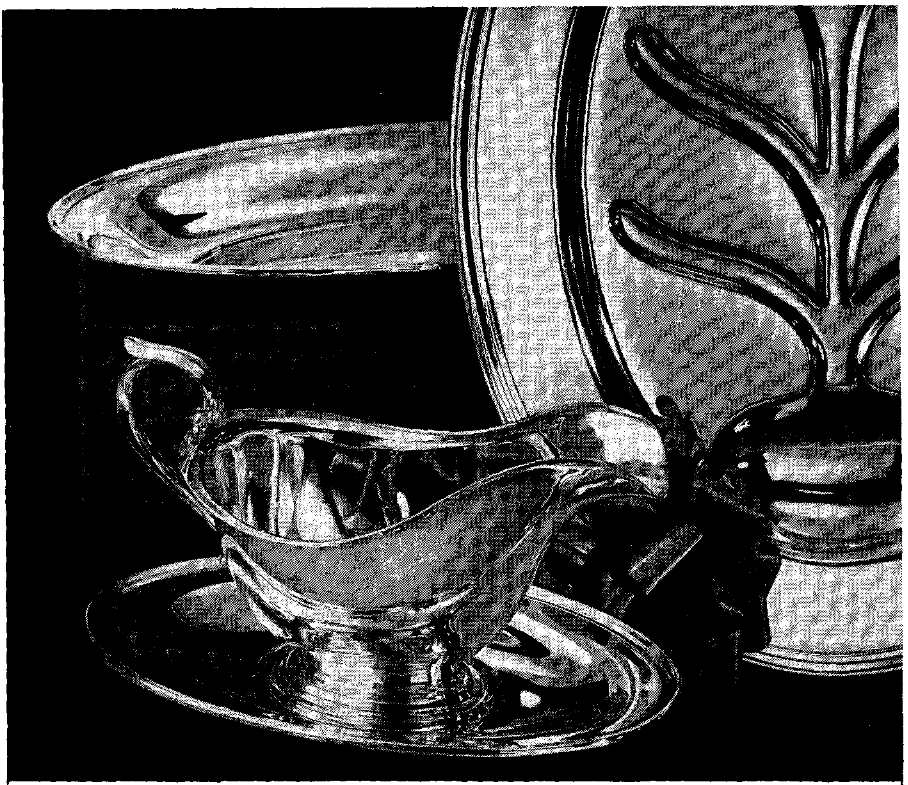
Sea Cliff, New York,
November 1, 1966

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Sirs:

I HAVE just come home after two years of study in England, where I spent much of my time in the Reading Room of the British Museum and where I had a close view of Miss Stuart, the eccentric reader in the frayed mackintosh of whom Emily Hahn writes in "Aisle K," in your September 17th issue—quite possibly a closer view than any other reader there except my friend Elizabeth, a young doctoral candidate, who usually sits next to her. Your readers may be interested in a few additional words on Miss Stuart, the Reading Room, and its admirable staff.

The Reading Room, as Miss Hahn suggests, is a kind of warm womb to which scholars, would-be scholars, and scholarly eccentrics return day after day, and from which all the problems of Life Outside are miraculously shut away. The generous size of the desks, each with two ingenious flaps set in the partition that makes the back of the desk, one unfolding into a rack to hold a book at eye level and the other into a shelf to hold extra books when the surface of the desk is overflowing, and each with a small leather-covered bar underneath, by one's right knee, on which can conveniently be hung an umbrella and raincoat or a shopping bag; the luxurious blue leather upholstery (*real* leather, not plastic, a replacement for the ancient black leather that had been gently crumbling to dust); the dry perfume of the thousands of leather-covered volumes that line the walls of the great circular room halfway to the dome; and the great dome itself, recently painted a soft blue with gold trim, into whose heights the sound of voices spirals and mercifully vanishes; the complexity and occasional illogicality of the cataloguing system, which can turn the locating of a particular book into a day-long treasure hunt—all these features combine to make study in the Reading Room a whole way of life in itself, protected, secure, dignified, and with at least the appearance of serious purpose, qualities that are harder and harder to find now in Life Outside. Moreover, as Miss Hahn indicates, the kindly warmth of its atmosphere is especially preserved and increased by the Reading Room staff, many of whom combine



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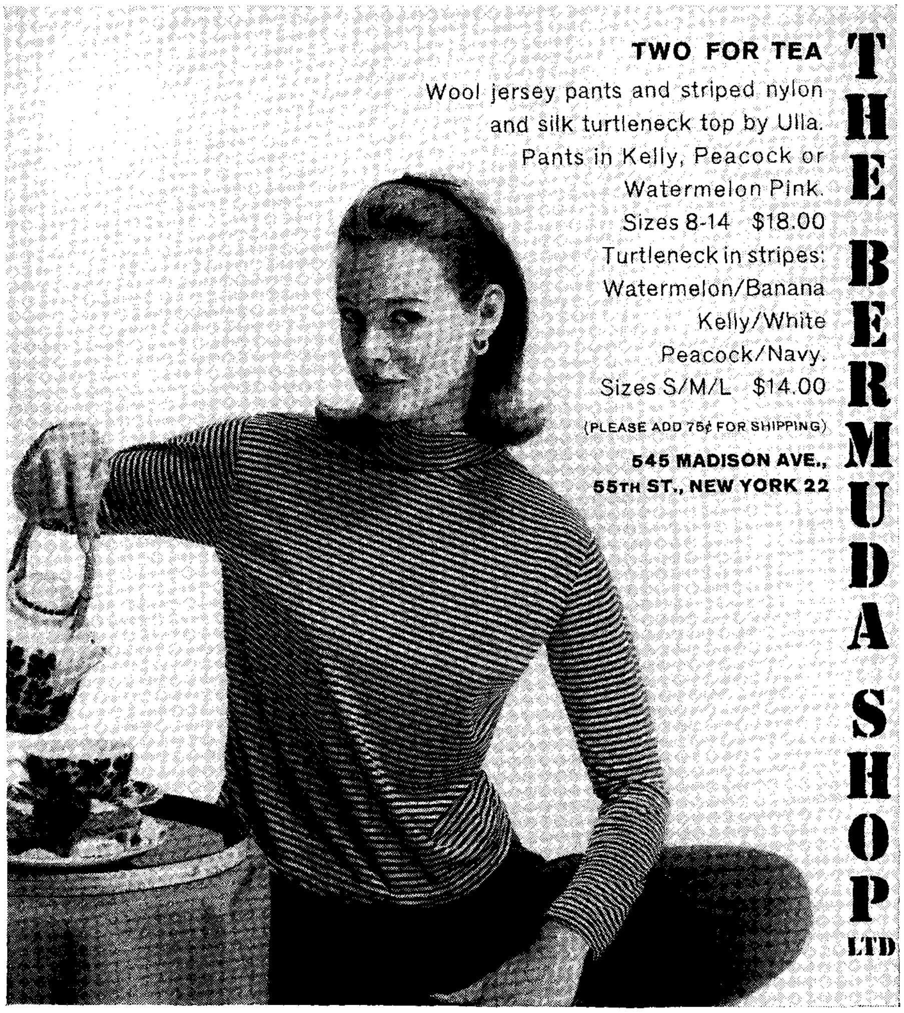

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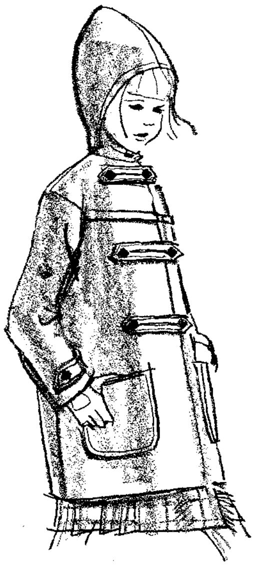

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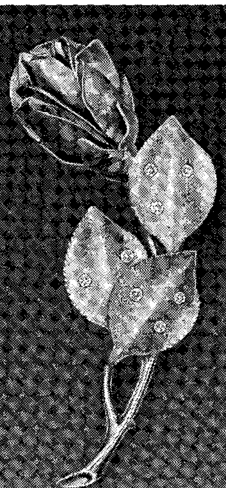

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Miss Stuart always occupies the desk at the wall end of her row—not Aisle G, as Miss Hahn discreetly calls it, but I shall respect the discretion—and shelved in that section of the wall are the foreign-language dictionaries. On the first day that my friend Elizabeth began to work in the Reading Room, she looked for a desk as near as possible to these dictionaries, which she needs to consult frequently in her research for her thesis. Miss Stuart's was the closest, and obviously unavailable, but the desk next to Miss Stuart's was vacant. It was vacant even though nearly all the desks in that area were occupied, and it was vacant, Elizabeth soon discovered, because Miss Stuart had taken two volumes of an encyclopedia from the nearby shelves and laid them in the middle of the desk.

The British Museum opens the doors of the Reading Room at nine; no desks are reserved, and since they are all filled by eleven during most of the year, one must arrive before ten to be sure of claiming a favorite seat. It is customary for each reader, when arriving in the Reading Room for the day, to secure a desk before doing anything else whatever, and the tacit sign of occupancy is a book or any minor personal possession—gloves or notebook—left on the blotter. Having staked one's claim, one is free to consult the catalogues, look for friends, or go out for coffee, safe in the knowledge that the claimed desk is waiting. It is also understood that no reader, however misanthropic or inclined to sprawl, has the right to more than one desk when the Reading Room is at all crowded, although misanthropes and sprawlers often try to discourage possible neighbors by spreading their possessions along the edges of their desks, letting corners of notebooks and ends of umbrellas overlap onto the next desk just far enough to imply that life will not be comfortable for anyone foolhardy enough to come close. Miss Stuart's method, however, is (she is still practicing it) far more simple and direct. When she arrives at nine—she is almost always the first reader through the door—she simply plants the encyclopedias firmly on the desk next to hers and leaves them there, and other readers, including those quite familiar with her tactics and hence aware that the desk is really unoccupied, respect this symbol of occupancy. About eleven-thirty—either because she is aware that a shortage of desks develops late each

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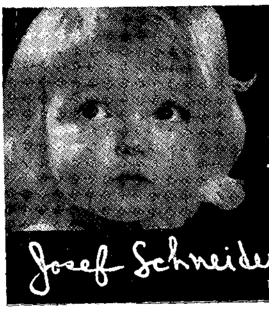

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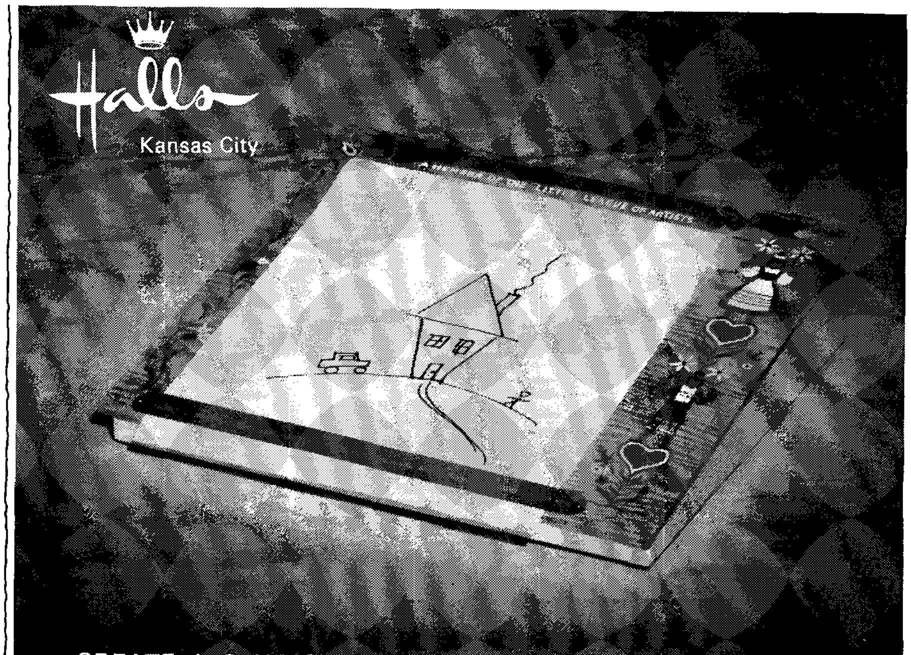
morning or because she leaves for the day at noon—Miss Stuart removes the encyclopedias and anyone may claim the desk.

Two years ago, when Elizabeth had moved to the cleared desk at eleven-thirty every day for several weeks, she apparently passed Miss Stuart's test for acceptance as a Reading Room neighbor, and was invited to remove the encyclopedias and occupy the desk whenever she arrived—a convenience I envied, because I had to come well before ten to be sure of claiming my own favorite seat, E-2. Thanks to Elizabeth, I am able to assure Miss Hahn that Miss Stuart does indeed still wear shorts under her mackintosh, winter and summer—when she sits, the skirts of the mackintosh divide and the shorts are occasionally visible to anyone at the next desk. She no longer wears a basket-shaped hat, though; now it is a round knit cap of the kind worn by small boys. About noon, at the end of her work for the day, Miss Stuart goes into the Lady Readers' Cloakroom and combs her hair vigorously, bending so far over that her head is below her waist and her hair hangs from the top of her head. Next, she combs it all in place again, settles the cap firmly, pulls it over her ears, and tucks all the freshly combed hair out of sight. Then she leaves for the day. Now that she leaves before lunch, Miss Stuart has given up drinking a bottle of milk, in defiance of the rules, in the Lady Readers' Cloakroom—at least, in the two past years I never saw her do so or heard anyone mention having seen her, and so I assume she has changed that habit, too.

Miss Stuart's interest in the papacy (referred to by Miss Hahn) is no longer in evidence. She piles her desk now with books on Egyptian hieroglyphics—Reading Room gossip says she was once a distinguished Egyptologist—and with assorted studies in European and Near Eastern linguistics. She takes notes on the little slips of paper supplied by the Reading Room for insertion in books that are to be reserved for the next day. At first glance, I thought her notes were some form of magic spell, but on second glance I realized that they were merely innocent conjugations of verbs in several languages. She has taken Elizabeth sufficiently into her confidence to tell her that she has recently discovered that in the Golden Age everything was made of gold but that scholars haven't realized this yet.

I have been told that several years ago, when Miss Stuart failed to appear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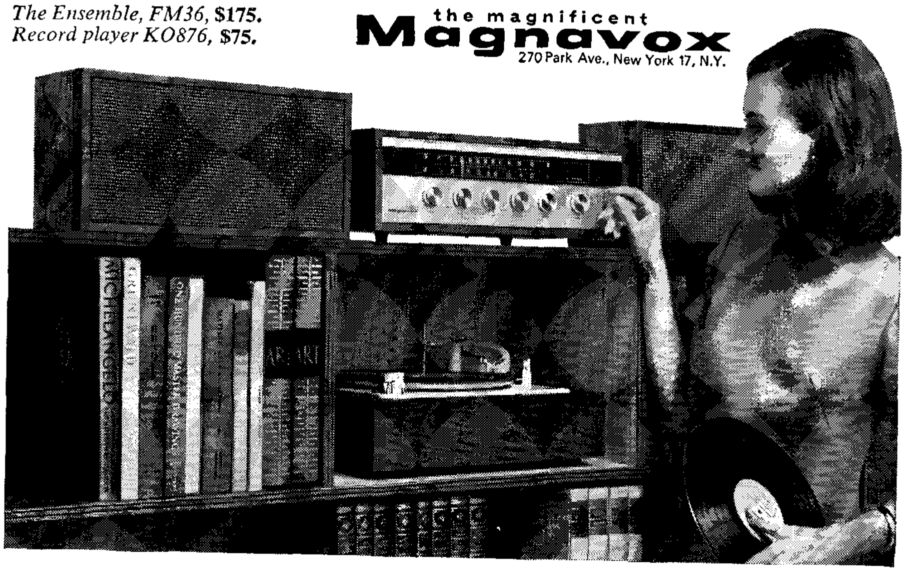

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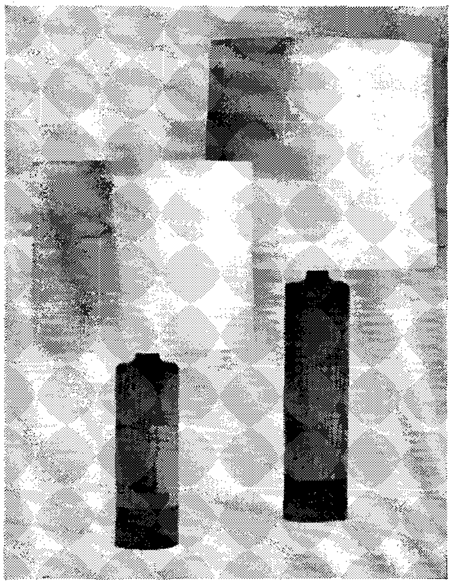

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for four or five consecutive days, the staff became so concerned for her welfare that one member went to her flat, found her very ill and entirely alone, and arranged for her care until her recovery. I was also told by a fellow-reader, who witnessed the event two years ago, that for a time Miss Stuart felt that she was being slighted in favor of another reader by the page who brought books to readers in her row. At last, the page's apparent disaffection became unbearable to her. She rose from her desk and hurled her books at the head of the other reader and the faithless page. Several staff members quietly converged upon her. She was removed from the Reading Room and her admission card was suspended. The next morning at nine, she appeared as usual at the entrance, but the guard, having been warned, refused to let her in. Apparently she could not understand that she had been excommunicated. She remained at the entrance for hours, and the next day and the next she returned, bewildered and insistent. Finally, the director relented and readmitted her, saying, "After all, she's probably less trouble here than anywhere else."

There are many other interesting readers, although, as Miss Hahn says, none as well known or in as constant attendance as Miss Stuart. There is a bearded man in a mackintosh who appears barelegged and wearing only sandals on his feet, even in the coldest weather. Another longtime reader has told me that, many years ago, when he first began attendance, she saw him remove all his clothing and settle down to work stark naked. He was not an exhibitionist—he made no attempt whatever to call attention to himself—but merely found clothes uncomfortable when working. He told the objecting staff members that he could see no reason why anyone sufficiently scholarly to merit admission to the Reading Room should be disturbed by his nakedness. After several mornings of insisting that he reclothe himself, the staff compromised with him on the minimum of the buttoned mackintosh, and there was therefore no need to suspend his admission card.

Late in the afternoon, when the desks begin to empty, I often had as my neighbor an elderly woman who carries with her two battered cartons tied with cord, a battered suitcase, and a yellowing pile of a dozen or so copies of the London *Times*, each folded to expose the crossword puzzle. She spends much time settling all these possessions on the desk and about her feet

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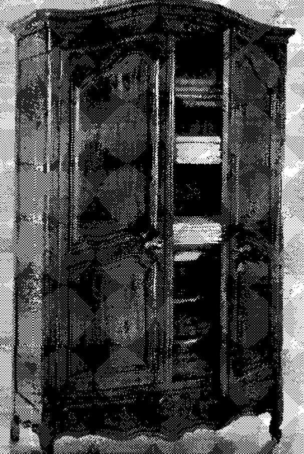

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and in arranging her books in various sequences. The books are always the same—five of E. Nesbit's stories for children and one scholarly study of English literature. The scholarly study she shoves into a corner, but the E. Nesbits she shuffles about, first one on top of the pile and then another, and she piles and repiles the copies of the *Times*. Then she reads a page or two in one of the E. Nesbits, lays it aside, picks up a copy of the *Times*, and quickly writes a word into the puzzle, as if the children's story had given her the answer. She likes to move from desk to desk, never staying long at any particular one, and the pages always find time to help her make each move. They carry her cartons and suitcase and wait while she tests a chair or two to make sure it doesn't squeak. They even let her know when one of the desks of which she is especially fond has been vacated.

My favorite episode illustrating the special nature of the Reading Room staff was told me by a rare-book reader about the North Library, that sanctum sanctorum beyond the Reading Room for the examination of rare volumes and pornography. Ordinarily, one has no difficulty in finding a seat there, but its population can fluctuate suddenly and unexpectedly, and one day last spring it was filled to capacity. Only one place was vacant, and over that were spread the books and possessions of the woman occupying the next seat. She did not answer when a would-be occupant asked her to make the seat available, and so, after repeating the request and still receiving no answer, the would-be occupant sought the help of the head librarian of the North Library.

The librarian approached the woman politely but firmly. "Madam," he said, "I am very sorry to disturb you, but, as you can see, the North Library is unusually crowded today. The seat next to you is the only one left vacant. Because of the crowd, we cannot today permit any one person to have two seats."

The woman looked up and replied with equal firmness, "Oh, but I *am* two persons."

The librarian said immediately and with Olympian calm, "In that case, Madam, would the two of you please have a conference and decide which of you is to use the North Library today?"

If there is any haven in the world that treats frail human dignity more kindly, I have yet to find it.

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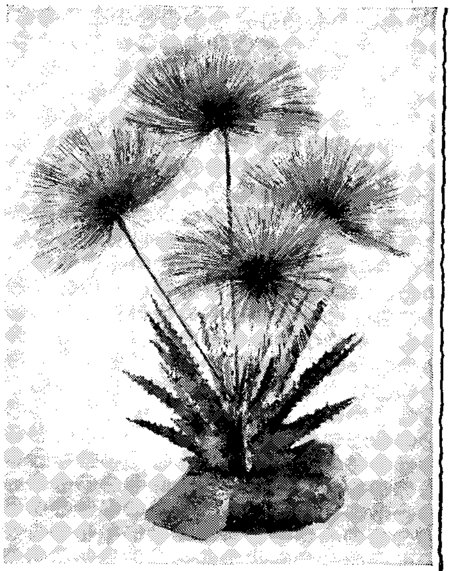

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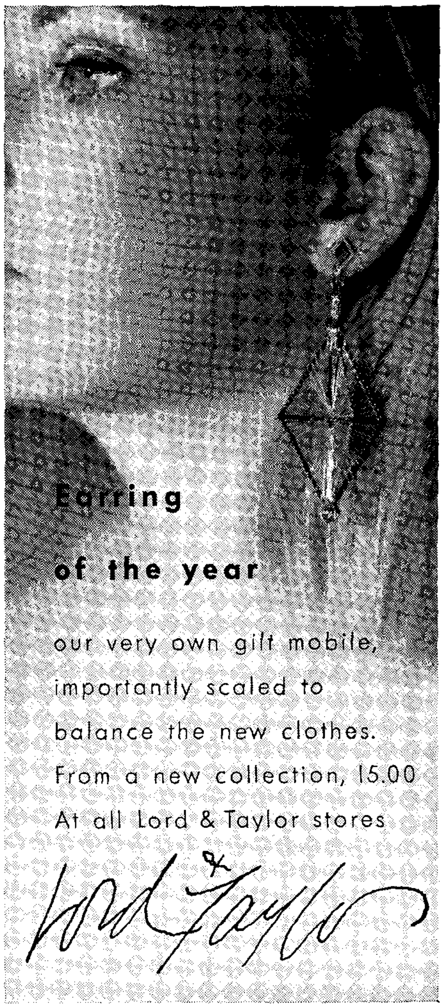

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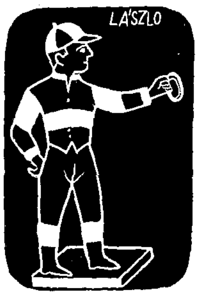
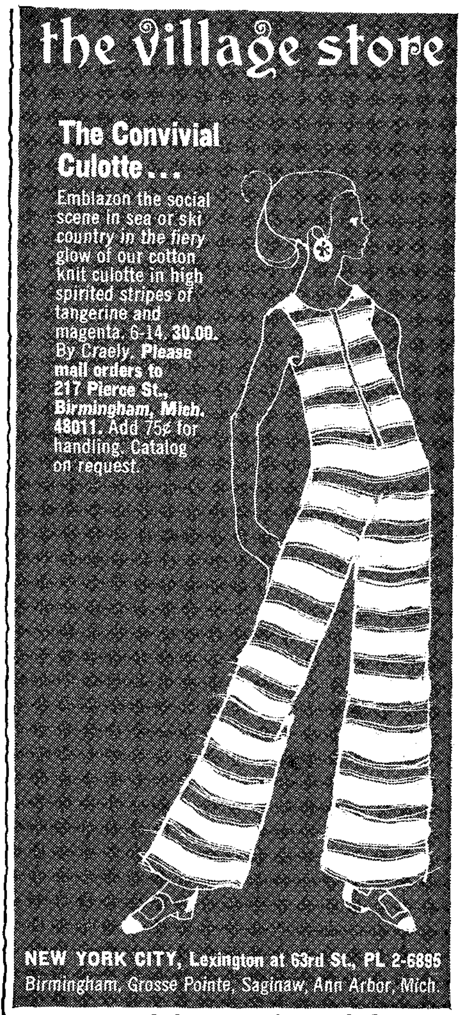


IT is generally agreed that Ogden Phipps has the best three-year-old colt, in Buckpasser; and he may also have the best three-year-old filly, in Destro. At any rate, she won the ninety-sixth running of the Ladies Handicap, the oldest race for the sex in America, at Aqueduct last Saturday. Getting up in the last strides of a furious finish, she beat Straight Deal, who won the race last year, by a nose. Lady Pitt, the heroine of the Coaching Club American Oaks, the Delaware Oaks, and, more recently, the Vineland Handicap, never got going. She finished fifth, just behind What a Treat. The last-named jumped off in front, and for nearly a mile of the mile and a quarter it looked as though she'd make a runaway of it, but she tired. It was the third victory in a row for Destro, who is by Ribot, Europe's wonder horse of 1955 and 1956, and there's no telling yet how good she is.

An added attraction at Aqueduct last weekend was the appearance, between races, of horses and riders from other years for Old Timers' Day. First to parade in front of the stand was Mrs. Stephen Clark, Jr.'s, jumper Amber Diver. He was followed by the sixteen-year-old Find, who ran a hundred and ten times in the colors of Alfred Vanderbilt before he was retired, in 1961. I was delighted to see him again, and as he pranced down the stretch he didn't look half his age. Next came Jack Price's Carry Back, whom everybody seemed pleased to see. He was full of beans, and as he buck-jumped along, Mrs. Price feared that he'd pop his rider out of the saddle—an old trick of his—but Pinkie Hurley, the exercise boy who had the mount, kept him under control. Last was Mrs. Richard du Pont's Kelso, with Valenzuela, his old jockey, up, and there hasn't been such cheering at the Big A since the last time Kelso ran there. The old fellow was far from a picture horse when he was racing, but since his retirement he has become almost handsome. Mrs. du Pont rides him to hounds, and says he gives her a rocking-chair ride. The old-timer jockeys who took a bow were Joe Notter, who rode the



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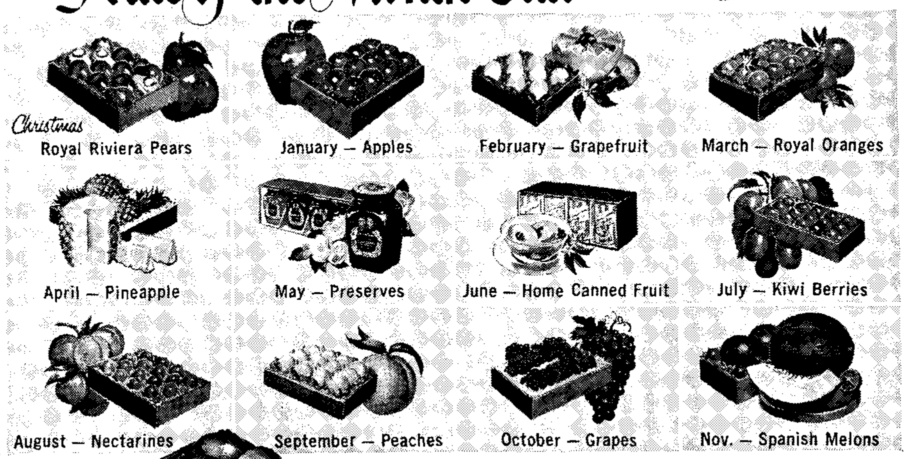
great horses of James R. Keene sixty years ago and, later, the stars of the H. P. Whitney Stable; Willie Knapp, who rode Exterminator and was on Upset when he beat Man o' War, in 1919; John McCabe, who won the 1914 Kentucky Derby on Old Rosebud; Dooley Adams, seven times the leading steeplechase rider; Jimmy Stout; Ted Atkinson; and, of course, Eddie Arcaro. I'm sure Arcaro would have been disappointed if the crowd hadn't booed him the way it used to. There are other old-timers around who I wish had been invited to make the scene, among them Coltiletti, who was tops in the twenties and thirties; Fairbrother, who works at Aqueduct, and who, incidentally, won the Ladies Handicap on Many Smiles in 1922; and Marshall Lilly, Jimmy Rowe's head lad. Lilly galloped Sysonby, Peter Pan, and the unbeaten Colin, who, he once said, had fire on his feet.

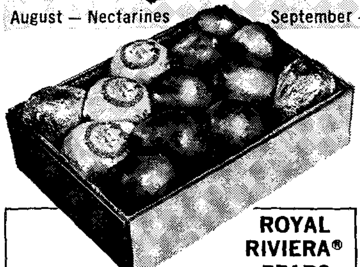
AS you know, the horses trained by Eddie Neloy for Ogden Phipps and the Wheatley Stable have won an extraordinary number of stakes races this year. Destro made it thirty-nine in the Ladies. It would be interesting to tot up, when the season is over, how many other stakes were won by Neloy-trained racers who had left his establishment. For one, Impressive, who was acquired by Little M. Farm several months ago, showed a smart turn of speed in winning the Sport Page Handicap early in the week, but then he always goes in high gear. He was the pacemaker for his stablemate Buckpasser when Buckpasser ran that world's-record mile of 1:32⅗ in the Arlington Classic.

YOU could have said without stretching a point that it was Ladies' Day last Saturday. At Laurel, Regal Gleam, winner of the Frizette last month, beat Quillo Queen, Thong (a sister of Moccasin), and eleven other two-year-old fillies in the Selima Stakes. At Garden State Park, Politely won the Princeton Handicap, for three-year-old fillies, by a neck from Native Street. Belle de Nuit was third, five lengths behind.

THE big ones will be out of town this weekend. The Washington, D.C., International will be run at Laurel (I like Assagai) on Veterans' Day, and the Garden State Stakes, the last jackpot of the season for two-year-olds (I haven't the foggiest notion), in Jersey on Saturday.

—AUDAX MINOR





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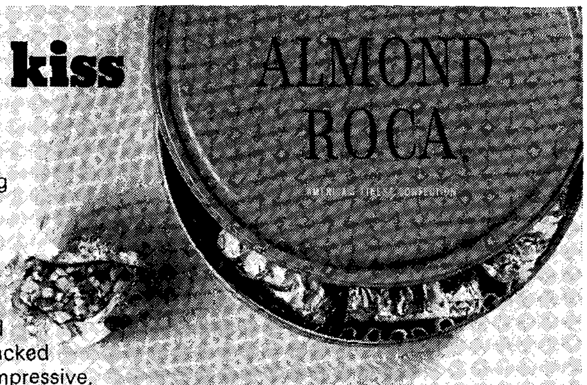

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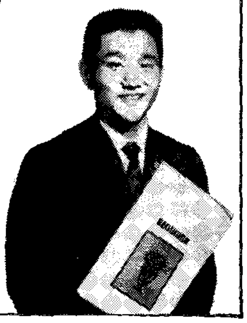

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BOOKS

Nowhere Man

HARDLY a Sunday *Times* book section goes by in which a critic doesn't pop the question of whether a good serious novel can be written with a hero—or protagonist, as the main character is sometimes called—who is not a king or at least an intelligent and good-looking rich man. This is probably symptomatic not of an unwholesome attachment to Aristotle but of an inclination to sound as though he knows what he's talking about, and this allows the reviewer to avoid fumbling with words like *diction*, *structure*, *brilliant*, *insensitive*, and *semicolon* in favor of considering, generally with grave doubts, the heroic potential of baseball players and insurance men. I'll just say that although I am no handier with critical terminology than most people who wish there were some other words but can't think of them right now, I have no prejudice against lowly protagonists except that I am against calling them protagonists. Some of my favorite heroes are lowly protagonists.

Hal Hingham, for example, the salesman for Arcadia Life in Alan Harrington's first novel, "The Revelations of Dr. Modesto." Hingham inadvertently loses track of his reason for living and tries to recover it by practicing a brand of superconformity called Centralism, recommended by Dr. Modesto, a mail-order advertiser. Harrington now deals more obliquely with a similar situation in "The Secret Swinger," his second novel (Knopf), a less farcical, less thickly populated book. The Doctor's Centralist army may still be lurking in the Middle West, but times have changed since 1955, when "The Revelations of Dr. Modesto" was published. George Pectin, the main character of "The Secret Swinger," is a forty-three-year-old writer for a news magazine, beset by the doubts that beset Hingham, but his thinking is different and bigger. He decides that the Answer to Life is immortality. Handicapped by a distracting death wish, he gets only as far as divorcing his nice wife and refusing to celebrate Christmas before he dies smiling. Meanwhile, he stays on his job, turning out a piece called "Life on Other Worlds," and spends some time in pursuit of a thoroughly unsuitable woman who doesn't much like him. Pectin doesn't like himself.

> "I'm boring!" George Pectin cried out. "Boring! Unattractive! Nothing! Nobody!"

No one really denies it.

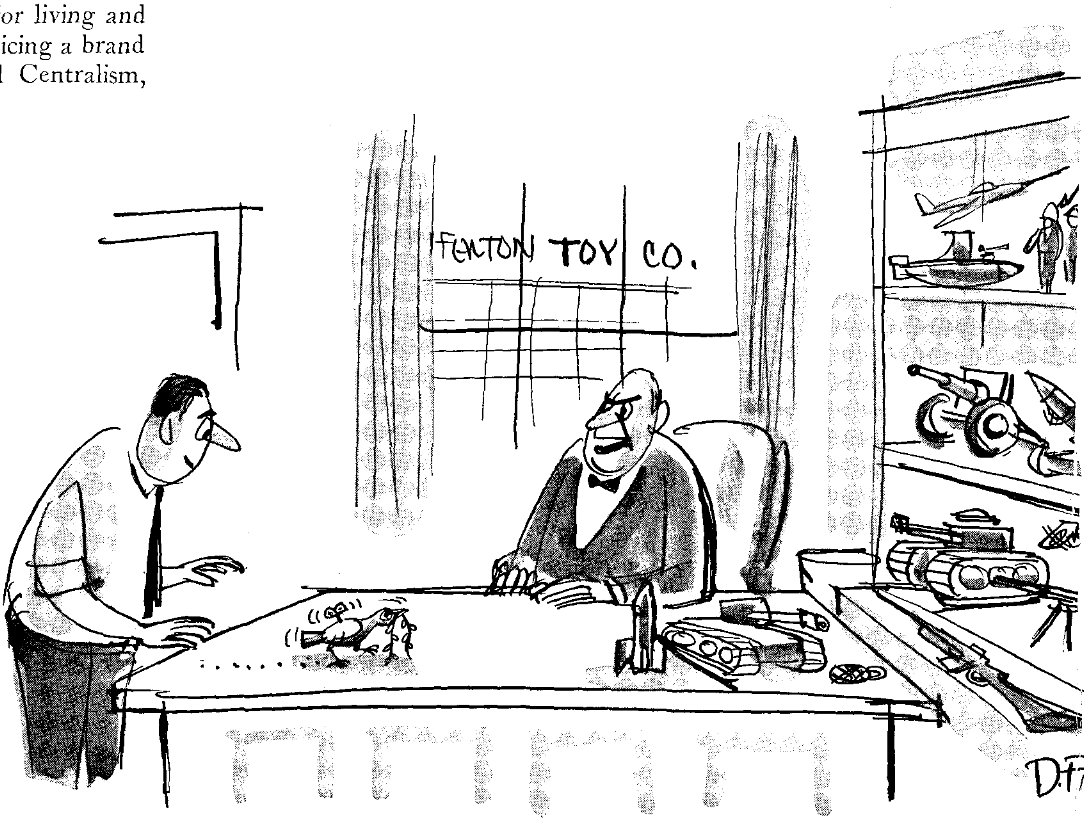
The rest of the time he debates the possibility of immortality and its corollary, true love, with himself and anyone who will listen. No one takes him seriously except Harrington, whose inclination is to take all his characters seriously. In the best sequence of the book (it takes place on a New Haven train), Pectin bares his soul to his fellow-passengers and assaults an income-tax collector with the problem of true love:

> "I may not look it, but I'm forty-three. It's got to happen now. Sometimes I think of her as a cheerleader, or one of those majorettes you see between the halves on television. Or a cool woman doctor, French, about thirty-five; a German pianist with big, creamy shoulders. The divorced wife of a Swedish diplomat!"...
>
> The man beside him was speaking. The words came fervently, and George was astonished at the emotional conviction behind them.
>
> "Just love them," the tax collector said. "There's no use telling the truth. No use arguing with a woman. It just won't work. You can't treat them as an equal. Praise them. Tell them how beautiful they are. Tell them that they're right. For your own sake. Otherwise the argument will never end."
>
> "But you're talking about *tactics*."...
>
> The other man smiled. "Of course, it's hard to love them when you're annoyed. You don't even like them. That's the hardest time—but for your sake, you've got to."
>
> "Why, *why*?" George Pectin said angrily. "You talk like the most commonplace marriage manual. What kind of a life is that?"
>
> "Mine," the tax collector said. "Yours too."

Whatever his drawbacks, Pectin stands for the most recently mislaid generation; he is Harrington's interpretation of the quotation from Hermann Hesse with which "The Secret Swinger" is introduced:

> Now there are times when a whole generation is caught . . . between two ages, between two modes of life and thus loses the feeling for itself, for the self-evident, for all morals, for being safe and innocent.—"Steppenwolf."

Harrington traces this resounding theme in an unpretentious and lightly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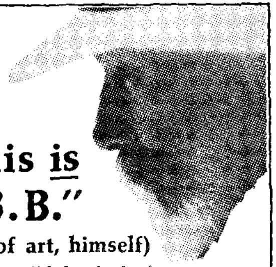

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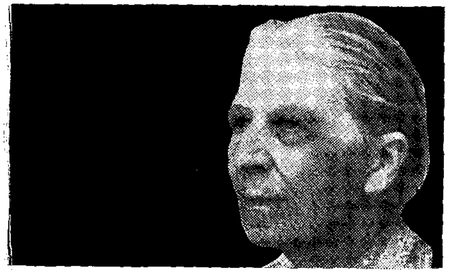

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ironical way, exposing with sympathy and a sense of humor the gap between Pectin's aspiration and his just dissatisfaction. Representing the two modes are Pectin's New England grandfather, whom he loves, and George Muchnik, a hippy, a head, and a successful poet with a strong flavor of Allen Ginsberg. Muchnik terrifies Pectin. He arranges for Pectin to eat a psychedelic pear. "Not LSD. Something new. Much better," he is told by the girl who feeds him the fruit. They walk through the East Village together.

> He turned quietly to her, and asked: "It's true though, isn't it? As a man, I'm quite ordinary."
> She gave him a sleepy smile, and shook her head.
> "I'm *not* ordinary?"
> "Let's face it," the small, sleepy voice replied, "you're not Steve Stunning, but you've got something." Serena looked at him owlishly, and pronounced: "You're a secret swinger."
> "I *am*? Thank you. Oh," George Pectin said, "that's a wonderful thing to say!"

Pectin always felt cut out by the Beatle generation.

On the whole, Pectin's "trip" is typical, from what I've read and heard; he is frightened and exhilarated and struck by the unity of the universe, and so on. Harrington describes it in fewer and better words than recent essayists in the *Village Voice* and the Los Angeles *Free Press*, and his version of the experience seems to make more sense than anything Timothy Leary comes up with. The trip is an effective translation of the well-known journey to the underworld, featuring, instead of the usual cryptically phrased practical advice from the shade of Achilles or Julius Caesar, the singing of Monti Rock III in the flesh.

At the end of the book, the religious, sexual, sociological, and Darwinian hypotheses that have been diffidently advanced to explain Pectin's predicament are nicely tied together, without actually being confirmed, and Pectin's death, like Hingham's conversion by Dr. Modesto, foreshadows an imminent and not necessarily pleasing new order.

Harrington's dim view of life is marked by his respect for the participants, and in only one area does he give himself the edge over Pectin. The report, in the middle of the book, of Pectin's unwritten novel indicates indirectly what Harrington intended and succeeded in doing with "The Secret Swinger":

> The novel George Pectin had never finished was about a shabby person with no sense of beauty.... This man, George

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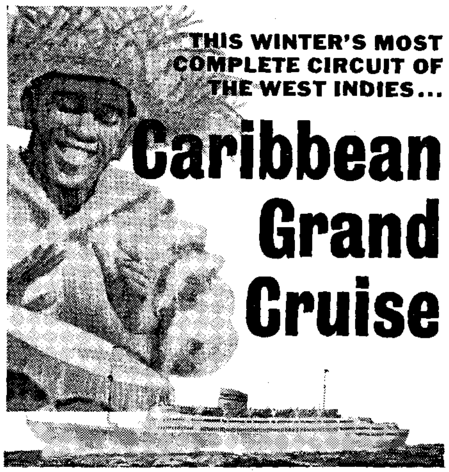
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knew, might at least have aspired to be a poet of shabbiness, historian, confessor of the small ambition, connoisseur of self-defeat, and in getting it all down might have risen above his condition. But could shabbiness understand its own nature? The shabby man had his excuses ready. Ordinariness dulled anything he did. His dreams became boring, and he wrote paragraphs of shabby prose.

Harrington is an ingenious and graceful writer, with an extraordinary sense of timing and instinctive clarity. His prose picks up strength from verbs that are not so much unusual as neglected, and no word is used in a way that simply echoes how it is usually used. The world of "The Secret Swinger" is composed of bright bottles, threads of dust on the walls, a fat, exciting arm, a pale wafer face, splinters of sunlight. Survival, Harrington implies, is a matter of tricks, and the failure to fool oneself is fatal and also funny.

It is probably a good idea for anyone who wants to read "The Secret Swinger" to run to the corner bookstore and grab a copy before it goes underground, like "The Revelations of Dr. Modesto," which is cheaper at the moment, having been turned into a paperback, but hard to find. A few months ago, the Sunday *Times* announced that "Modesto" is an underground book. The report was substantiated when I got to Doubleday on Monday. "Oh, yes," the salesgirl said, with enthusiasm. "That's an underground book. [Maybe it was just that she read the *Times*.] We're out of it." At the Crossroads Bookshop, on West Forty-second Street, which recently changed names and put up an awning, three clerks had just divided the latest "Modesto" shipment among themselves. It should have occurred to me, and it did, that the best place to get underground literature would be underneath Thirty-third Street, in the Long Island part of Penn Station, which is where I finally found "Modesto." I bought two copies. As far as I know, "The Secret Swinger" is no harder to find than any other novel that didn't earn a few hundred thousand dollars from M-G-M before it was written. Anyway, it's worth a try.

—SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

IN THE ABSENCE OF MRS. PETERSEN, by Nigel Balchin (Simon & Schuster). Jim Petersen, a sophisticated Englishman with a kind heart who makes a very good living as a screenwriter, is in Hollywood on a job

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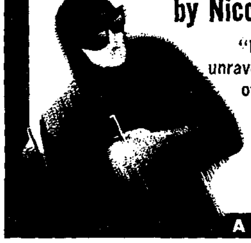

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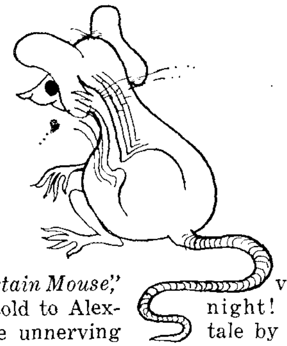
when his beautiful wife, Sarah, is killed in a plane crash—she was tired of Hollywood and was flying to New York City for a little holiday. In a daze of grief, Jim takes himself to Paris, where, quite by accident, he runs into a lovely Yugoslavian girl, Katherina, who is almost the image of his dead wife. For political reasons, Katherina cannot visit Belgrade, but for family reasons she must go there, and she persuades Jim to let her travel there with him on Sarah's passport. Once in Belgrade, Jim sees that there is more to Katherina's innocent-seeming plan than met his eye in Paris, and from then on it is big cloaks and little daggers all the way to the ending, which is very quiet and perfectly in keeping with Mr. Balchin's soft, understated way of writing.

MOVING TARGET, by Jack McClenaghan (Harcourt, Brace & World). A man on the run in the rain-forest mountains of southern New Zealand. The time is the Second World War, the man is an innocent young backwoodsman who has deserted from the Army because of a natural inability to endure sadistic discipline, and the action covers the several months during which he manages—by wit and luck and self-control—to elude a battalion of pursuers. It is a simple, engaging story, and Mr. McClenaghan tells it effectively in a hard, minor key.

GENERAL

PAPER LION, by George Plimpton (Harper & Row). Mr. Plimpton, an editor of the *Paris Review*, is a weekend athlete who somehow prevailed upon the owners and coaches of the Detroit Lions, of the National Football League, to permit him to join their team of gigantic professionals as a third-string quarterback in summer training camp and then to appear briefly in an inter-squad exhibition game. (He barely survived, losing twenty-nine yards in five plays.) Fortunately, Mr. Plimpton's true vocation is writing, and the agility and imaginativeness of his prose transform his account of this daydream from a rather self-conscious adventure story into a classic of sports reporting. His eyes and ears are wonderfully quick, and there is a memorable accuracy to his descriptions of a descending punt, the noise of enormous linemen colliding in scrimmage (it resembles, he says, a sack of Venetian blinds being shaken), and a pair of quarterbacks so

Alexander King's Memoirs of a WHAT?



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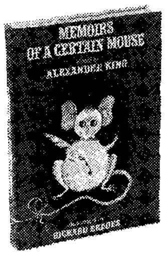

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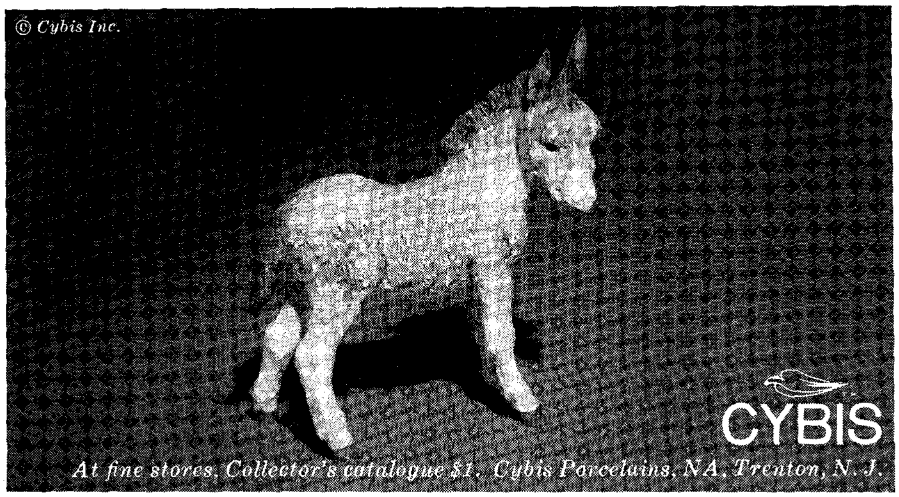
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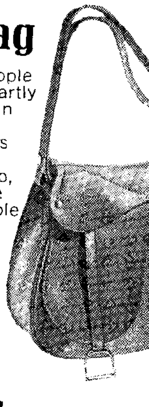

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bemused by their game that they remain on the field after practice to throw passes to schoolboys. Best of all are the long dormitory dialogues, over the tick of night lawn sprinklers and the plink of guitars, that bring alive the humor, cruelty, fears, sadness, and extraordinary professional intelligence of the courageous and variously complicated young men who make their living by public violence. Mr. Plimpton came away from his ordeal with feelings of affection and strong protectiveness toward the Lions; these are entirely convincing, for he has written about athletes without condescension or unwarranted awe, and by the end of his book it is possible to understand the mysterious process that builds a band of quick, gargantuan egotists into a selfless, inextricable, and dangerous mechanism called a team, and to believe that the author was—for a while, at least—not just a summer visitor but a member of that team, a Lion.

FORTY YEARS WITH BERENSON, by Nicky Mariano (Knopf). Disarming, cheery, and wholly absorbing memoirs. The author drifted into the Berenson circle before the First World War. After the war, she began regular work at the Villa I Tatti as the librarian, and gradually she became the entire establishment's companion, confidante, and house-mother. How Miss Mariano could play so varied and so essential a part in the Berensons' lives is explained by her book: she is acute, astute, and aesthetically sensitive, and she takes people at their best. Her story, naturally, is full of gossip about the great and famous, and her anecdotes are vivacious, credible, enlightening, and—like works of art—without malice. Photographs.

THE BOSTON STRANGLER, by Gerold Frank (New American Library). The long-elusive Boston Strangler was responsible for, among other things, the revoltingly sadistic murder of thirteen women (aged nineteen to eighty-five) in and near Boston between June 14, 1962, and January 4, 1964. This book is a detailed elucidation of those murders and of the remarkable investigation that finally brought about the capture, in 1965, of the presumed murderer and his incarceration in a hospital for the criminally insane. It is infinitely detailed. Mr. Frank omits nothing about the murders (the piece of Kleenex under the bed, the scarf flushed down the toilet, the

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half-finished cup of instant coffee) or about the pathetic victims. He introduces us to each of the many investigators—municipal, state, and amateur—who came into the inquiry, and he fully recounts their investigations. He shows us every false clue, every crackpot informer, every miserable suspect. He parades before us every specialist (psychiatrist, anthropologist, graphologist, hypnotist, swami, extrasensory perceptionist) who contributed to the progress or to the complexity of the investigation. He tells us everything there is to tell about the case, and he tells it chronologically, as it happened, and without a moment of artificially contrived suspense. The result is completely satisfying.

MARCUS AURELIUS, by Anthony Birley (Little, Brown). A sober biography of the sober emperor who wrote the "Meditations." The author, a young lecturer in ancient history at Leeds, explains the political structure of the Roman state in the second century A.D., which mixed the institutions of the world empire it had become with those of the antique city-state it once had been. The success with which Marcus, an unworldly, studious fellow, managed such discordant political ingredients (and won wars, besides) can be attributed, we learn, to his intelligence and conscientiousness, and to his public style, which conveyed his genuine goodness to soldiers on the frontiers, city workers, Greek philosophers, and Italian aristocrats. Mr. Birley, a steady, thorough, unfanciful writer, does not exaggerate Marcus's achievements; he insists, for example, that, most of the time, most of the empire ran itself. Nevertheless, it is clear that Marcus's rule was the great, admirable rarity that history has always held it to be—a model of middle-of-the-road leadership, conservative and yet reforming, conciliatory and yet effective.

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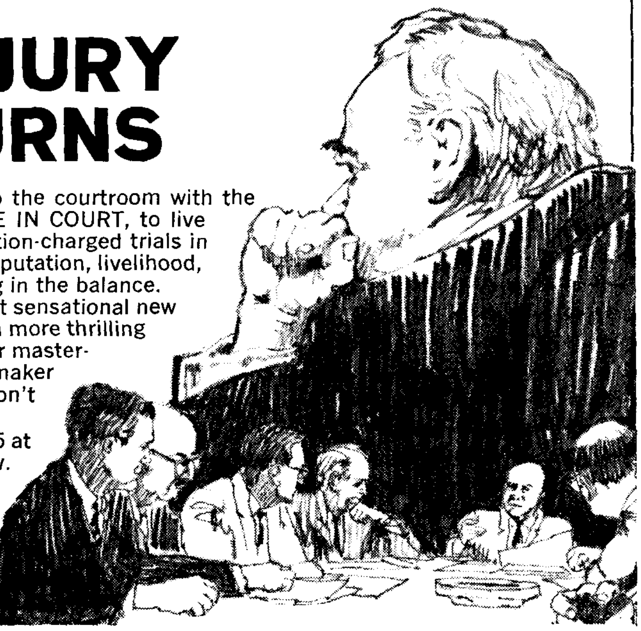

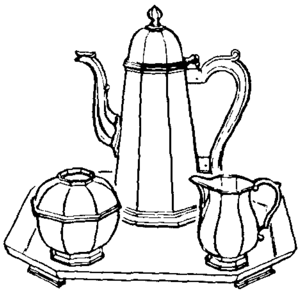
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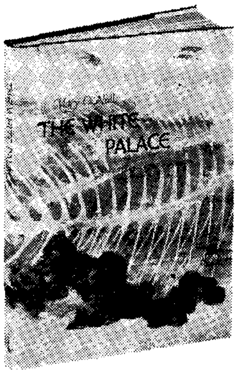

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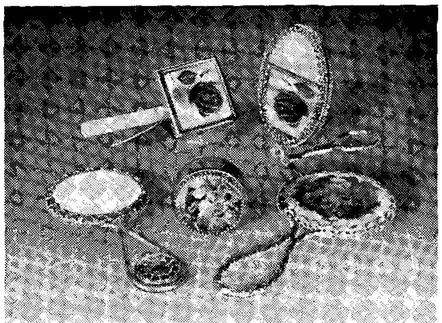

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NOTE: "Tell Me, Tell Me," a collection of verse and prose by Marianne Moore, has been published by Viking. *Most of the poems appeared originally in The New Yorker.*

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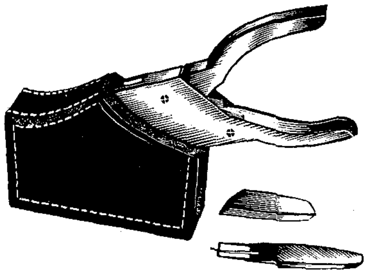

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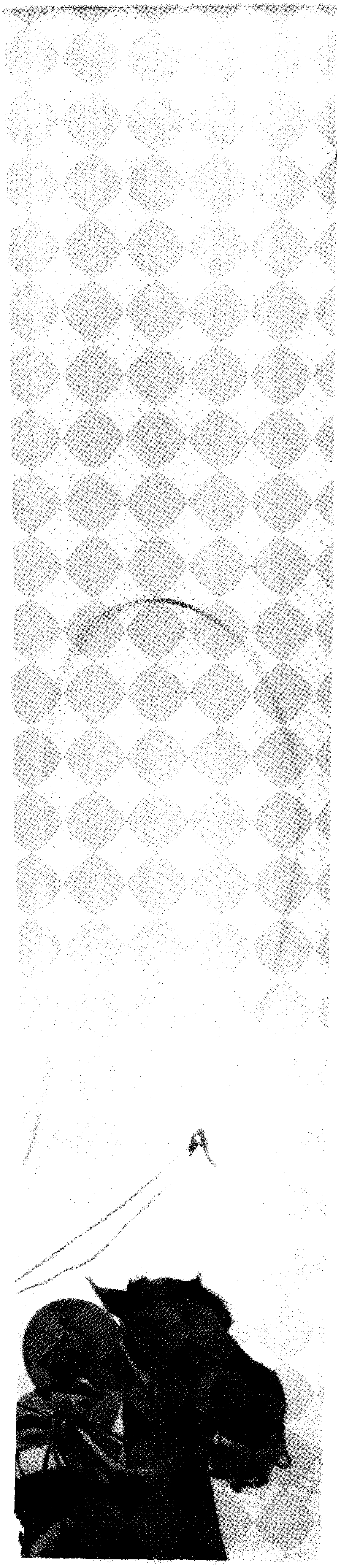

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